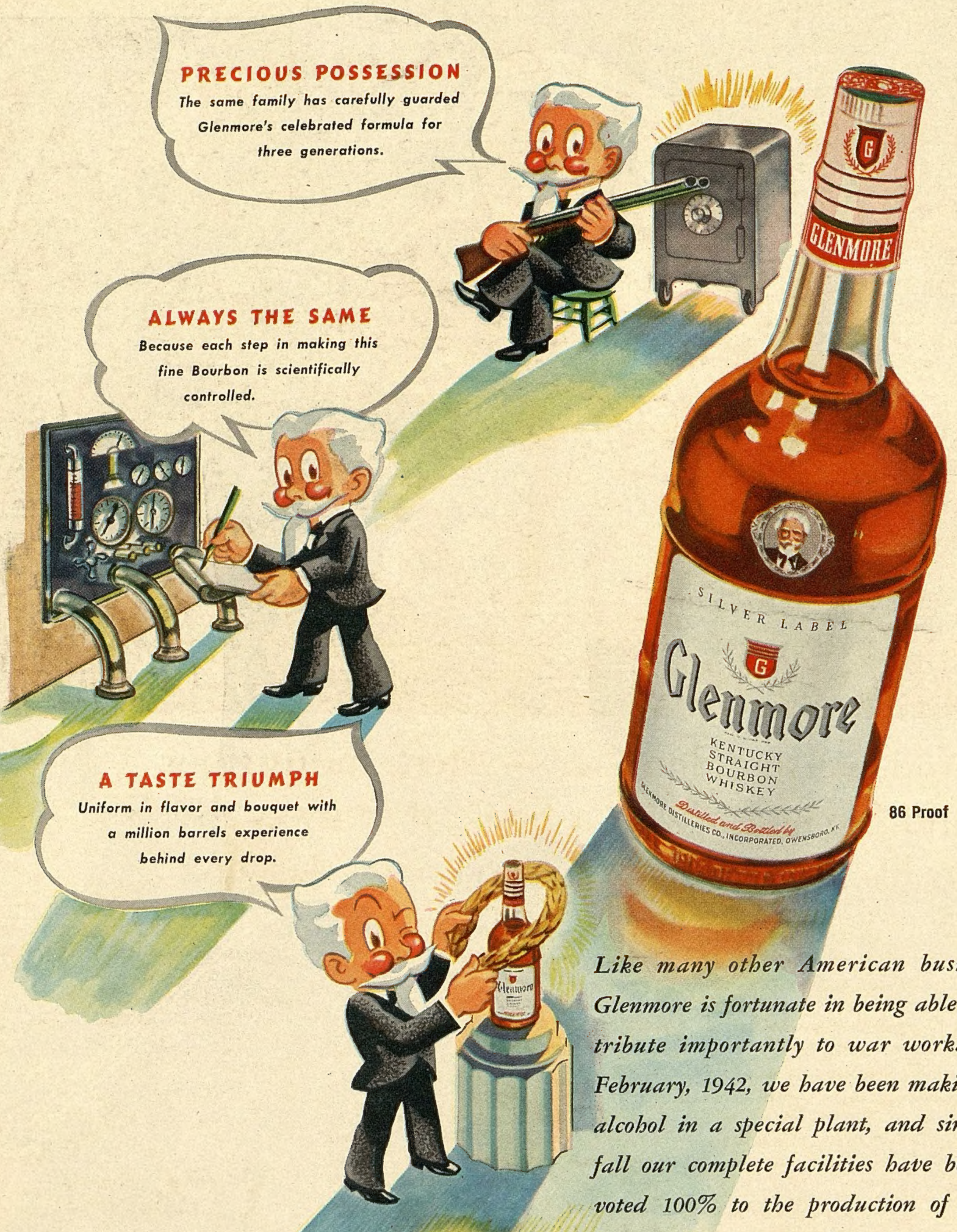
Liberty

OCT. 30, 1943
10c

BOOK: POPULAR NOVEL
A Man of Malice Landing

THE QUAKERS—
They Call Themselves
Friends—and Mean It!

GLENMORE'S *famous formula...*
the secret of GLENMORE'S *famous flavor*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GLENMORE
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled and Bottled by GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, OWENSBORO, KY.
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Like many other American businesses, Glenmore is fortunate in being able to contribute importantly to war work. Since February, 1942, we have been making war alcohol in a special plant, and since last fall our complete facilities have been devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for munitions and other war materials.

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BUY WAR BONDS . . . It's fun to smack a Hun!

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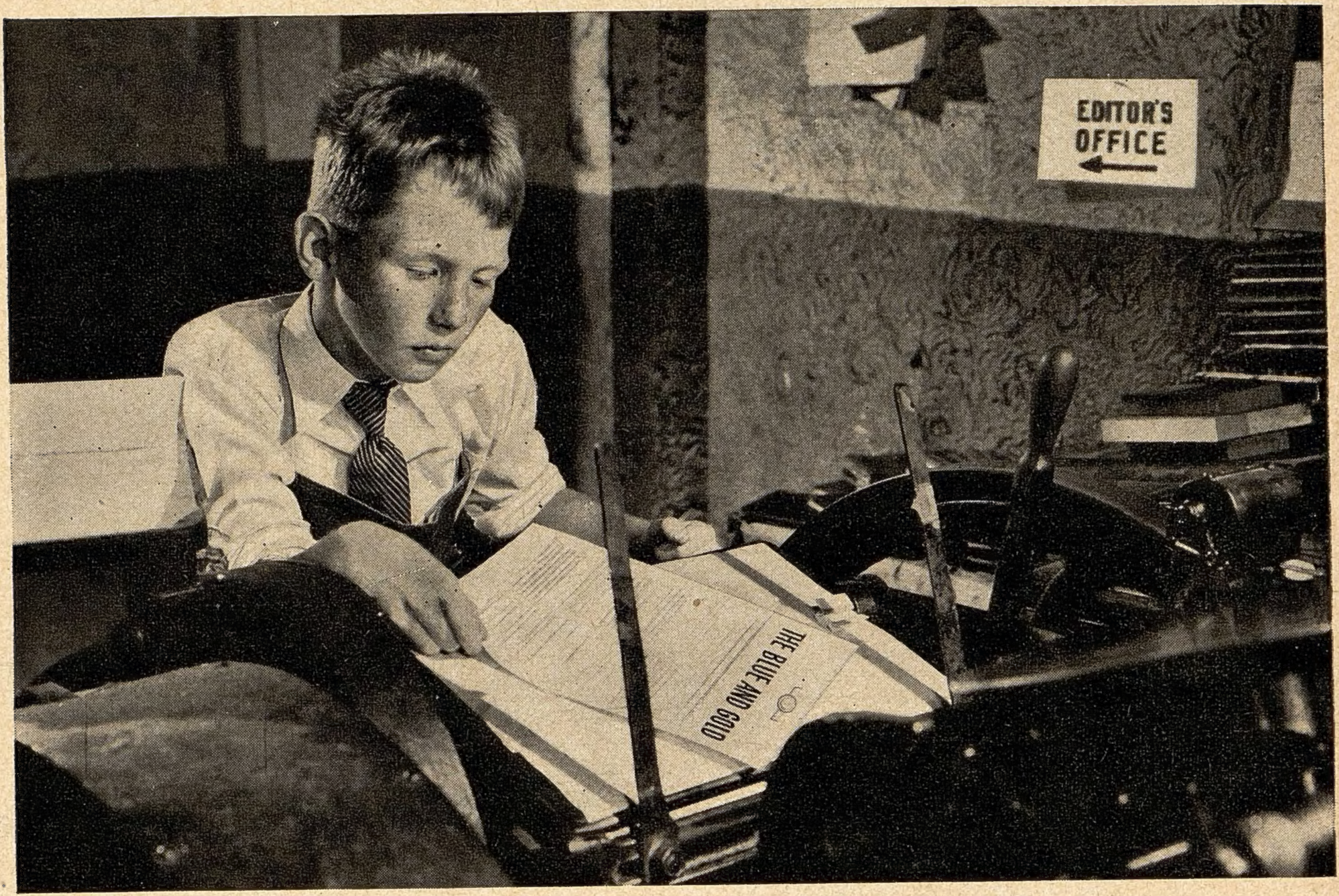
Into the World of Accomplishment—
The Interests of Today
Shape the Deeds of Tomorrow.



And we see Him then—Alert, Industrious and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

GOOD LUCK, LAD! May your school paper prosper—its future be as bright and promising as your own. For to eager young Americans like you, the door is wide open to opportunity, to advantages beyond measure.

Parents and teachers unite to guide you safely toward your future. And with the help of their watchful care and devotion, you will meet that future strong in body and mind—confident and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling*. For today young America's smiles are being carefully safeguarded. In classrooms throughout the land, youngsters are learning the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

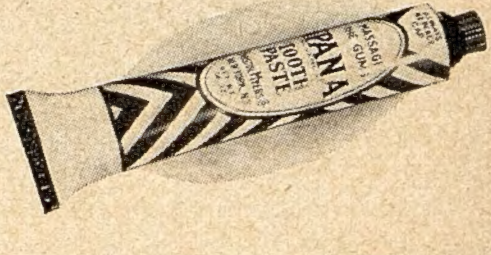
These children know that today's soft foods rob gums of needed work and stimulation. They could tell you why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness.

Start with Ipana and massage today—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



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I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
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The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

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VOX POP

“The Voice of the People”

DESIGN FOR DEATH

Hollywood, Calif.—I have had over twenty-five years' experience in various methods of self-defense: boxing, wrestling, jujitsu, judo, and what not. I trained under a Japanese back in 1925 and the instruction I received from that Jap is nothing like that the Japanese are trying to teach our soldiers during our wartime emergency.

The Japs today are either deliberately training our soldiers in how to get killed, or their instruction has been the fiendish results of some mastermind who foresaw our war with Japan. Improper and impractical training in defense against armed attack has been taught, and I can prove it in contest or personal demonstration with any Japanese sympathizer with the guts to meet me.—*Galen Gough, Director Physical Education.*

WELL, IT'S A "CIRRUS" SUBJECT

Grenada, Miss. — Where did your George Sessions Perry study his meteorology? We've always been taught that it was the cumulus clouds that ice you up, not cirrus, yet in Alias X-17 (September 18-25 Liberty) he says that it is the cirrus clouds that cause icing.

My weather book says that cirrus-type clouds are all ice and so they can't adhere to the plane's surface, while cumulus clouds contain supercooled water which when contacted freezes instantaneously.—*Lt. W. G. Morgan.*

San Antonio, Tex.—I just finished reading Alias X-17, and I thought I'd drop you a line and tell you how much I enjoyed it. I think it's one of the best stories I have ever read. It certainly explains what basic training is.—*A/C Donald E. Foster.*

WE ECHO YOUR REMARK

Corpus Christi, Tex.—I was fascinated by Vox Pop in September 25 Liberty. The letters were so revealing of that most candid of species, *Homo americanus.*

For example: May Van Eltrym asked for “less war and murder, and fewer heroines who drink, smoke, and swear.”

Sergeant Speed Thornton openly challenged another reader with “bare fists or gloves” to settle the prestige of the State of Texas.

And W. H. Chapman vividly expressed his contempt for Japs in relocation centers and boasted: “Thank God, there are a few real Americans left that can keep them in their place.”

After such a display of brilliant intellect I can only say: God bless America!—*Roberto G. Sanchez.*

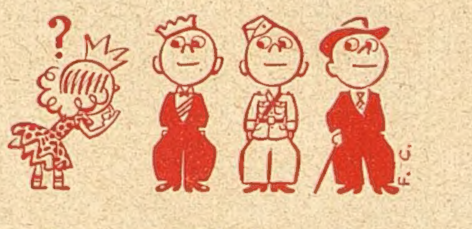
O. K., SOLDIER

Salinas, Calif.—How about an article on Virginia O'Brien? She's plenty hep to the jive and sharp as a tack when she gives out on the vocal.—*Pvt. F. Hagemann.*

FROM ONE GAL TO ANOTHER

South Bend, Ind.—I resent with all my heart the remark under the photo of Princess Elizabeth in September 18 Liberty.

Quote: “Will the new Britain insist that Princess Elizabeth become the wife of an American?”



Elizabeth looks to me as if she might have a mind of her own. Also, she appears sufficiently red-blooded to select her own mate.—*Just Another Gal.*

ORCHIDS AND BRICKBATS

Tucson, Ariz.—A constant reader of Liberty, I find no other page that pleases me more than Vox Pop. Here's to Liberty! May she keep up the good work.—*Cpl. Donald M. Pride.*

Des Moines, Ia.—Dawn Over the Amazon, by Carleton Beals (September 18 Liberty) was the most “juvenile” piece of writing, probably, since my third-grade essay on April Showers.—*L. R. Page.*

Everett, Wash.—I especially liked The Romance Attack (July 24 Liberty). I have some soldier friends to whom I loaned my copy, for I was sure they would appreciate the humor about the sick soldier and the nurse. And that was a beautiful illustration by Ralph Crawley.—(*Mrs.*) *May Green Husby.*

Saugus, Mass.—I have just read My Brother Marty (September 11 Liberty) and it is the best story I have ever read. I will be looking forward to the next issue of Liberty.—*Arthur W. Mathes.*

Auburn, Calif.—I have never written a fan letter before, but must for the story Reunion, by Joseph Harrington (May 29 Liberty). I've never read a more beautiful and understanding story. —*Mrs. Robert A. Hubbard.*

YE EDITOR
F. C.

Pineville, W. Va.—Please give us more of Paula LeCler's wonderful articles. I consider those on conditions in France the best you have published during the war.—*Catherine Crews.*

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Was very much interested in Let Them Wear Lace! by Paula LeCler. I remember you had a good piece by the same author on food conditions in France earlier in the summer.—*Adolph Rothman.*

Washington, D. C.—My entire family enjoyed Mr. Huber (September 11 Liberty) and we are looking forward to more stories about Private George McKeller.—*M. R. Hickey.*

Port St. Joe, Fla.—Let us have more stories like Mr. Huber.—*William C. Pendleton, Cox., U. S. C. G. R.*

LEATHERNECKS ARE TOUGH

Somewhere in the South Pacific—Read Liberty for July 3 in which you had an article on Herman Bottcher and his great exploits (Fire and Blood in the Jungle). Frankly, my buddies and I can't see what he did that was so extraordinary. To us, he did a good job —an average soldier's job. But we can't see why all the glamour is attached to it. He might be a hero in the eyes of the Army but not to us Marines.—*Pvt. M. A. Cann, U. S. M. C.*

FOXHOLES ARE FAR WORSE

Somewhere in the South Pacific—I have just finished reading Liberty's article entitled The Truth About Jap Camps (August 7 Liberty).

Briefly, let me say that we men in the armed forces who are fighting the Japanese are living in worse places than a relocation center.—*Wright E. Jarnagan, Sgt., U. S. A. A. F.*

GOOD LUCK TO YOUNG JEFF

Mount Gilead, Ohio—We had no idea that we were giving our son a so-called "storybook name," but in the current Liberty's serial, Broken River, we find a Jeffrey Richardson. Our son, born August 17, is Jeffrey Dale Richardson. —*Mrs. S. D. Richardson.*

PACIFIC (?) ISLANDS

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—In Weather Is a Weapon, by Leonard Engel (September 4 Liberty), the author states that the Santa Cruz Islands are northwest of the northern Solomons. My maps place them east and southeast of the southern Solomons. Are there two groups of Santa Cruz Islands, or is Mr. Engel a little bit geographically confused?—*Roy Kraetsch.*

The Santa Cruz Islands, or Queen Charlotte Islands, are situated in lat. 10° S. and long. 166° E., thus north of the New Hebrides and east of the Solomon Islands.

NEW JOB FOR DAD

SALEM, ORE.—We hear a lot of talk about women retiring from business and industry after this war, but I don't believe it. Instead they'll sweep all the men out, and men, who are conceded to be better cooks anyway, will take over the homes and cooking and we can all sit back and grow fat.—*W. E. Heath.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Remember me, Vox Poppers? I'm the guy who predicted last year that St. Louis would win the pennant from the Dodgers and trounce the Yanks in the Series. I'm writing this letter two weeks before this year's Series.

The Cards will walk over those soft New Yorkers in four straight games. The Yanks will be shut out in two games, one of which will be a two-hitter, pitched by Mort Cooper, of course.

It will be all over when you read this and I'll be rolling in money won from sucker Yankee fans.—*Redbird.*

WE MIGHT TALK IT OVER

DETROIT, MICH.—Isn't it possible that a great deal of the trouble between nations is caused by their inability to have free verbal intercourse? In other words, wouldn't a common language make for better understanding?—*Walter Henchel.*

GOOD TIME FOR ALL

SALEM, ORE.—Now that the Army and Navy and, I understand, even some civilian air lines are using 24-hour time, wouldn't it be a good thing to adopt it generally?—*Harry K. Misner.*

Remember that night when you had a cold?
You tried your first pack of KOOLS
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
UNION MADE
If they tasted so fresh and soothing then
Wouldn't you be smart to smoke them all the time?
'Ten-shun! Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

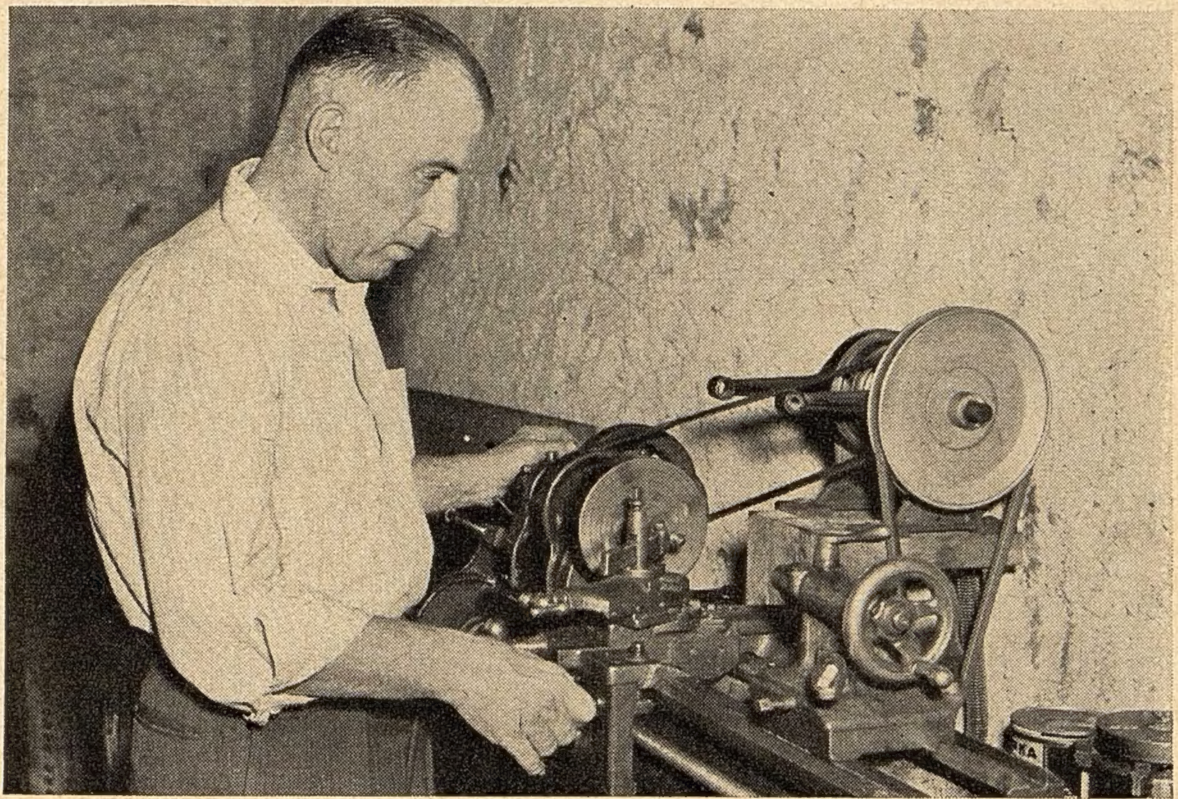
HURRY-UP HARMAN

BY RED VALENS

PRODUCTION of vital armor plate at a steel mill near St. Louis was impaired late in October, 1942, when a huge roller broke. Before it could be shut off, the 600-horsepower electric motor wrenched loose its bearings and jammed the roller. A rush call revealed that a new motor could not be supplied in less than ten weeks.

Then a number of the country's leading welders were contacted. None would tackle the job. It was too big, too risky. Finally, at three in the morning, Hal W. Harman of the Harman Process Company was telephoned at his home in El Paso, Texas.

Harman had the machinery repaired and it was running at full capacity within a week.



Every day is a working day for Harman.

HARMAN, forty-five, broad-shouldered and genial, inventor of a revolutionary new process for welding cast iron, was the only man in the nation who would do the job.

An obscure welder for eighteen years, Harman began in 1938 to devote all of his time to the newly discovered process. By the fall of 1941 he had trained a crew of seven men.

Then, on December 7, 1941, the eight-man team of experts put on big-league boots.

First it was the Navy.

It was common knowledge that a ship had to be laid up in dry dock three or four months in order to repair a badly damaged motor. The Navy discovered that Harman could do the same job in ten days.

Instead of heating the two edges of a broken part to the melting point and fusing them, Harman's method employs a highly secret flux which penetrates the molecules of both sections, thus forming a permanent bond. Removal of broken machinery for preheating is unnecessary.

Industry on the home front soon began to take notice. A power plant was planning to expend 10,000 man-hours to replace a damaged motor. Two of Harman's men repaired the motor in twenty-one days.

Today, Harman and his men are working twelve to twenty-four hours a day—every day. The Navy comes first, but nearly half their time is spent repairing vital machinery for AA1 priority industries.

Harman's process is magical, to be sure, but it takes elbow grease.

Cast iron has been classified into more than 150 distinct major types. An assortment of as many as 100,000 pieces of cast iron may not contain two which are chemically identical. Consequently, every machine part which Harman is to repair requires different handling, heating, and weld strength.

For this reason, even the most expert welder cannot make general use of Harman's process with less than two years' applied training. Each of Harman's seven men has worked and learned with him for from two to four years. Seven new trainees have about a year to go.

Harman first became interested in the revolutionary bonding process while welding Diesel cylinder heads in his El Paso shop.

"It was the old machine game," he says. "You're always trying to find short cuts—an easier way of doing a job. I found the short cuts all right. But instead of saving myself work, I guess I just piled it on."

Since Pearl Harbor those eight men have welded thousands of tons of cast iron.

As war calls began to pile up, working schedules became more and more cramped. The men worked all together or in groups of two or three, depending upon the size of the job. Harman flew from one group to another, often making the principal welds himself.

Every day became a working day—Sundays, holidays, even Christmas and New Year's. Forty-eight-hour shifts became ordinary. Hoarse from welding gas, the men may never see daylight on a week-long job. They work constantly, catching a half-hour nap on a bench and a brief cup of coffee and a sandwich when they can.

Commenting on the Harman process, Commander S. L. Almon, Eleventh Naval District director of conversion and repair, says:

"This process has saved time, material, and money. On two recent occasions we called upon Harman to make difficult repairs on ships badly needed. He repaired cracks in the cylinders of one and in the casting of an auxiliary motor of the other. The ships departed on schedule."

Harman himself, who has more than once worked 100 hours at a stretch, has flown across the continent many times in the past year. In his "spare time" he designs his own tools, makes his own dies, and compounds his own fluxes.

STOPPING off in El Paso for ten or fifteen hours, he will make up stampings for a second emergency-repair process, the patents for which he has offered free use to the armed forces so repairs could be made during battles. In five hours he can make a new die, temper it, and then run off 20,000 stampings in five more hours.

"There's nothing great about this," Harman says. "We're just a couple of two-by-four guys doing a job. But you can tell the American public that here is one outfit that hasn't hollered 'hours'—or hollered anything else. We feel every time we're turned loose on a job there'll be that many less Japs to contend with."

Harman says his men have never had two consecutive days away from work since the war began.

"But, hell," he says, "that's nothing to the boys who're risking their skins in battle. What's a little work?"

THE END

Liberty
Book: GOD IS MY CO-PILOT By Col. Robert L. Scott
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE writes on America's Foreign Policy

NEXT WEEK

AMERICANS IN QUEST OF A FOREIGN POLICY

By Clare Boothe Luce

Is our present foreign policy sound? You can't prove it by the congresswoman from Connecticut—who says we have *none at all*, sound or otherwise.

OUR NEWEST SUB-BUSTER

By A. D. Rathbone IV

DE stands for Destroyer Escort, a ship you'll be hearing plenty about before this war is won. The DEs pack a terrific wallop—as Nazi subs would testify, if they could.

DUCKS, UNLIMITED

By Hermann B. Deutsch

Threatened with extinction a few years ago, our wild-duck population has trebled and is still growing. Read the absorbing story of how one man turned the tide.

THE TERROR BEGAN AT TWILIGHT

By Jack Mahon

From dusk to dawn in a waterlogged foxhole on New Georgia Island. A graphic and harrowing account of what and how our boys are fighting in the Southwest Pacific jungles by a reporter who was there.

GEORGE USES HIS HEAD

By Lieutenant Stanley Disney

Remember Private George McKeller, the G. I. hot-shot with an angle for any situation? George is in the barbering business this time—and does he have a close shave!

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Colonel Robert L. Scott
Liberty's Book Condensation

One of America's pilots, former executive officer of Chennault's squadron, tells his own story of how and where he flew from the day he took off in a homemade plane from a church roof to his crackling adventures as a one-man pursuit squadron in China.

Today, as for the past hundred years, men enjoy the mellow goodness of this famous whiskey.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

There is in Old Crow a matchless quality and taste which only rigid adherence to time-honored methods and standards can preserve.

OLD CROW
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND BY
W. A. Gaines
DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

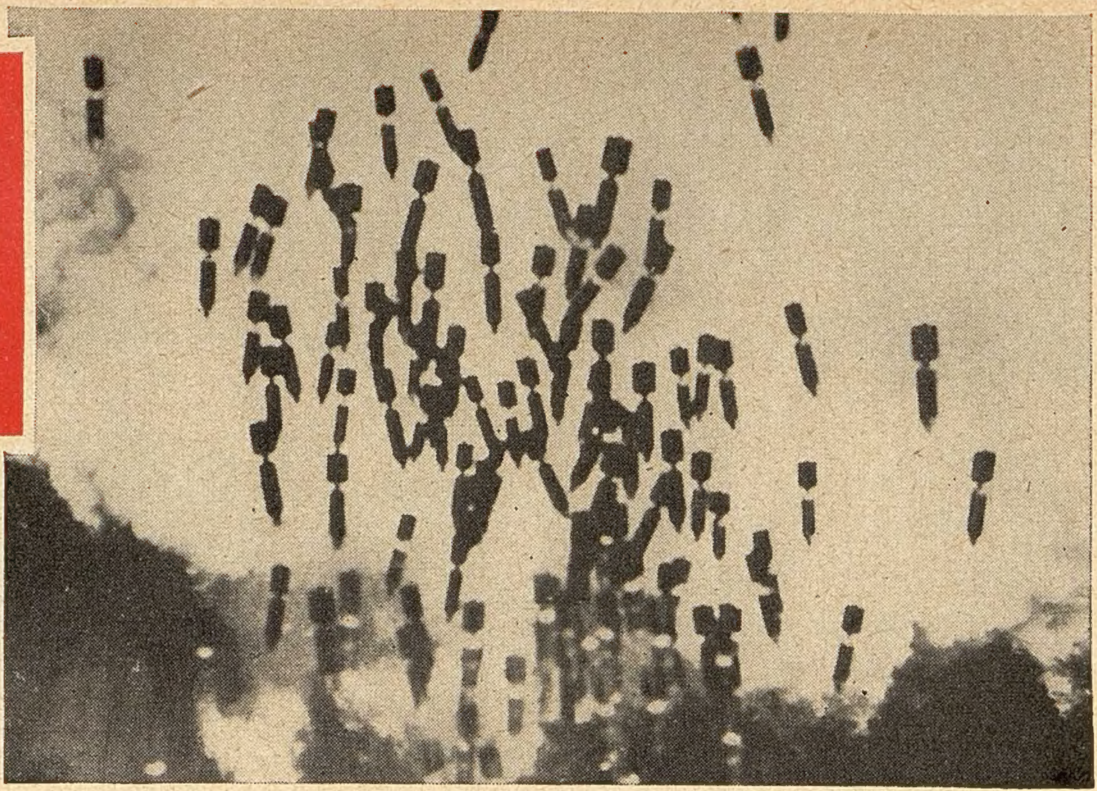
The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Monserrato Airfield in Sardinia is the target for this impressive-looking bomb load being dropped on the Axis base by B-17s.

Bomber Progress

There is nothing more secret than the new airplanes now being built for the Army Air Forces, but the A. A. F. chief, General H. H. Arnold, has given a hint of what is to come very soon. The new bombers will dwarf our present Flying Fortresses, he says, and "they will carry half a carload of bombs across the Atlantic and fly home without stop."

These bombers will have numerous "blisters," which in reality will be multiple-gun power turrets controllable from sighting stations, comprising one of the deadliest developments of combat aviation. Sights that compensate for almost every possible error encountered in firing on a fast-moving aerial target will control the guns, and General Arnold says this sight is as revolutionary as our present bomb sight. A new heavy-caliber cannon "of an entirely new principle of operation" is also in the offing.

But bombers are not the only new aircraft that will surprise the Axis. General Arnold says our new fighter planes "will have advanced almost beyond recognition in form and in the combat equipment they carry." One of these days we hope to be able to tell you much more about these new aerial weapons.

Low-Flying Tactics

One of the truly heroic feats of our Army flyers in the Burma area is low flying (as low as five and ten feet off the ground) over Japanese targets. Considering the speed, the split-second timing needed for dropping bombs, plus the ever-present risk of having your plane blown to bits by the very bomb you have dropped, it isn't a Sunday afternoon picnic. But when the airmen catch the Japs unaware and complete a mission successfully—it's a mighty good feeling.

Captain Clarke E. Johnston of Dallas, Texas, who has just returned after fourteen months of service with the Tenth Air Force in India, reports that bombs are skipped into warehouses, under bridges, into trains and ammunition dumps. "Flying so low makes it hard for the Japanese to detect you until you have roared into them, done your bombing and strafing, and gone," he says. On one occasion Captain Johnston swooped his North American B-25 medium bomber down in front of some Jap barracks, where he caught the soldiers drilling out in front. The Japs fell like tenpins.

"It gives you a swell feeling to catch them like that, especially when you've seen your buddies die at their hands," he said. Flying over Burma is not fun by any means. Sometimes the temperature rises to 160 degrees; at other times, during the monsoon storms, ice may be encountered. That's hard on men and planes alike.

Heavy Sluggers

The famous old .30-caliber machine gun is rapidly passing into history as far as combat aircraft are concerned. It was effective in its day—even at the start of the present war—but it is now being universally replaced with a 64-pound .50-caliber aircraft machine-gun development by the Ordnance Department. Armor plate and leakproof gas tanks made the old type ineffective.

The new machine gun can discharge up to 800 projectiles a minute at a velocity of 2,800 feet a second, providing an effective weapon against any type of enemy airplane. Four, six, or more of these guns are fixed in the wings or fuselages of our fighters, while our long-range bombers use them for protection on flights beyond the range limitations of fighter protection.

Radio Improves

The postwar private pilot will no more think of flying cross-country without at least a two-way radio (receiver and transmitter) than the prewar motorist would think of driving a car without four-wheel brakes. So says Sydney Nesbitt, sales manager of Lear Avia, Inc.

Mr. Nesbitt should know what he's talking about, for there are few others in the country who have had as much to do with radio equipment for small airplanes. Before the war aircraft radio was quite expensive, ranging up to $600 for an average installation; but with volume production the prices of all radio equipment will be much lower when the postwar private-plane business booms.

Here's another pleasant outlook for the private flyer: the new radios will operate in the high frequencies without all of the static nuisances that plagued the private flyer in the earlier days. On top of this new use of frequency modulation are many inventions and developments in the electronic field, now on the secret list, which will be translated into equipment for the average pilot.

Odds and Ends

Today's fragmentation bomb breaks into 1,000 to 1,500 pieces of about .3-ounce average weight, having velocities up to 4,000 feet a second, and at 200 feet the fragments will go through an airplane wing or tank, tires and control wires.

In the Bell Aircraft Corporation plant at Buffalo three generations of the Cheape family are at work: William, Sr., in his seventy-ninth year; William, Jr., aged fifty-six, the son; and William, twenty-six, grandson.

An instrument to test the delicate mechanism of aircraft propellers to 1/10,000 of a second has been developed by Nash-Kelvinator Corporation.

BACKGROUND FOR PRECISION

In seeking to conquer infinite space, the aircraft engine builder must master the infinitesimal.

He must achieve exquisite precision in the motor he makes.

Such precision has been a habit with Allison for many years. It has been our assignment to handle production problems requiring special skills.

For here is wide experience in fine design.

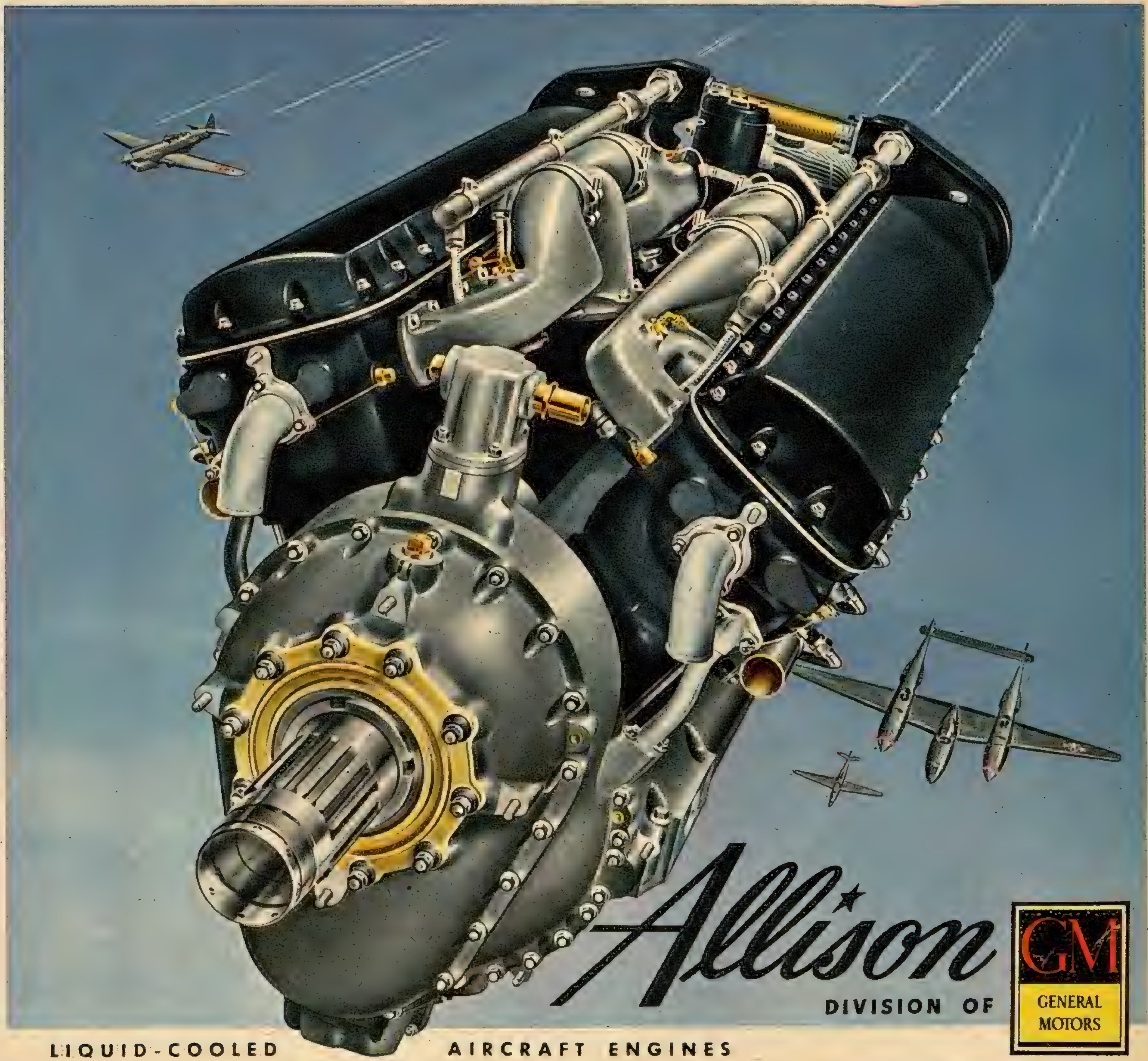
Here is deep understanding of the strength and structure of metals.

Here is meticulous machining.

These attributes today, combined with General Motors' faculty for mass manufacture, are giving substance to the purpose of our very being—our aim to build the finest aircraft engine the world knows.

BACK THE ATTACK—
WITH WAR BONDS

POWERED BY ALLISON *P-38—Lightning* • *P-39—Airacobra* • *P-40—Warhawk* • *P-51—Mustang*



GM
GENERAL MOTORS

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Mister—you're getting paid in DYNAMITE!

LET'S NOT KID OURSELVES about this. Our pay envelope today *is* dynamite.

If we handle it *wrong*, it can blow up in our face . . . lengthen the war . . . and maybe wreck *our* chances of having happiness and security *after* the war.

The wrong way to handle it . . . and why

The wrong way is for us to be good-time Charlies. To wink at prices that look too steep . . . telling ourselves we can afford to splurge.

We *can't* afford to—whether we're business men, farmers, or workers. And here's why:

Splurging will boost prices. First on one thing, then all along the line.

Then, wages will have to go up to meet higher prices. And higher wages will push prices up some more . . . faster and faster, like a runaway snowball.

The reason this can happen is that there is more money in pay envelopes today than there are things to buy with it. This year, we Americans will have *45 billion* dollars more income than there are goods and services to buy at present prices. *45 billion dollars extra money!*

That's the dynamite!

The right way to handle it . . . and why

Our Government is doing a lot of things to keep the cost of living from snow-balling.

Rationing helps. Price ceilings help. Wage-and-rent stabilization helps. Higher taxes help. They're *controls* on those dangerous excess dollars.

But the real control is in our hands. Yours. Mine.

It won't be fun. It will mean sacrifice and penny-pinching. But it's the only way we can win this war . . . pay for it . . . and keep America a going nation afterwards.

And, after all, the sacrifice of tightening our belts and doing without is a small sacrifice compared with giving your life or your blood in battle!

Here's what You must do

Buy only what you absolutely need. And this means absolutely. If you're tempted, think what a front-line soldier finds he can get along without.

Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist pressure to force YOUR prices up.

Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. Shun the Black Market as you would the plague.

Don't pay a cent above ceiling prices.

Take a grin-and-bear-it attitude on taxes. They must get heavier. But remember, these taxes help pay for Victory.

Pay off your debts. Don't make new ones. Getting yourself in the clear helps keep your Country in the clear.

Start a savings account. Buy and keep up adequate life insurance. This puts your dollars where they'll do you *good*.

Buy more War Bonds. Not just a "percent" that lets you feel patriotic, but enough so it *really* pinches your pocketbook.

If we do these things, we and our Government won't have to fight a post-war battle against collapsing prices and paralyzed business. It's *our* pay envelope. It's up to *us*.

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

DESTINATION TOKYO

Introducing a vivid and timely serial of submarine men and their battle against the Japs—of Russel Quade, the man without a country, and of Betty Miller, whose misfortune was to love him—a fast-paced novel of human hearts and superhuman courage

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES R. KINGHAN

IN the morning while Quade was still asleep he remembered tomorrow would be Christmas; and then, half awake, he did not want to awaken fully. He tried desperately to remain asleep, but when he realized it was impossible, he reached for Betty. She wasn't there. That awakened him quickly and sharply. He looked at the clock. Eight A. M.!

Well, he'd always told Betty that when the day came there would be no ceremony. She would go to work the same as always, and when she came home he would not be there, and she should pretend to see nothing unusual in this. He abhorred farewells. He wanted the parting to be thoroughly honest. And yet, though he had insisted on it, he must have secretly suspected she would be here, in spite of him, to say good-by. He swore aloud, irritably.

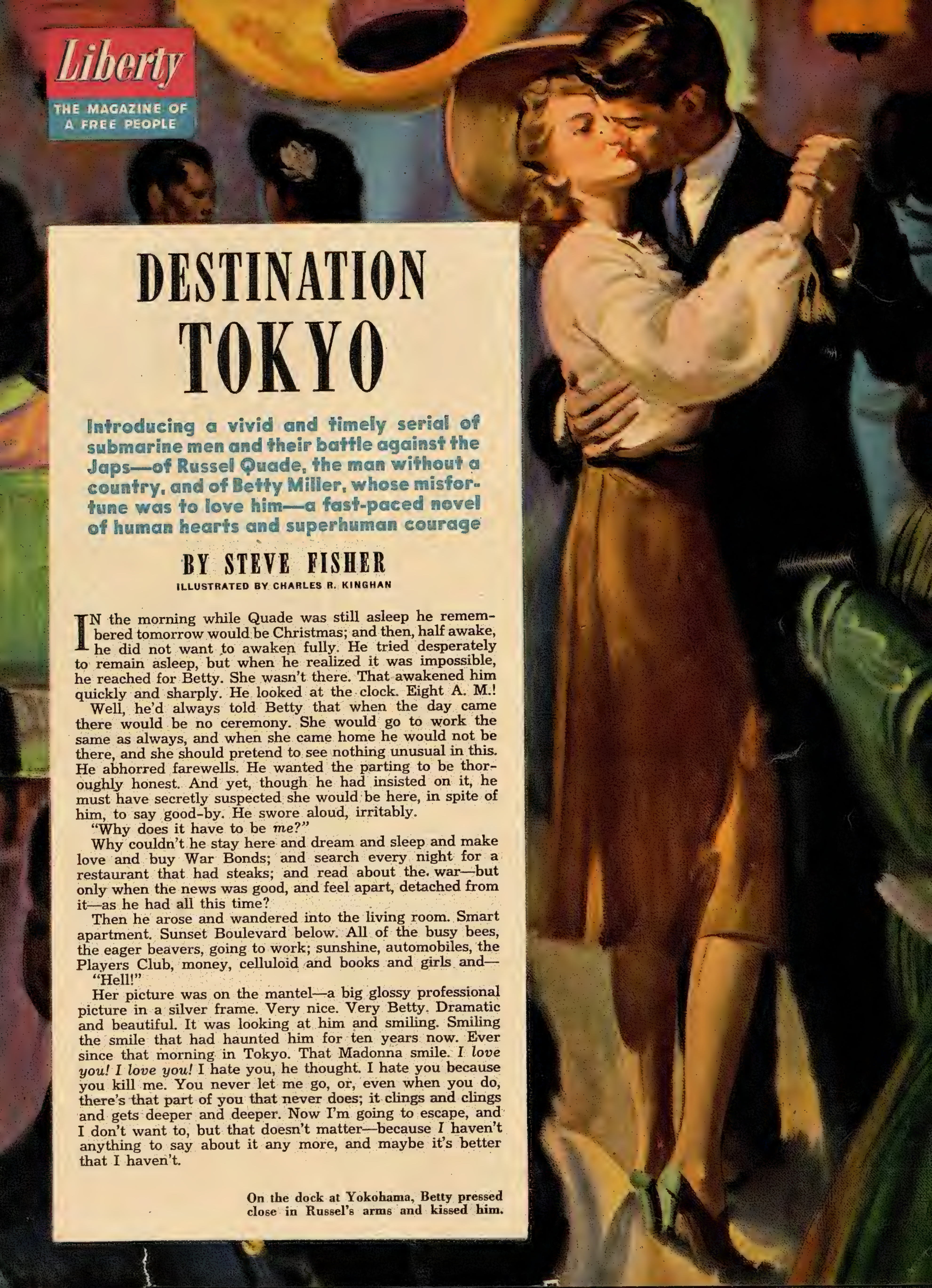
"Why does it have to be *me?*"

Why couldn't he stay here and dream and sleep and make love and buy War Bonds; and search every night for a restaurant that had steaks; and read about the war—but only when the news was good, and feel apart, detached from it—as he had all this time?

Then he arose and wandered into the living room. Smart apartment. Sunset Boulevard below. All of the busy bees, the eager beavers, going to work; sunshine, automobiles, the Players Club, money, celluloid and books and girls and—

"Hell!"

Her picture was on the mantel—a big glossy professional picture in a silver frame. Very nice. Very Betty. Dramatic and beautiful. It was looking at him and smiling. Smiling the smile that had haunted him for ten years now. Ever since that morning in Tokyo. That Madonna smile. *I love you! I love you!* I hate you, he thought. I hate you because you kill me. You never let me go, or, even when you do, there's that part of you that never does; it clings and clings and gets deeper and deeper. Now I'm going to escape, and I don't want to, but that doesn't matter—because *I* haven't anything to say about it any more, and maybe it's better that I haven't.



On the dock at Yokohama, Betty pressed close in Russel's arms and kissed him.

He went into the bathroom and prepared to shave—and she was everywhere. Her hair net hung on the towel rack, the shower dripped on the tile, and there were specks of powder on the bath mat where she'd stood.

She was gone now. Yet she was everywhere here.

There'd be a Christmas party at the studio this afternoon with a lot of guys there, and she'd take a few drinks, partly because of him and partly because everything is so strange and quiet (and physically noisy) on the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

Men would cluster around her, and she would laugh with them and joke, but afterward, he hoped, come home alone, as though it were any other Friday night.

"Why don't you stop?" he asked himself.

She is here in the morning, fresh and lovely, and tonight she'll be tired. He shaved. You can't get up at six and not be tired. He washed and put something on his hair; then he returned to the bedroom and dressed. The uniform looked quite good on him. He looked like a lieutenant (junior grade) in the United States Navy, which (God help America!) he was.

He checked his inside pocket to make sure he had his orders, then he packed last-minute items into his bag.

Later, on the train to San Francisco, he read a magazine and tried not to think of her.

FROM San Francisco Quade took a bus. It was dark and crowded, and because of the dimout the driving was torturously slow. By the time they reached Vallejo it was already past eleven.

Outside the Navy Yard gate and just beyond the reflection of a white-lighted sign that read "Mare Island—No Admittance," he saw the outlines of couples. Walking past, he felt and heard them. A red-haired girl clinging to a tall sailor, kissing him; a boy, a seaman, talking cheerfully to a gray-haired woman: "Now, look, mom. Cut it out! I'll be O. K. Just don't you worry—see?"

Inside the yard there was the red glow of acetylene torches, the clatter of rivet guns echoing through a vast stillness.

And now he saw the submarines, silhouetted against cold winter starlight.

He stopped and bummed a match from a passing workman. As he cupped his hands and lighted up, he asked:

"Which is the U. S. S. Copperfin?"

"That one—over there."

He saw it at once, and when the workman went on he stood for a moment and looked at it. It was to be his home—and his prison—for he did not know how long.

It was a big submarine, one of the largest. Three hundred feet—black and deadly, conning tower and bridge looming amidships, six-inch deck guns fore and aft.

He moved toward her slowly and numbly. There in the silence she reminded him of a giant liner ready to go to sea. And yet, compared to a liner, she was tiny—small, solid, compact.

Quite suddenly, crossing the gangway, he heard the faint strains of Silent Night, Holy Night. Bing Crosby. On a Christmas Eve, he thought; I nearly forgot! He was aboard now, the black lattice deck under his feet. He approached the forward hatch. It was like a manhole, and he looked down, speaking aloud—although his voice almost failed him—"Look out below." Then he dropped his bag into the ship.

He climbed down after it. This was the forward torpedo room (he knew that from sketches he had seen) and Silent Night was here. It was coming through a loud-speaker from a phonograph somewhere in the ship. He looked around at the men.

Only one or two glanced back at him. The others were busy, locker doors open, shedding into undress blues, playing games, talking.

The compartment itself was large, dimly lighted. Every bunk rested on a long, lashed-up torpedo. In the bow were six shiny torpedo-tube doors — wheels, levers, mechanism, gauges. On the small white doors of the bulkhead lockers were pin-ups of girls, movie stars, but inside some of the doors (two were open just opposite him) were pictures of girls from home. The ship's sun lamp, large and square, was directly overhead, and below it the men had rigged up a tiny Christmas tree. It was festive with tinsel and little colored ornaments and strings of snow-white popcorn.

Quade had picked up his bag and was already on his way forward now. He had never been on a submarine before and he was not sure where to find the captain, but he hadn't wanted to ask the men. He stepped over the watertight door aperture into the forward battery. This was officers' country, and he moved down the narrow passageway to a plaque that read "Captain's Cabin." There were green curtains over the door.

He knocked.

"Come in."

HE pushed back the curtains. The captain sat at his desk, writing a letter. He was a big man, perhaps thirty-five. A green light shone across his florid high-cheekboned face. His hair was rust red, and his eyes were green. The tiny cabin was immaculate, glistening. There seemed a certain godliness about the captain. Iron infallibility. It wasn't strange. He had already been on seven war patrols.

On his last trip he had been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry—and his picture had been in all the papers.

Junior Lieutenant Russel Quade—as he stood before him—felt an immediate inferiority. *Two Navy Crosses. The Silver Star. Thirty-one Jap ships to his credit. If I live to be a million years old I could never live as long as he has lived, or be the man he is.*

Russel Quade was suddenly dwarfed. There was no pain in it, and it occurred to him that perhaps he wanted to feel this—because from this moment on his life was in the hands of the captain.

"Lieutenant (junior grade) Russel Quade, United States Naval Reserve, reporting aboard, sir." He handed him his orders.

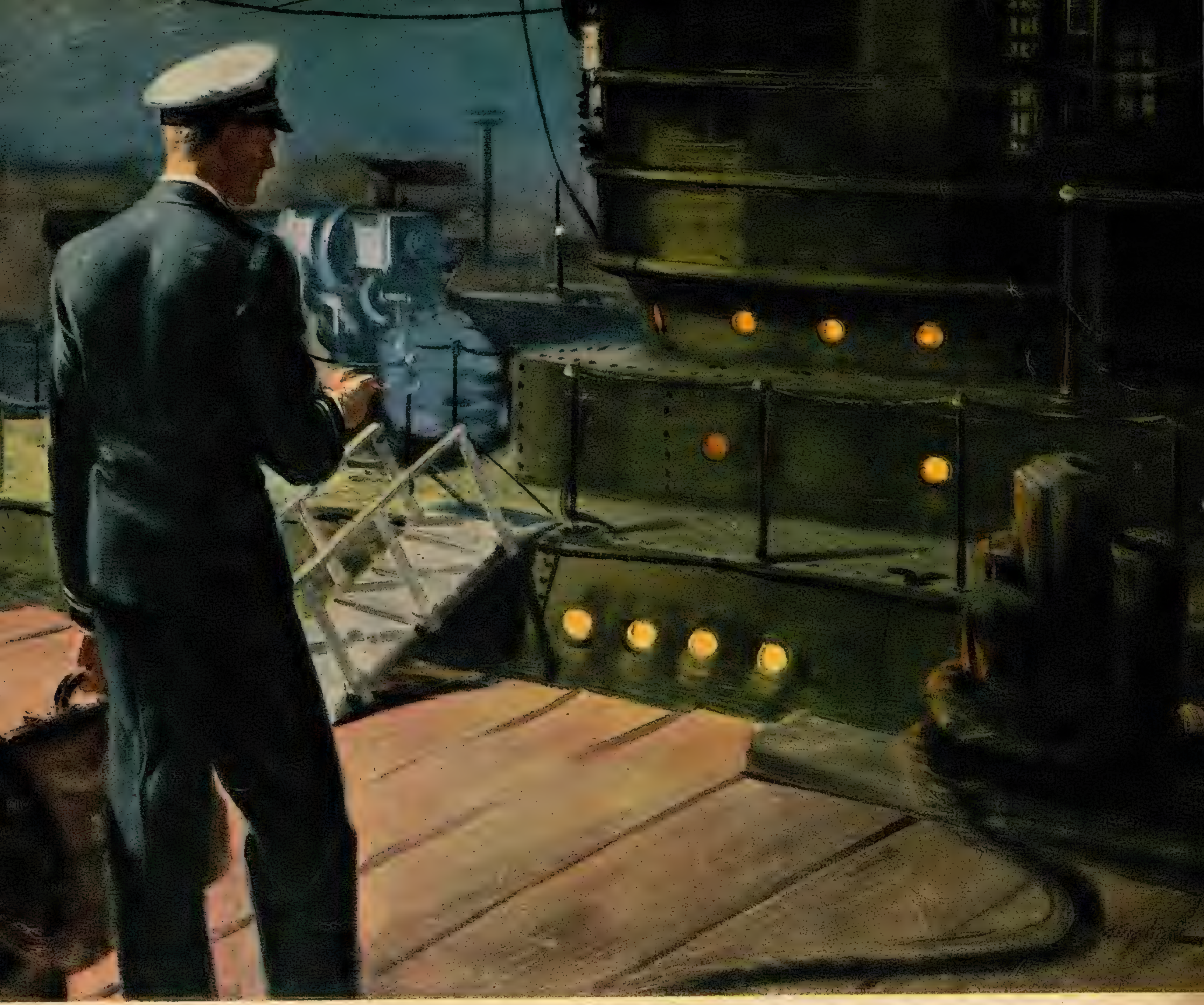
The captain smiled slowly, looking him over. "I take it you're my passenger?"

"Yes, sir. Extra cargo."

"I'm Cassidy."

"Glad to know you, sir."

The captain glanced at the routine embarkation orders. "This is your transfer. You'll probably be given sealed operation orders before we leave. Unless you have a special



Russel Quade saw the Copperfin, his home—and his prison—for how long?

mission, I don't imagine you'd be with us."

"No, sir."

The captain put the orders away. "A trunk of yours arrived this afternoon. I had it stowed forward." He half grinned. "Clothes, Mr. Quade?"

"No, sir. Technical gear."

"Well, I haven't the slightest idea what it is, or why you're here. But I guess we'll find out soon enough." He paused. "We're a little crowded. You'll have to take a hot bed in the wardroom."

"Hot bed, sir?"

"That means when one of the other officers comes down off watch you'll have to roll out and let him sleep. But you'll get used to it."

"I'm sure I will."

"Later, when I start sleeping in the conning tower, I'll let you have my bunk."

"Thank you, sir."

"That's all for now, Quade."

He moved off. The wardroom was next door—an oak mess table, the lights on. It was empty. The officers were checking their stations throughout the ship. He put his bag in a corner. He saw now that there was no bunk—only a settee that could be reversed into a mattress. This was his bed. There was a washbasin on one side of the room, and a door on the other to the officers' pantry. A Filipino mess boy was working there.

Quade sat down. He did not know where to put his clothes, so he left them in the bag. He folded his hands on the table and sat motionless. Well, here he was. He heard the sound of air-conditioning blowers, men walking back and forth, muffled voices. Once more Bing Crosby was singing "Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright."

IT was a moment before the captain continued his letter. He thought of Quade. Medium height. Slight build. Black hair. A little pale; nervous. Young—perhaps thirty. He did not know how he would turn out. There were chief petty officers who swore they could spot a man the moment he came aboard. Cassidy couldn't. He never knew until he saw him under fire.

It was the beginning of a patrol. Over a fourth of the crew was new. They were six officers and sixty men inside a ship. One unit. They depended on one another. For his part, as captain, he'd do anything for them. He expected as much in return.

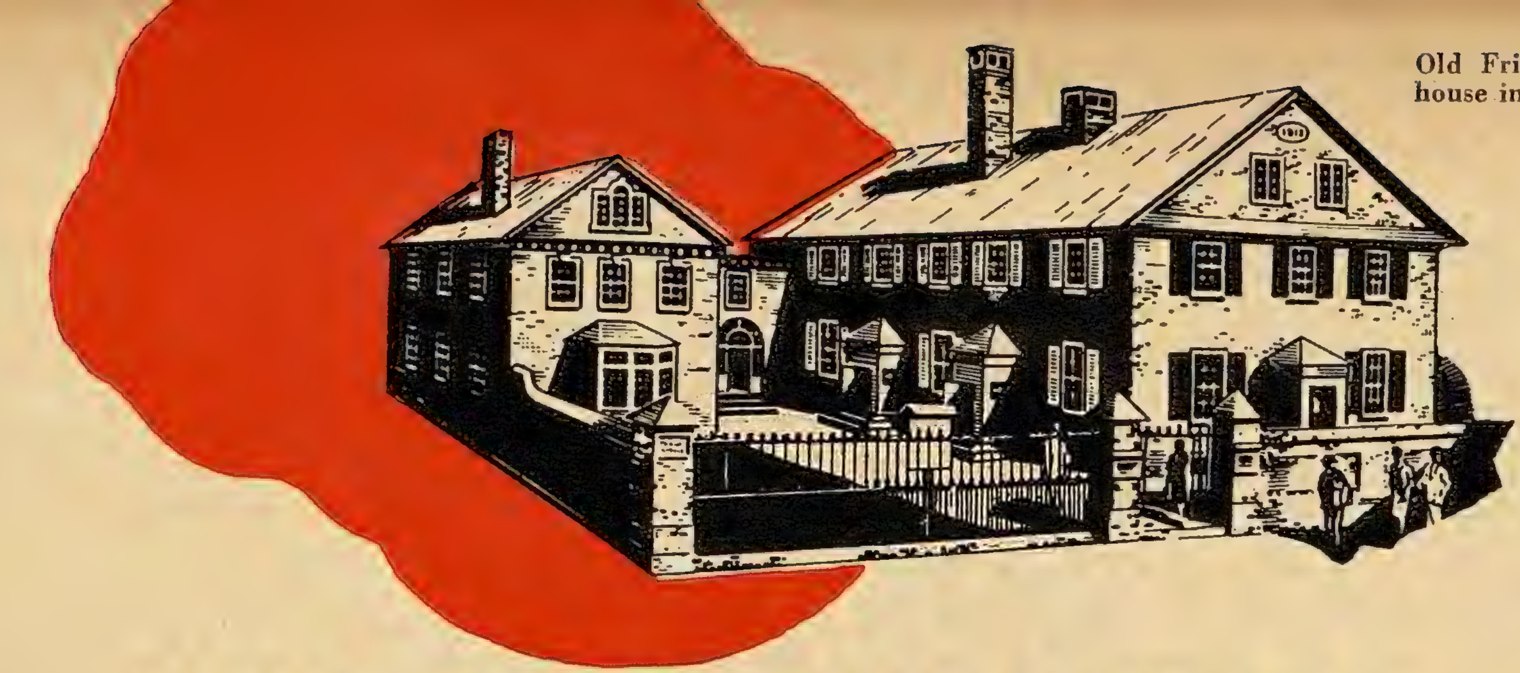
He wished he could express this, but he couldn't. He was no good with words. It'd sound like a pep talk. As though he didn't really feel it. He was shy, quiet by nature, and he could never make people believe that he breathed and felt and got scared just as they did. Even in the wardroom it was impossible to make himself sound as hearty as he felt.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "Yes?"

The door opened. The engineer officer stood there.

"All topped off in fuel, lube oil, battery, and fresh water. Engineer-

(*Continued on page 52*)



Old Friends' meeting house in Philadelphia.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES FRIENDS—AND MEAN IT!

BY MONA GARDNER

ON Cherry Street in downtown Philadelphia, wedged in between office buildings, is a small two-story gray stone structure, venerable and solid. If a stranger's curiosity were aroused by this dateless building and he strayed in through its open door, he'd be still more curious about the kind of talk he heard inside—a parliamentary discussion of business honesty, appointment of an ambulance unit for Kunming, organization of handicrafts for Kenya Colony—until he learned he was in the clearinghouse of the Society of Friends, more generally known as the Quakers.

And if he asked for the director, the head man of the Society, he would find there was none and never had been. He would be told that each member has a voice in running it; that the final authority is each man's conscience.

The Quakers have probably the most thoroughly decentralized church government in the world. One outsider has spoken of it as "the bold application of democracy to religion."

As religious groups go, it is a minor one, numerically. Today, nearly three hundred years after the Society was formed—it claims only a scant 130,000 members in this country and abroad. However, its influence upon American life, education, and conscience has been anything but minor. Moreover, it is known from Chungking to Madagascar as a strong constructive force for genuine human fellowship.

The Quakers recognize no Sabbath, have no written creed, and stick to no ritual. The fascinating story of a religion without a church

Many people are familiar with the food canteens maintained in stricken areas by the American Friends Service Committee, and are aware that after World War I this organization spent something like $25,000,000 on feeding the starving populations of European countries. Many know, also, that the Friends raise more than a million dollars each year now for this same service work. But the thing that many don't know is that 90 per cent of this money is given by other religious organizations and by individuals who are not Quakers. The Quakers supply the one crucial ingredient—selflessness. In their big, actively functioning Service Committee there are only twenty-seven paid secretaries. Volunteer workers add up to more than 300.

If you ask a Quaker the source of this great fund of selflessness, his answer will be "Social conscience." Conscience, you find, is the central core of Quakers' belief and practices. They heartily agree with the Four Freedoms, and add a fifth—freedom of conscience. It is because they so desire freedom of conscience that they take no oaths, join no secret societies, seldom speculate, refrain from lawsuits, refuse service in combat units, shy away from politics, and give surplus time and money to the unfortunate.

The Society of Friends does not enforce its beliefs by authority of church or by preaching. A Friend goes to meeting and sits in silence, listening to the promptings of the spirit. What comes out is apt to be an active and dynamic form of Christianity, because it is the result of personal conviction. Friends have no written creed. No form of words, they say, can adequately convey or chart the "Church within" each individual. Moreover, they point out, religious and social doctrines are not static but, like scientific facts, are subject to continual revision and new interpretations as knowledge increases.

These unwritten beliefs, however,

Benches stacked to one side, a meeting house in are neither nebulous nor complicated. The central one is that God is capable of speaking directly to each human heart, hence there is no need of a priest to mediate. Convinced that all men have this "light within," Quakers feel there can be no superiority of race or color.

Reasoning that God can speak more clearly in silence, they hold their meetings in silence, without music or hymns. Likewise they feel that such speech can come on any day of the week and that one day is no holier than others. Midweek worship meetings are a regular practice with them. They also hold them on Sundays now to coincide with the normal working week of the world.

They believe they can commune with God anywhere, and feel no need of an especially consecrated building. For many years, to the great scandal of their neighbors, they came together for their meetings in houses, barns, open fields, and orchards. One group in England held their meetings for a while in the abbot's kitchen of the ruined monastery of Glastonbury.

WHERE it is convenient and the funds are available, they build plain and simple meeting houses, without any decoration, without an altar, and sometimes without cushions on the long wooden benches. But if a group of Friends find themselves in a town or a countryside where there is no meeting house, they feel no hesitancy about turning a hotel room or a meadow into a meeting place.

The meetings are as devoid of form as is possible. People assemble at the appointed hour, and without a service or a spoken prayer the meeting begins. Every one sits in expectant silence, "heeding the intimations within and attuning his inner wireless system to the Divine." If any one, even a child, feels impelled to tell of some inner message he has received, he rises and does so. These tellings are spontaneous, unprepared.

If no one gets up, the meeting continues in silence for an hour. The signal that it is over is given by one of the elders, who shakes hands with those nearest him. Each one shakes hands with his neighbor, calls him "Friend," smiles benignly, and the meeting is concluded.

A marriage ceremony is carried out, without the aid of an officiating minister, at one of the regular midweek meetings. The bride, in a simple white dress, sits beside the groom, facing the other members. When he feels the urge, the groom rises, takes the bride's hand, and says: "In the presence of the Lord and of these our friends, I take thee, Mary, to be my wife, promising with Divine assistance to be a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." The bride makes the same declaration. The marriage certificate is signed, read aloud, and the ceremony is over.

Children of Quakers become "birthright" members, and there is no baptism ceremony. New members joining the Society are bound by no oaths, no credal tests, no promises to obey, no declaration of loyalty.

The basic membership unit is the Monthly Meeting. Under this name, some eighty to one hundred members hold biweekly religious meetings, and then, at the official monthly session, transact their corporate business. Service to the neighborhood and the community as a whole is considered a part of this corporate business. The only officer at this session is a clerk, appointed for a three-year period, who keeps the minutes and reports.

A number of Monthly Meetings in a city or a district combine into a larger whole for Quarterly Meetings, and in turn several Quarterly groups form a Yearly Meeting. Membership in the Monthly Meeting automatically carries membership in the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings of which it is a part.

Individuals have the same rights in these larger groups. Delegates are sometimes appointed to attend the larger meetings to ensure representation, but have no more authority or privileges than other members. Yearly Meetings may last a week, as the members go over all social service projects which the larger group has been able to finance and foster. Here again there is no machinery to give any one authority over the course of the meeting. A clerk keeping minutes is the nearest approach to an official. He may be a business man, a doctor, or a teacher, taking time out for this period.

WITHIN the structure of the Monthly Meeting there are overseers, ministers, and elders. These in no way represent strata of importance or authority. The overseers, some twenty-five men and women, constitute an active committee shepherding the flock. They visit the sick, arrange loans for the needy, arbitrate disputes (especially those verging on lawsuits), give business counsel, and answer queries on discipline, procedure, and doctrinary interpretation. They are appointed for a three-year period, are given no salary, no kudos.

A Quaker minister does not preach and is not appointed to any pulpit. His title is entirely honorary. He is one of the more vocal Quakers who, through the course of many years, has given repeated proof of his ability to relate "inner messages."

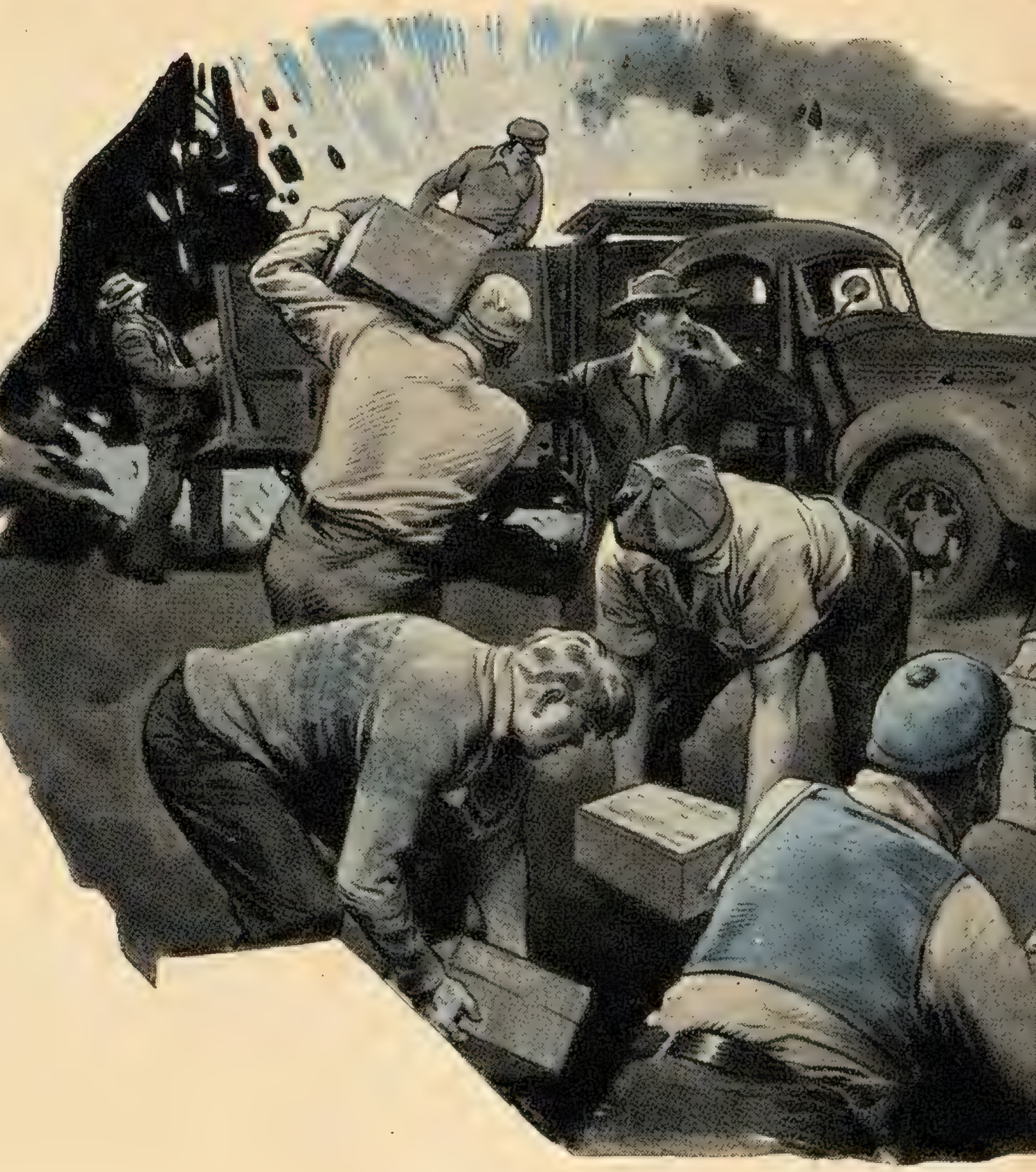
(*Continued on page 67*)

KEYSTONE PHOTO

ew York is given over to sewing for refugees.

Hungry children in Marseilles are fed by the Friends Service Committee.

THE WILD FLIGHT OF NORWAY'S GOLD



THERE is a delightful story current that tells how a band of rosy-cheeked Norwegian children tobogganed past unsuspecting Nazi sentinels with a box of gold hidden on each sled, and dragged their sleds across a quay to a ship whose captain hurried the gold aboard and sailed away for America. The story doesn't happen to be true. But where is that Norwegian gold? The facts are as wild as the legend.

Norwegians' first knowledge that their country was to be invaded came at the sight of a German fleet steaming out of early morning fog into the fjord of Oslo. It was April 9, 1940. The king was there in Oslo that morning; the government was there; and there, in vaults in the center of the city, was Norway's treasure—$100,000,000 in gold.

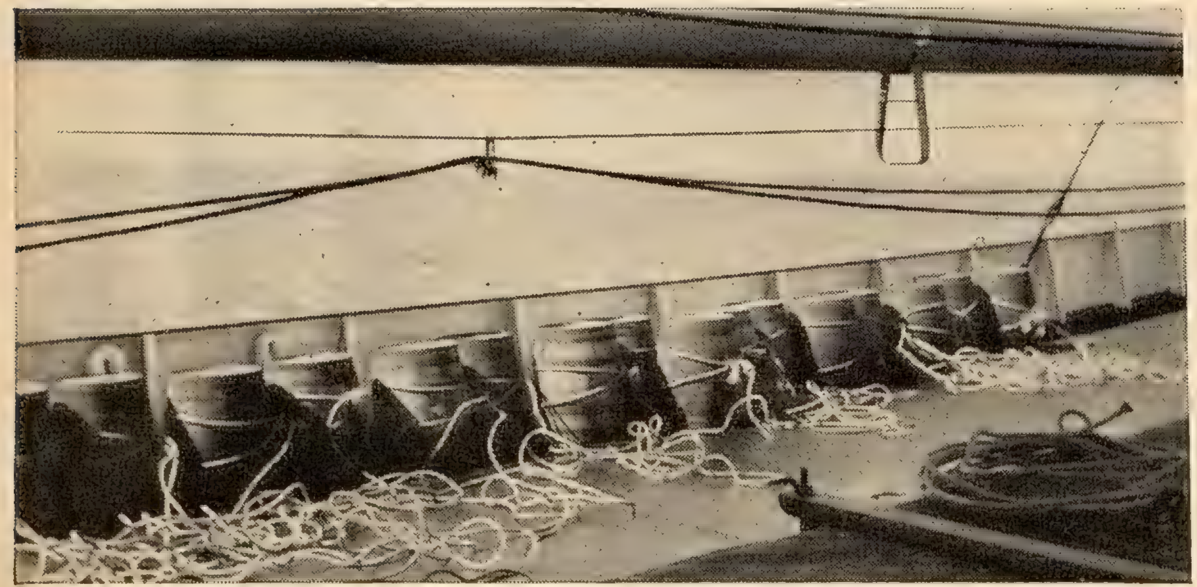
The city was in an uproar. But Finance Minister Oscar Torp kept his head. Swiftly he had the gold packed into stout wooden boxes and loaded on trucks. In midforenoon the trucks roared out of Olso to Lillehammer, ninety miles north. There were 1,534 boxes, weighing from 50 to 160 pounds each. Total—60 tons.

That day king, government, and diplomatic corps also fled northward. The days following were full of confused fighting. Bands of Norwegian soldiers and farmer boys threw barricades of ships' masts across roads, made a brave stand against the Nazis — then, overwhelmed or outflanked, had to fall back. Nazi bombers harried the king and his government from town to town. One week later, at an emergency meeting in the small town of Otta, Torp said: "That gold isn't safe in Lillehammer. We have got to get it farther north!" He glanced at the group of government men. "Haslund," he said, "I pick you to do it."

Forty-year-old Frederik Haslund, electrical engineer and parliamentary secretary of the Norwegian Labor Party, had never tackled such a job as this. But he got a car and rushed toward Lillehammer. At the headquarters near the town he asked for soldiers to help him. The commander gave him three officers and thirty men, all he could spare. One of the men, Haslund discovered later, was Nordahl Grieg, most famous poet and playwright of Norway, kin of the great composer Edvard Grieg. Every moment was precious. The Germans were only a few miles south of Lillehammer. Hurrying desperately, Haslund and his men got the gold out of the Lillehammer vaults and into some freight cars. He found an engine. After dark the train pulled out. Darkness was necessary; by day the German dive bombers were blasting everything.

Haslund's objective was Andalsnes, 300 miles northwest, at the head of a deep narrow fjord. He would get the gold on a ship and hurry it off to northern Norway, completely out of Nazi reach. Of course the Germans would be held in southern Norway. England and France were rushing reinforcements.

Next day the startling news came that German parachute troops had been dropped in the narrow valley and seized a railway station, blocking the line. The train halted in a tunnel for safety. A Norwegian detachment rushed up, demanding German surrender. The Germans put a group of Norwegian women and children in front of them. Norwegian riflemen crept near and opened accurate fire. They brought down the German commander and half his men without touching a single Norwegian woman or child. The Germans surrendered. The train pushed on to Andalsnes.

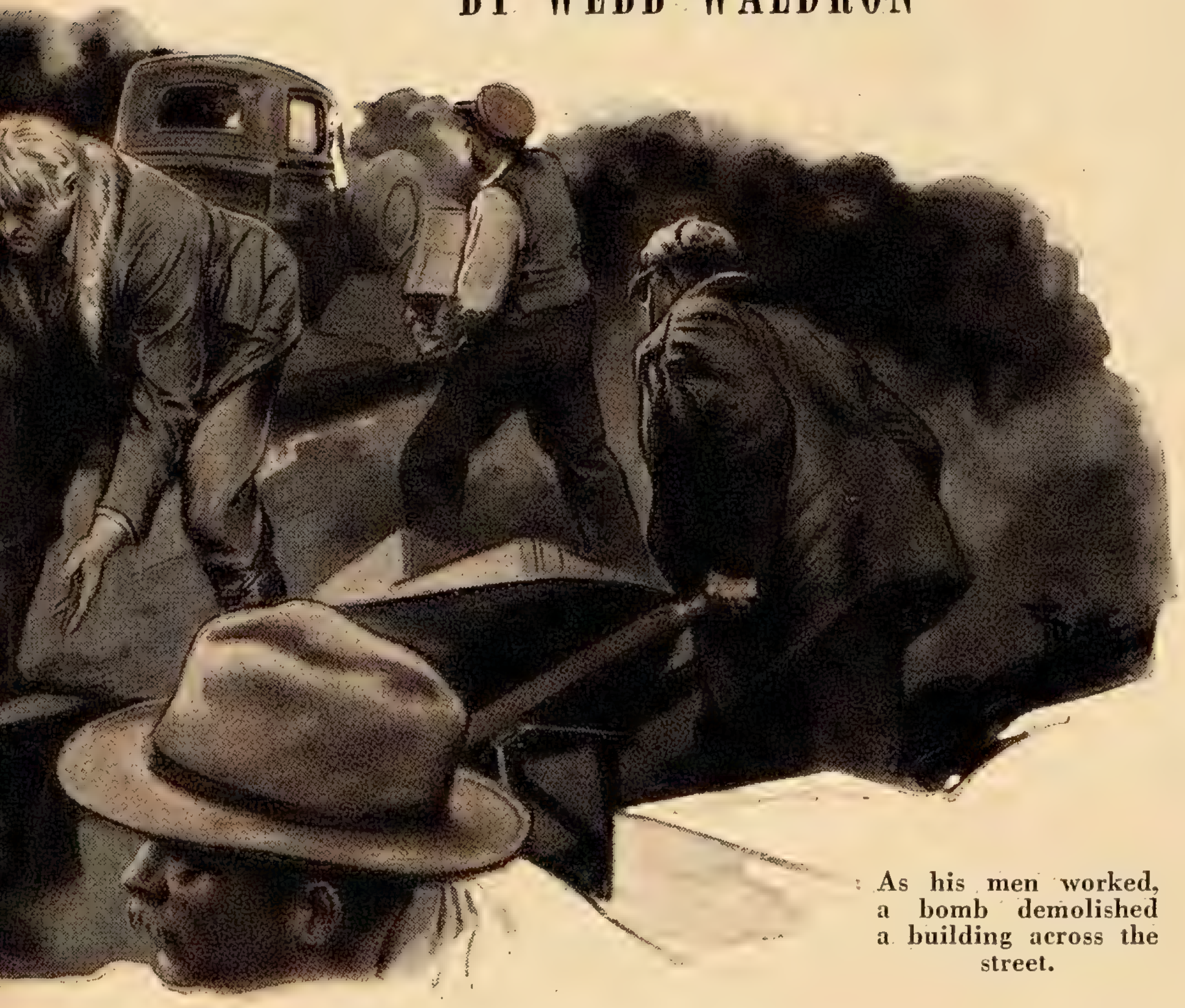


On one of the Norwegian ships which brought the gold from England to America, the gold was stowed in barrels on deck. The weight was apportioned so that the barrels could float and be towed by the lifeboats if the ship was sunk.

PHOTOS FROM MR. HASLUND

An incredible exploit comes to light. How Norway moved its gold—sixty tons of it—out from under the Nazis' guns

BY WEBB WALDRON



As his men worked, a bomb demolished a building across the street.

Frederik Haslund, who took Norway's gold from under the noses of the Nazis.

At the wharf lay the British cruiser Galatea, feverishly discharging troops and antiaircraft guns. Ole Colbjornsen, the Finance Minister's secretary, had reached Andalsnes with Haslund. Colbjornsen appealed to the Galatea's captain to take some of the gold aboard.

IN THE night Haslund got one of the freight cars switched down to the dock. While he was checking off the numbers on the boxes by flashlight, and his men were lugging them aboard, a wave of Nazi bombers came over. Suddenly, when Haslund had about 200 boxes loaded, the captain of the cruiser announced that it was impossible for him to wait longer. He cast off. Haslund hurried back to his freight cars. This was the terminus of the line. If the gold couldn't be got aboard a ship here, it had to be gotten out of the cars and into trucks and hurried to another port.

At dawn news came that the Germans were only a few miles up the valley, coming on fast. Haslund, scurrying around, borrowed and commandeered twenty-five trucks. On these his men loaded the gold. In some cases, two or three tons of gold had to be piled on a one-and-a-half-ton truck. The trucks headed toward Molde, a town farther down the fjord, nearer open sea. Part of the route lay along a broad flat valley. When the spaced-out procession was halfway down the valley, dive bombers began to swoop. Haslund ordered the trucks to stop and the drivers to hide under them till the raid was over. The trucks pushed on. Several had been hit, but not one put out of commission. But on the desperately bad road four broke down. Haslund's men transferred their boxes to other trucks, already overloaded.

Molde—"City of Roses," most charming town on the Norwegian coast, nestling near a beautiful fjord surrounded by snow-capped peaks—here it was thought the Norwegian government could maintain itself till help came. So Haslund stored the gold in a warehouse cellar. He thought his job was over.

But within two days the German bombers came over in such force that the town became untenable. In the night a British cruiser, the Glasgow, slipped into the fjord to take the king and his government to a point farther up the coast. Perhaps here was a chance to save more of the gold. "Get the boxes down to the docks!" came an order to Haslund. Calling for volunteers, Haslund lugged the gold out of the cellar and into trucks. As his men worked, a bomb demolished a building across the street, leaving a gaping crater where it had stood. The trucks dashed down through falling bombs and blazing streets to the dock. Hardly had two trucks been unloaded and the boxes rushed aboard the Glasgow when a bomb hit the dock, set it afire. "Stand away!" came a shout from the cruiser's bridge. "We're getting out of here!"

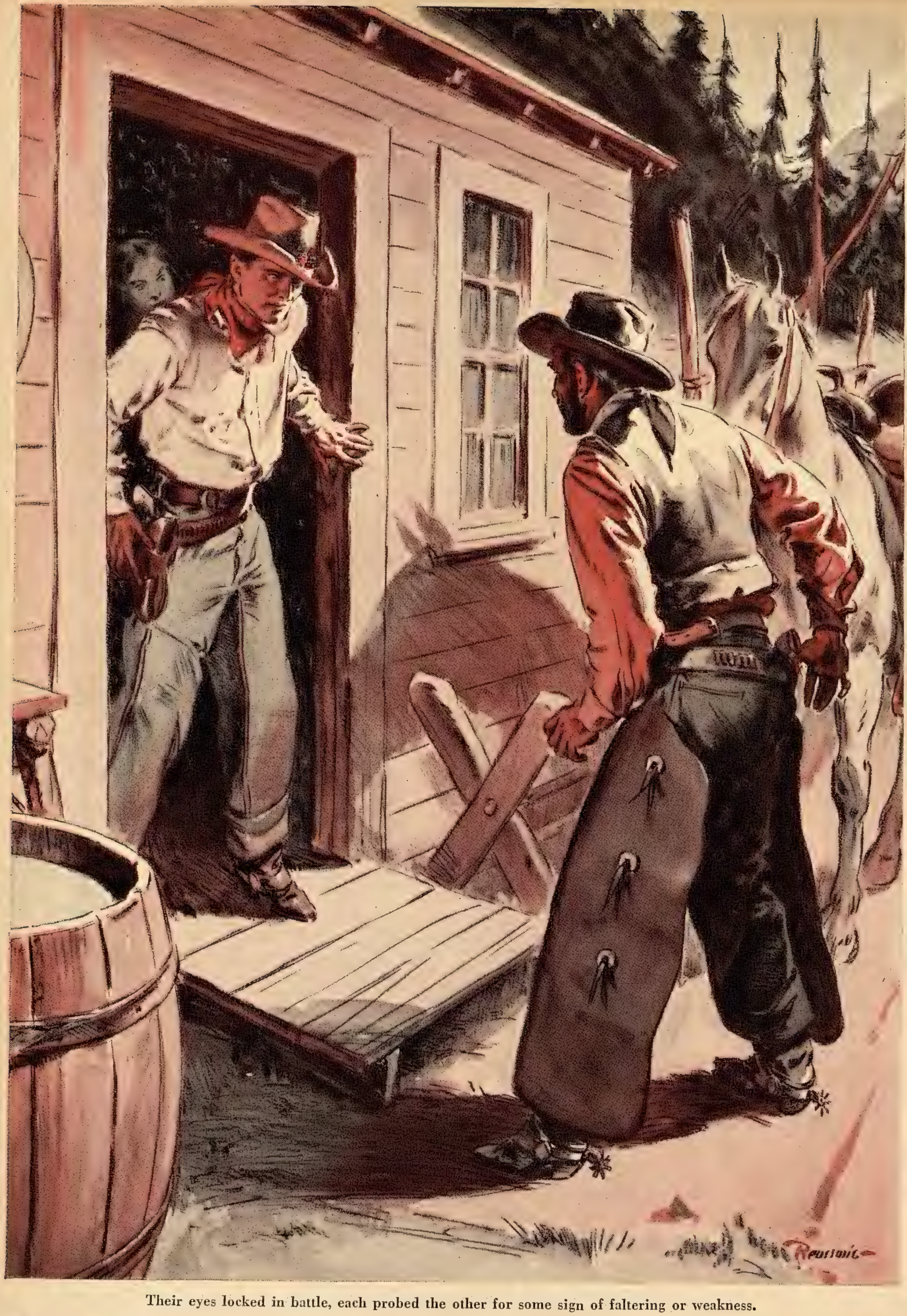
The king and some of the government people were aboard; some were still on shore. The cruiser pushed off into the night, leaving the trucks on the blazing quay. Colbjornsen shouted down from the deck to Haslund through the scream of dive bombers, the explosion of bombs, and the roar of flames: "Make your way north!"

North! But how? Haslund's men drove the trucks back through the town, now an inferno. "I never expected to get through," Haslund told me. "I remember, as I crouched low on a truck, that I thought of the tires. 'If the tires catch fire,' I said to myself, 'we're done for.' But they didn't. By some miracle, we got out of town."

Haslund headed northward through the night. At dawn he hid the trucks in the forest, the next night drove on. Reaching the coast, he got hold of five small fishing smacks, transferred the gold to them, and headed north through the islands. But the Germans seem to have learned through spies that these five boats were fleeing with Norway's gold. Bombers harried the boats through the islands, torpedo boats followed them along the coast.

The situation was perilous. One night Haslund put in at an island, procured two other fishing boats, transferred the gold to them. He left the soldiers he had with him at the island for their own safety, telling them to make their way north as best they could. The only one of the soldiers he took with him was the poet

(*Continued on page 69*)



Their eyes locked in battle, each probed the other for some sign of faltering or weakness.

THE DESPERATE MAN

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

A born killer sought his life, but as he waited —tense for the battle—the picture changed and only his wife knew why

BY JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

DOWN near the edge of the woods the two square-bodied oxen grazed listlessly, and the five brown milk cows switched flies in the shade of the single big pine that encroached on the pasture. A nervous mother quail led her chicks across the path that led from the door of the cabin to the spring. A hawk spiraled lazily above the green forest. Harriet Graves watched them, and turned suddenly to where her husband was cleaning his gun.

"Maybe he won't come." Her voice was strained and taut.

"Maybe he won't."

Laverson Graves bent his head to avoid her eyes and squeezed another drop of oil into the muzzle of the big Colt .44 he held in his right hand. With a short stick he pushed a clean rag through the bore. He twirled the cylinder and dropped the gun into the holster at his belt. His hand moved, and the gun seemed to leap from the holster into it. It was a fast draw, Harriet thought dully. Maybe it was even as fast as Mooney's.

She watched him as he moved about, tall, angular, never seeming to hurry but getting things done smoothly and efficiently. Once she met his eyes, those gentle eyes that yet had something primitive and untamable within them, and with a mighty effort she stifled an impulse to take him in her arms, to melt with her love this madness that possessed him. But she did not, because she knew that so doing would demean him. He was a desperate man, desperately resolved to stand by a code of honor and ethics that only men seemed to understand.

It had to do with Mooney the outlaw. Three nights ago Mooney had come riding out of the hills to their cabin. Harriet had listened, outraged, while he had calmly proposed to her husband that they hold up the Claridge stage, carrying sixty thousand in gold bullion. Laverson had refused, and Mooney had ridden away. Then, when he had gone to hold up the stage anyhow, he had found its armed guard doubled and unconquerable, and had blamed Laverson for giving warning. Now, as a matter of course, he was coming to kill him.

There appeared before Harriet a mental image of the soft-stalking, cold-eyed Mooney. Seeing him, it was easy to believe all that was said about him. He was a vicious, nerveless gunman. Nobody was faster on the draw or shot straighter. That had been proved more than once, and with her final, dreadful realization of it, the fear that had been building up in Harriet found an outlet in words:

"You don't have to meet him!"

For a moment he stood silent. Then:

"What would you have me do?"

"You can run, hide. He'll have a posse hot on his heels. He can't stay here long. Come back after he's gone."

He came toward her, slowly, gently, and placed a huge hand on each of her slender shoulders.

"Harriet," he said, "if you had been brought up in the West, instead of the East, you would never talk so. I cleared this land, I took it from the wilderness by the strength in my arms and the sweat of my brow. It belongs to you and me. While I live, no man is going to make me run from it. Now do you understand?"

"No," she said miserably. "Suppose he kills you?"

"Don't think about that."

She stood helplessly while he took his deer rifle from its rack and leaned it against the table. Then he carried his shotgun, loaded with slugs, into the cabin's log-partitioned other room and laid it across the bed. They, she understood, must be ready in case Mooney came with confederates and the cabin was besieged. If he came alone, Laverson would meet him alone.

She bit her lip, watching her husband take a stance in the doorway and peer steadily toward the forest. She saw the white horse, ridden by Mooney, come out of the trees and walk slowly toward the cabin. Without looking around, Laverson spoke.

"Go into the other room," he said. "Stay behind the wall."

MOONEY dismounted ten feet from the cabin door and let the reins of the white horse trail to the ground. With one bronzed hand hovering near the butt of the gun in his holster, he walked to the door. His voice was dry and deadly, like the whir of a rattling snake. He said:

"Hello, Lav."

"Hello, Mooney."

Their eyes locked in battle, each probed the other for some sign of faltering or weakness. The outlaw's gaze flitted past that of the man opposing him, but returned instantly.

"My little plan, Lav, the one I talked over with you, sort of miscarried."

"Good thing it did," Laverson said.

"Well, there could be some disagreement about that."

"Mooney"—Laverson's voice was eloquent of the tension under which he labored—"if you're here to kill me, go for your gun!"

There was a moment's strained silence. Then, strangely and unaccountably, Mooney's steel-hard voice became a plaintive whine.

"Why, I didn't come here for gunplay, Lav. I just come to say I probably won't be riding this way any more. I'm going south."

"Suppose you start."

THERE was another second's hesitation, and then Mooney turned to remount the white horse. His back to the cabin door, he trotted slowly toward the sheltering forest. The tin clock in the corner ticked off two full minutes while Laverson watched him go. When he was out of sight, Laverson laid his gun on the table and entered the room where, white-faced and trembling, his wife crouched on a chair. His big arms reached out to enfold her.

"It's all right," he said softly. "He's gone."

Harriet rested her head on his shoulder and the sobs she had held back for so long racked her slim body. His arms tightened about her.

"Don't," he pleaded. "There was never any danger. He was just a windbag who blew up when his bluff was called."

Her embrace went forth to meet his. This dear man who had just proved to his wife that he could defend all that was his. This proud man who would give way to nothing when he thought himself right. This— Even through the near hysteria that possessed her now, she was able to decide one thing.

He must never, never know that when Mooney had for one second let his eyes roam, he had seen her in the doorway of the other room. The cocked shotgun had been in her hands, ready with its load of slugs to tear him in two at the first move he made toward his gun.

THE END

ATLANTIC CONVOY

Second of Two Installments

WOLF PACK ATTACK POSSIBLE LATE TODAY. EIGHT SUBMARINES SIGHTED MOVING ON COURSE OF YOUR CONVOY.

THAT is approximately what we got for breakfast one rough Sunday morning out in the immensity of the Atlantic Ocean. A lad from the radio room brought the blue slip down to the wardroom of our destroyer. The captain and the executive officer initialed it, and we went on with our scrambled eggs.

There was nothing much we could do about it. There was no getting ready to be done, because we were always ready, twenty-four hours in every day. Far over the horizon, the huge convoy which we were guarding plowed on serenely toward Africa. Escort vessels like our own were deployed in a wide circle around the cargo ships, weaving and zigzagging, watching incessantly for signs of the enemy—with pairs of eyes which were changed before they could grow weary or bored, and with detection devices.

The escort commander in his destroyer far up ahead might agree with the convoy commodore, sailing an ancient tanker, upon a general change of course. But that was their business. If we got orders we would execute them.

It must be confessed that the scrambled eggs did not taste quite so well after that blue slip had come and gone. We were, to tell the truth, facing a pretty nerve-straining day. Waiting is the worst thing that can befall a sailor or soldier.

But by a whim of fortune—of the most evil fortune, indeed—we were given a diversion. We had gone up to the bridge rather more promptly than usual, and there we saw the "little fellow with the broom" bustling up on our port beam, wallowing in seas which brought his decks awash with every roll, his blinker signal going like mad.

Watch our destroyers block a wolf pack of Nazi subs closing in for the kill in this action-crammed final installment about life on an Atlantic convoy escort

It had been amusing, some days before, to hear the solemn, totally unamused voice come over the TBS loud-speaker from the escort commander: "If the weather kicks up, be sure to keep an eye out for the little fellow with the broom." And we had solemnly given our acknowledgment: "Corona to Baronet. Roger."

The little fellow was a half-pint mine sweeper, just making the trip over with us. His real duties would lie in the Mediterranean. His code name, for TBS purposes, was obviously appropriate, but still made us smile. Now he was talking to us, and the signalman brought the written message to the captain:

"Cargo ship has serious accident aboard. Urgently needs medical assistance."

Before we could make answer, the TBS loud-speaker opened up: "Baronet to Corona. A man is seriously injured. Desire that you send your medical officer aboard."

So our wheel went over and the white plume of our wake soared higher into the air. The doctor and his chief pharmacist's mate began to get their kits together. The boatswain's mate got his crew to work breaking the motor whaleboat out on its davits and turning its engine.

It was fascinating to turn from our routine position in the escort

BY MORRIS MARKEY

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

and approach the convoy itself. For many hours it had been merely a light drift of smoke on the horizon line. Now it began to loom as an immense city, approached over the plains—a city with factory chimneys and even quiet suburban sections—each ship a certain number in a certain street.

The job of the escort was not merely to give the people of this moving city protection from the incessant menace of the U-boats. We had to be physician as well, to minister to spiritual needs, and, for that matter, to be the cop on the beat if a family brawl got out of hand. The cargo ships, for all their officers and crews and deck-gun watches of the Naval Reserve, carried neither doctors nor priests. But there was a doctor on each of our destroyers, and there was a Navy chaplain on the flagship.

By the time we got over to the convoy, the ship carrying the injured man had dropped out of his position and was now hove to, well astern.

As we came up, he began signaling that his injured man was in very bad case, but by that time our whaleboat had been lowered and was chugging in the choppy seas. It bore the doctor and the first lieutenant, the chief pharmacist's mate and the coxswain. I went along.

We clambered up the rope ladder—our little boat riding ten feet up and down in the swells and always on the point of dashing itself to splinters against the freighter—and hurried through a maze of deck cargo toward the after deckhouse, where the injured man lay.

He was a lad of twenty, a Merchant Marine cadet from East Orange, New Jersey. This was his first voyage on blue water. The hands had been working with a steam winch on deck and it had set up back pressure. The boatswain had sensed the sudden danger and yelled for everybody to stand clear. But the cadet had thought he saw a way to save things, and jumped to it. He had stepped into the loop of a thin steel cable secured to the winch. At that split second the pressure had let go. The loop had cut off his leg exactly through the knee joint.

The boatswain shook his head sadly and said, "He gave it the old college try, and look what happened."

His mates had swiftly bound a rope around his leg, tourniquet fashion, and so saved him from bleeding to death at once. But he had lost much blood and was in extreme shock.

Our doctor poured on the sulfa powder and gave immediate injections of morphine and blood plasma (maybe yours, back there, if you have chipped in to the Red Cross blood bank). He fitted a better tourniquet. And he said the man's leg would have to be amputated higher up, and that we would have to transfer him to our destroyer for the operation. But we could not move him for three hours—not until the state of shock had somewhat subsided.

DESTROYERS cannot afford space for an operating room. Our surgery was a dining table in the small mess hall amidships. The cadet, still conscious, was made comfortable there, after the transferring had been accomplished by splendid seamanship. (The crew in that section ate sandwiches on deck for dinner that day, instead of the usual hot meal served cafeteria style.)

The lad got more plasma. Then he got two transfusions of whole blood, one from the first lieutenant and one from a gunner's mate. And finally it was possible to begin the amputation. Our doctor was young. He had gone through Hamilton College and Cornell, interned at Duke University Hospital, and enjoyed nine months of private practice before he joined the Navy. The ship was rolling, even though the captain was just making steerageway into the wind.

The chief pharmacist's mate stood by. The gunnery officer (four years out of Annapolis), in white gown and face mask, handed up the sterilized instruments. The chief engi-

(Continued on page 58)

Aboard the destroyer a siren wails "General quarters"—contact with a U-boat has been made. Depth charges are made ready and the guns brought to bear.

MEET HAPPY DUNNAVAN

Sometimes a man can learn things about his wife from another woman. An exciting day with a lighthearted girl turns a sober marriage into a dream come true

BY HELEN SANWICK

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

MACE dropped the telephone receiver back in its cradle and lifted his two hundred pounds a bit heavily from the edge of the bed. His eyes caught his reflection in the hotel dresser mirror. He was grinning foolishly.

"You darn fool," he murmured. He squared his broad shoulders defensively. Well, why shouldn't he grin? The idea of meeting a pretty girl—not exactly a stranger, either, since she knew Duff Gallagher—a girl to take around, have a few cocktails with, stimulated him. There was nothing wrong about it; it wasn't that he didn't love Louise and his two sweet kids. After all, when you came to San Francisco on a business trip and tried to cram a month's work into three days, you had a right to jump the traces on Saturday night.

His tired gray eyes lighted suddenly, recalling his telephone conversation with Duff Gallagher. He had called his friend out of sheer loneliness and boredom.

"Sure, sure, Mace, I'd like to get down, but I can't make it now. Listen. How's your schedule for tonight?"

"Not so heavy I can't pack it around," Mace had said good-naturedly. "Probably go to bed early . . . hoisted a few last night."

"Yeah, lucky stiff! Now listen. There's a friend of mine, a Miss Dunnavan—Happy Dunnavan—coming in on the midnight train. She's sweet, Mace. A knockout. Show her the town, will you?"

"Well, Duff, I—"

"Oh, come off it! You're free, aren't you? Let's see. . . . She'll be wearing a blue suit and a white hat—big brown eyes and hair to match. I'm just trying to do a pal a favor, Mace."

"Well, sure, Duff, I guess I can make it."

"Fine, fine!" Duff's voice had come, glib and hearty, a thousand miles away. "Hot as Hades up here, Mace. You're a lucky dog. . . . Don't paint the town too red. . . ."

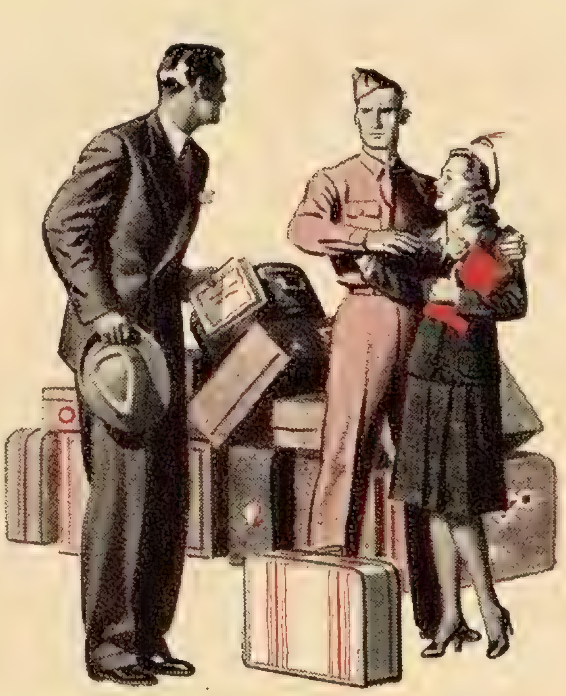
Mace Chandler looked at his watch. Two hours to kill before traintime. Good old Duff, he thought in a glow of benevolence. No polished diamond, Duff, but a fine fellow and a smart lumberman. Fun to be with.

Mace stood beside the telephone, wavering between calling Louise in Portland, telling her what Duff had let him in for, or ignoring the situation, pretending the whole matter was out of his wife's sphere of interest.

His decision shamed him a little. As he turned his back on the telephone his face lost a certain quality of boyishness and vigor and became almost flabby. His mouth drooped suddenly with dissatisfaction and his good gray eyes stared blankly at the opposite wall. After all, Louise wasn't really interested. He would have been happier had he known that she cared. Sometimes it seemed as if the two little girls were the only bond that held them together. He hated the casualness of his marriage; it hadn't always been like this. Once they'd been a couple of kids eating off oilcloth from mismated dishes. Louise had been a girl with warm brown eyes full of laughter, who pushed small capable hands through brown curls without caring what it did to her coiffure. Louise was beautiful now, but she seldom laughed, only smiled a lot—a gracious, company smile.

Mace shrugged. How was it his fault? He'd worked like a fool to make her happy. He was always trying. Take this trip even.

"Want to come along?" he had suggested to Louise. "We can have a little vacation down there in Frisco."



Keen blue eyes looked at him suspiciously. "Who is this man, Happy?" Bill demanded.

"Mace, you know I can't. I'm having that tea for Covell's niece Friday."

"I'd forgotten," Mace had said. "Well, can I bring you something? What would you like, Louise?"

"Oh, really, I can't think of a thing, Mace. Maybe you can find something interesting for the girls."

"But for you," he had insisted. "There must be something you'd like."

She had looked at him strangely and smiled. "You do love to buy presents, don't you?" she had said. "Well—maybe a dinner ring or a piece of jewelry. Nothing ornate, Mace."

She didn't really care; that was what sickened him. There was no present, nothing he could buy with money, that would change her. She remained lovely and kind and sweet-tempered, but she wasn't the girl nor the woman he had loved and married.

WELL, it didn't do any good to brood about it. Maybe it was all in his mind anyway. He'd go back Monday and take that ring he'd looked at this afternoon; it might just happen to please her.

It was eleven fifty when Mace stepped out of a cab at the train terminal. He walked briskly into the station. In his pin-striped suit and soft felt he looked exactly what he was: a successful business man. The fact that he was a little gray even added to his picture of well-being. The wistful droop of his mouth had disappeared. He was feeling, suddenly, like old Ned himself.

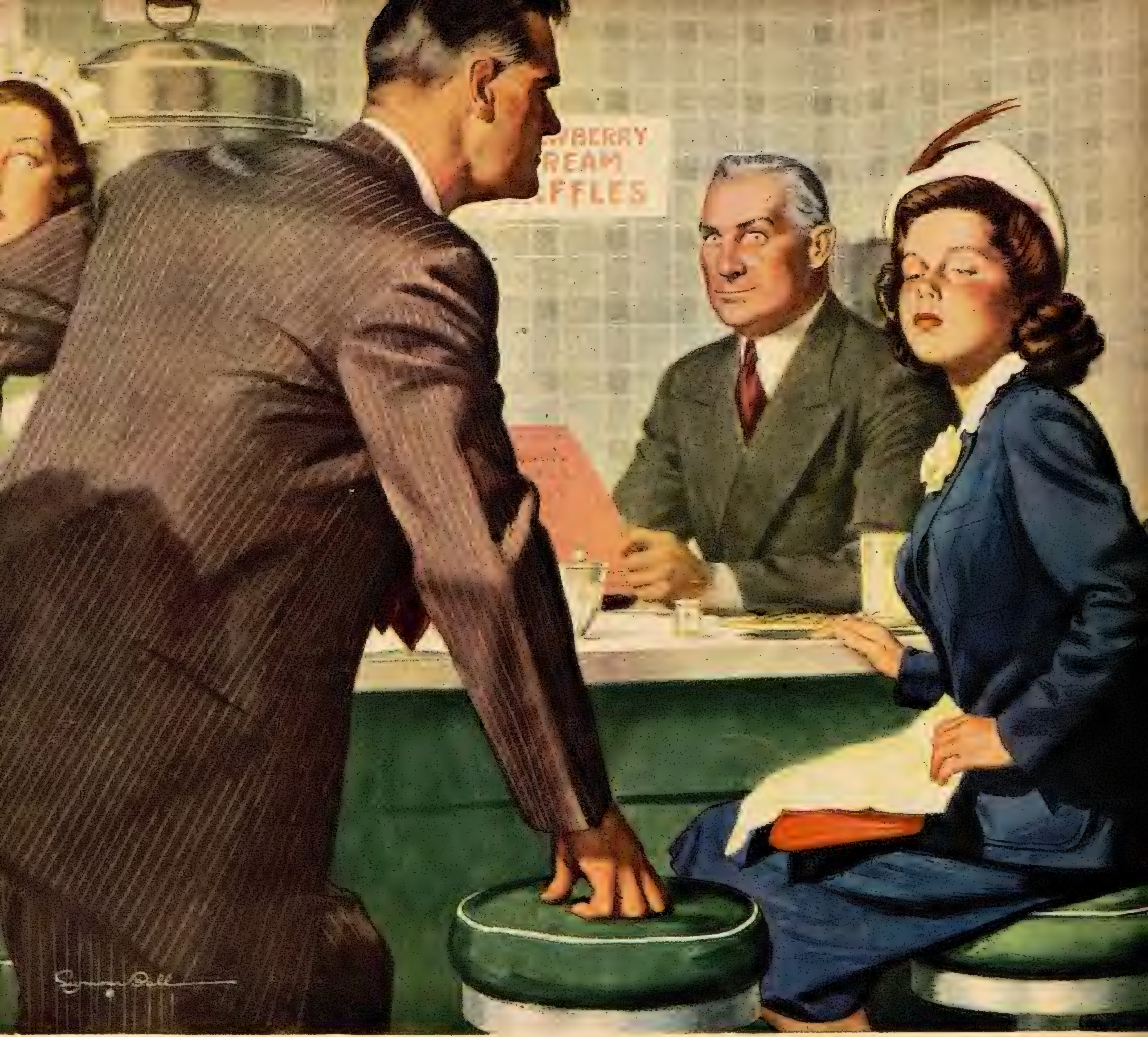
And there she was! There could be no mistaking the slim, rather exotic woman coming toward him. Blue suit, white hat—well, Duff was no piker!

Hat in hand, Mace moved toward her.

"Miss Dunnavan?" he asked. "I'm Mace Chandler. Duff Gallagher suggested—"

She scarcely glanced at him, but he was aware of the amused interest in her brown eyes.

He felt like a great clumsy oaf as he turned away. His eyes settled angrily on a small girl who was trying to support a large piece of airplane luggage, a purse, a box of candy, and at the same time stifle



"People are staring at you, Mr. Chandler," Happy said coldly. "Let 'em stare!" retorted Mace.

her mirth by stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth. He was appalled to see her remove the handkerchief and wave it at him gaily.

"You look so funny!" she pealed merrily. "Like somebody had stepped on your foot and forgot to say pardon me!" She laughed so hard that she dropped the candy. Chocolate-coated cherries! "I think you must be looking for me," she went on cheerfully. "At least, I know Mr. Gallagher. I take care of their baby every Monday night when Mrs. Gallagher plays bridge."

A chilling apprehension swept Mace as he noticed the blue suit and white hat. O. K., Duff, he thought grimly. I'll get you for this, my pal! She was sweet all right! A regular honey pot. All curves and dimples. She looked at least fourteen.

"Ah," he said hollowly. "Yes, I'm Mace Chandler, a one-time friend of Duff Gallagher's."

The malice was lost on the butterball. She was favoring him with a searching glance out of dark eyes.

"DID Bill send you?" she asked mysteriously.

Bill? Bill who?" He tried hard not to lose his temper. "My dear young lady, Mr. Gallagher suggested I meet you just for friendship's sake. Now I'll be glad to call a cab and take you to your hotel or wherever you're stopping—"

"That's awfully kind of you," she interrupted and showed her complete faith by letting him hold the box of candy. "But, you see, I have to wait for Bill. I thought he'd be here." Her soft lips quivered dangerously and Mace held his breath.

"Oh, see here, it isn't that bad," he said gently. "Now just tell me whom you are to meet and—"

His words were interrupted by a small-scale tornado.

"Happy! Oh, baby, you came!"

A young man in uniform was suddenly very much involved in the honey pot, airplane luggage and all. They were kissing blissfully in the center of the train depot.

With a sigh of relief, Mace edged away, when he discovered he was still holding the chocolates. He hesitated a moment.

And a moment was all that Happy Dunnavan needed. She advanced upon him, bubbling with good will.

"Oh, Mr. Chandler, forgive us. This is Bill—Private Bill Wiggens. We're going to be married."

"That's very nice," he said sickly. "Glad to know you, Private Bill."

(Continued on page 63)

STAR-SPANGLED SOPRANO

Luscious Lucy Monroe is the No. 1 stand-up girl. Crowds have risen 2,251 times to her rendition of the national anthem, her theme and career

BY TED SHANE

BACK when she was in pigtails, Lucy Monroe's class at the Horace Mann School in New York City was giving out fervently with The Star-Spangled Banner. During the singing one little girl swung around and whispered petulantly, "For heaven's sake, Lucy, don't sing so loud!"

Little did that little girl of the sensitive eardrums realize how gloriously her admonition would fail.

Since 1937, when the American Legion chose Miss Lucy Monroe to open its convention with The Star-Spangled Banner, Lucy has sung the national anthem no less than 2,250 times. "Actually it's 2,251 times—and that doesn't include rehearsals," adds Miss Monroe, who is a stickler for statistics. "Counting the times I stop and wait for the boys of the town band to get together and try it again, I imagine I have sung it well over 5,500 times."

Tall, slender, and green-eyed, the pretty lyric soprano throws her statistics in a proud, patriotic way—how many miles she's traveled, number of ears she has reached. She's sung Mr. Key's inspiring lyric in rain, shine, fog, and high wind. Once she was almost blown into New York Harbor from the top of the Statue of Liberty from where she was doing a broadcast. She's sung it on mountaintop, in a ship's hold, at softball games and World Series, at kid camps, at hundreds of other public functions. She's even sung it at the very place it was composed, historic Fort McHenry. Miss Monroe and her busy statisticians figure 7,000,000 "live" people have heard her. Adding the radio audience—you can't have an all-wave Fourth-of-July hook-up without Lucy—the figures must be reckoned in light-year terms. And now you may add the millions who go to the movies. Miss Monroe, at the request of the Army, has made a "community sing" short for Columbia, all profits to go to Army Emergency Relief.

Born in New York City, daughter of a successful jeweler, Miss Monroe intended becoming a beautiful intellectual. Her mother had been a child actress—Dorothy in the original Wizard of Oz—but Father Monroe had no intention of letting Lucy follow in mama's footsteps on the wicked stage.

But Mr. Monroe died and Lucy had to earn a living. She had studied singing—Mr. Monroe allowed that—and had a pretty big voice. Since it's tough for even the big voices to get a hearing, Lucy found herself on the verge of working in a New York department store. She actually signed up for an eighteen-dollar-a-week job there. But mama asked: "Suppose you get a call for an audition, darling, while you're waiting on some one. What will you do?"

This sounding like very good sense, Lucy just didn't show up the following Monday to begin work, and so the store lost a fine counter jumper (she's proud of her high mark on the I. Q. test) and the nation gained a fervent patriot.

Sure enough, the break came. That big voice being installed in a show-girl body, Lucy debuted farther north on Broadway in the First Little Show, succeeding a singing gal named Bettina Hall. For forty weeks Lucy sang, and played sketches with Clifton Webb and Fred Allen. After considerable road work with the Little Show, Lucy came into her own limelight. She debuted in ninety-nine-cent opera—at the old Hippodrome in New York, now torn down. She hooted a lot of opera heroines, and might still be in opera except for the fact that managers tried raising prices. "There was something about ninety-nine cents that packed 'em in," smiles Lucy. "A dollar and a quarter took the opera out of the bargain basement, and we had to quit!"

SOON Lucy became a fixture on the long-hair musical loop. She sang with Martinelli and Bori in the hinterland cultural joints, fought the brasses and violins with such symphony orchestras as the Philadelphia and Philharmonic, did innumerable concerts, and even made the second team with the spring season of the Metropolitan Opera Company. After a career as a fifteen-dollar-a-show sustaining-program soprano, she became a vendor of sundry radio products, including tooth pastes, cigarettes, gasoline, and aspirin.

In 1937 the stars began to spangle for our pleasant, svelte, unspectacular, accurate-throated songbird. Lucy was soothing headache sufferers on the Album of Familiar Music program when the American Legion descended on New York City for its annual ruckus. Those were the playboy days of the Legion, and the veterans wanted a real American girl to Francis Scott Key-note the convention. There was a national poll, and Lucy was the logical choice. While she has been erroneously traced back to President Monroe, Lucy does claim seven ancestors who fought at Bunker Hill.

Being no jingo, Lucy confesses she had to look up the words of the song before her patriotic debut in Madison Square Garden. Like every typical American, she could sing the first verse with the usual number of fluffs and short memory lapses. After that, everything grew vague, especially as it went on for three more verses. She had never sung it in public before.

WHEN the New York World's Fair came to the Flushing Meadows, Lucy was the national choice to lend the patriotic touch. Four times a day, seven days a week, six months in a row, Lucy stood on the big open-air stage and closed the American Jubilee finale with The Star-Spangled Banner. In her glittering red-white-and-blue low-necked gown, she gave it all she had, sincerely, for one thousand straight performances—be it blinding sun, drizzling rain, Flushing Meadows fog, or chilly night.

Lucy emerged from the Fair firmly established as the Star-Spangled Soprano — a handle appropriately thought up by her inspired press agents. She began showing up anywhere and everywhere, and in 1940 she flanked the President during the Armistice services at Arlington Cemetery. She says it all made her feel a little like a star on the flag, and she never sang better. Since then, while she has yet to co-star with Mr. Big with equal billing, she's lunched at the White House a few times and has had quite a career on the same platforms with F. D. R.—whom she adores. I add hastily that she also did the anthem for Mr. Willkie during his campaign, and her feeling is: "How happy might I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!"

It took the war to put Lucy completely in the patriotic groove, make her a red-white-and-blue prima donna on wheels. "I became," she likes to put it, "a road company of Mrs. Roosevelt!"

By plane, train, and bicycle, she dashed from ship launching to bond rally to defense plant to soldiers' camp to strange ceremony. I remember listening to her open a charity USO softball game at Mamaroneck, New York, between Bob Ripley's Believe It or Nuts and Lowell Thomas' Nine Old Men.

As her mileage and performances mounted, so did her adventures. She'd be routed out of bed—and she likes her sleep—at all hours to do a surprise broadcast for the swing shift over the radio.

There being no collapsible piano to fit her handbag, she never carries an accompanist. Hence she never knows what to expect in the way of musical background. Sometimes it's a smooth military band like the Marine outfit. More often it's something homemade and corny, a band that features a dill piccolo and an inability to reach the finish line together. This means lots of rehearsing, which Miss Monroe takes patiently.

YET, for all this seemingly monotonous ceremonial gallivanting, there are compensations. Besides collecting calluses from sitting on hard folding chairs on platforms, Miss Monroe has accumulated quite a few knickknacks.

Most prized is her collection of celebrities. She's on a "Call me Gov," "Call me Lucy" basis with practically every governor in these very United States, and has collected thousands of smaller fry, such as Vice-Presidents, generals, senators (state and real noisy), congressmen, mayors, ballplayers, and just plain run-of-the-mill people who expect you to ask them for their autographs. She prefers their company to that of her fellow artists. Singers, it seems, enjoy one topic—themselves; big shots have broader perspectives. Not long ago Lucy sat next to Prime Minister Mackenzie King at a patriotic rally in Ottawa. The band and Lucy had just finished God Bless America. As she sat down, the Prime Minister turned to Lucy and said: "Ah, Miss Monroe, now if we could only teach everybody to sing God Bless My Fellow Man!" The remark deeply impressed Lucy.

From acute observation, she's learned that Henry Wallace has a nice singing voice, but that Willkie sounds like the Frog Chorus from Aristophanes; Jimmy Byrnes would never challenge Martinelli; F. D. R.'s Colonel McIntyre likes to get in close with the harmony in numbers like Honey; and the President likes the last-war song My Buddy. She

(*Continued on page 62*)

Broken River

BY JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

RACK TINKER, woods boss of the Broken River Logging Company, owned by his foster father, Big Red Tinker, had a secret in his past. Will Jaspers and Lily, Will's wife, knew it, and Will tried to blackmail Rack. Rack wouldn't pay, but he did let Will keep his job at the lumber camp.

Sam Horton, mill owner, knew the secret too. "You killed my brother," he told Rack. "I can't prove it. Not yet! But I will!"

Although Sam's father, Old Jim Horton, was fond of Rack, Sam hated the young man. Besides trying to get proof that Rack was a murderer, he was also trying to take the contract to cut the Bishop spruce away from Broken River. He had an ally in pretty Sara Bishop, who didn't believe Broken River could handle the job. She, too, tried to keep Rack from fulfilling the contract—until one day she discovered she was in love with him and he with her.

Gale Nordlund, secretary to Clyde Prio, a lawyer and senator and a friend of the Tinkers, loved Rack, and when she saw how things were with him and Sara, she calmly announced her own engagement to him before every one at Broken River camp.

Sara left the camp in a rage, but Rack had little time to worry over her or Gale. Something was wrong with the figures on the logs sent from the Bishop tract to Sam Horton's mill. The amount delivered seemed to be thirty per cent below the amount Rack had counted on.

Big Red, certain that Horton was up to some trickery, talked to Tony Borg, who checked the logs. And Tony confessed that Horton had bribed him to doctor the figures. Later Rack and Big Red went to question Tony further—and found him dead of a bullet wound!

They called the sheriff, who held them both for questioning about Tony's death. In addition, he held Rack for a hearing on the murder of Sam Horton's brother, ten years before.

Rack would say nothing in his own defense. "I killed Jed Horton," he told Clyde Prio. "I'll admit it whenever I'm asked. But when, where, how, why—I'm sorry, Clyde, but I've nothing to say."

STOCKY Billy Trindall, the sheriff, took them down the long corridor to the district attorney's office. There was a desk under the high windows and beside the desk John Wiggam stood.

"Clyde Prio," he said, "hello."

And Prio returned, "Hello, John." The two shook hands and then Prio introduced the others. "Big Red Tinker," he said, "and Rack Tinker. They run the Broken River Logging Company."

"I know," Wiggam said.

There was a hurried tartness in his voice, and impatience was plain in the quick, brusque movements of his hands. He was small; fifty-odd; his thinning hair was white and combed carefully over his bald spot. His eyes were vaguely brown behind narrow-rimmed glasses.

"Sit down," he said. "Sit down."

He stood at the head of the table, waiting while the others found seats. He polished his glasses and then cleared his throat. "Mr. Trindall," he said, "you checked on that log train, didn't you?"

"It left just after three," Trindall said.

Wiggam looked at Big Red. "You were on it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Red. "I rode out in the cab."

Trindall said, "That's right, John. He was in the engine cab. The train got to the landing above the Broken River camp at a quarter to five. They shed the empties, hooked onto a loaded string, and started back. Rack rode that train in."

WIGGAM nodded. "And I believe you said that Rack was working on the loading platform all the afternoon?"

"All day," Trindall said.

John Wiggam sat down. He made notes on a scratch pad and then rolled a yellow pencil between his hands.

"You fought with Borg, Red," he said. "Why?"

"He was clippin' us," Big Red growled.

"But he was all right when you left him."

"His face was out of shape, but he was alive."

"We know that," Wiggam said. "There were workmen on the boom until six. Borg's killer used a 30-30 carbine, Borg's own gun. A 30-30 is not a water pistol, gentlemen. It makes a hell of a lot of noise. And yet no one on the boom heard the shot."

Rack Tinker said, "Whistle time, eh?"

"Right." Wiggam gave him a quick wintry smile. "The shot was fired just as the five-thirty whistle let go at River Mill. That whistle is a steam siren; it would blot out the final trumpet."

"Five thirty," Prio said, "and full dark by then. The killer locked the door, dropped the key in the river, and went away from there."

John Wiggam inclined his head. "Check."

"Then Rack and Big Red are in the clear?"

"Where Borg's death is concerned—yes."

"That's something," Prio said.

"About this other matter—" Wiggam looked at Big Red and then at Prio. "Clyde," he said, "Big Red isn't involved. There's no reason he should sit in."

"Look," Big Red said. "I—"

"You may go," Wiggam said.

Big Red pushed to his feet. He fumbled for words and finally he said, "O. K. I'll go up to camp, Clyde, an' I'll be sittin' by the phone. Call me as soon as—as soon as—"

Quietly Prio said, "I'll call you."

The door had closed behind Big Red when Wiggam spoke again. "Tinker, last night you admitted you killed Jed Horton. Is that right?"

Rack said, "Yes."

"Want to tell us about it?"

"No," said Rack.

The door that gave upon the outer office opened.

"Mr. Horton's here," the girl said.

Wiggam jumped to his feet. "Send him in." He went to the door. "Well, Jim. Come in. Come in."

Rack looked at Prio. "Is this your doing?"

"Not entirely," Clyde Prio said.

JIM HORTON appeared in the door, leaning heavily on a pair of crutches. His eyes were sharply alight; pain and alertness blended there. His deeply lined face was set and unsmiling and tired.

"Well," he said gruffly, "I got here."

Wiggam placed a chair for him at the end of the table. Old Jim ignored it; his attention was for Rack.

"Damned hellion!" There was the rasp of anger in his voice. "So you think you're God, eh? Think you can pass judgment on a man, kill him, and keep your mouth shut." He swore harshly. "Came a cropper, didn't you? And now you'll get what's comin' to you."

He made a slow way to the chair, crumpled there. Wiggam set his crutches against the wall.

At the door, Jim Horton's doctor, a tall well kept man, answered a

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

As friends rally to his support, a new tragedy clears the air, and Rack finds the debt has been paid at last and his secret can be told

whispered question from Wiggam. "Try not to tire him."

Without turning, Horton snapped, "Get out, Dan!"

John Wiggam came to the table and sat down.

"Well?" Jim Horton asked. "Well?"

"Jim"—it was Wiggam's quiet voice—"we want you to tell us what you know about Rack. Where you met him, and how. The whole story."

"Where I met him, eh?" The old man nodded. He rubbed his hands together, staring down at them as his mind found its way back through the web of years.

"St. Louis," he said at last. "Spring of '31. Tough times for me. Everybody. I was after equipment. Got damn little for my trip. But Rack— This night I was on a corner in a dirty end of town, 'bout twelve. No cars. No people. Then around the corner and up the street I hear a window break. Then I hear somebody runnin', comin' my way. We get to the corner at the same time. He runs into me and down we go in a heap. It's only a squirt of a kid, but I got a fight on my hands. Kickin', bitin', scratchin'. Me, with a peg leg. I ain't very handy, but I hang onto him. I cuff the daylights out of him. It takes a lot of beating to make him quit. But he does.

"Then I get to my feet. It's a job, with that damn peg leg. I take a look at the kid."

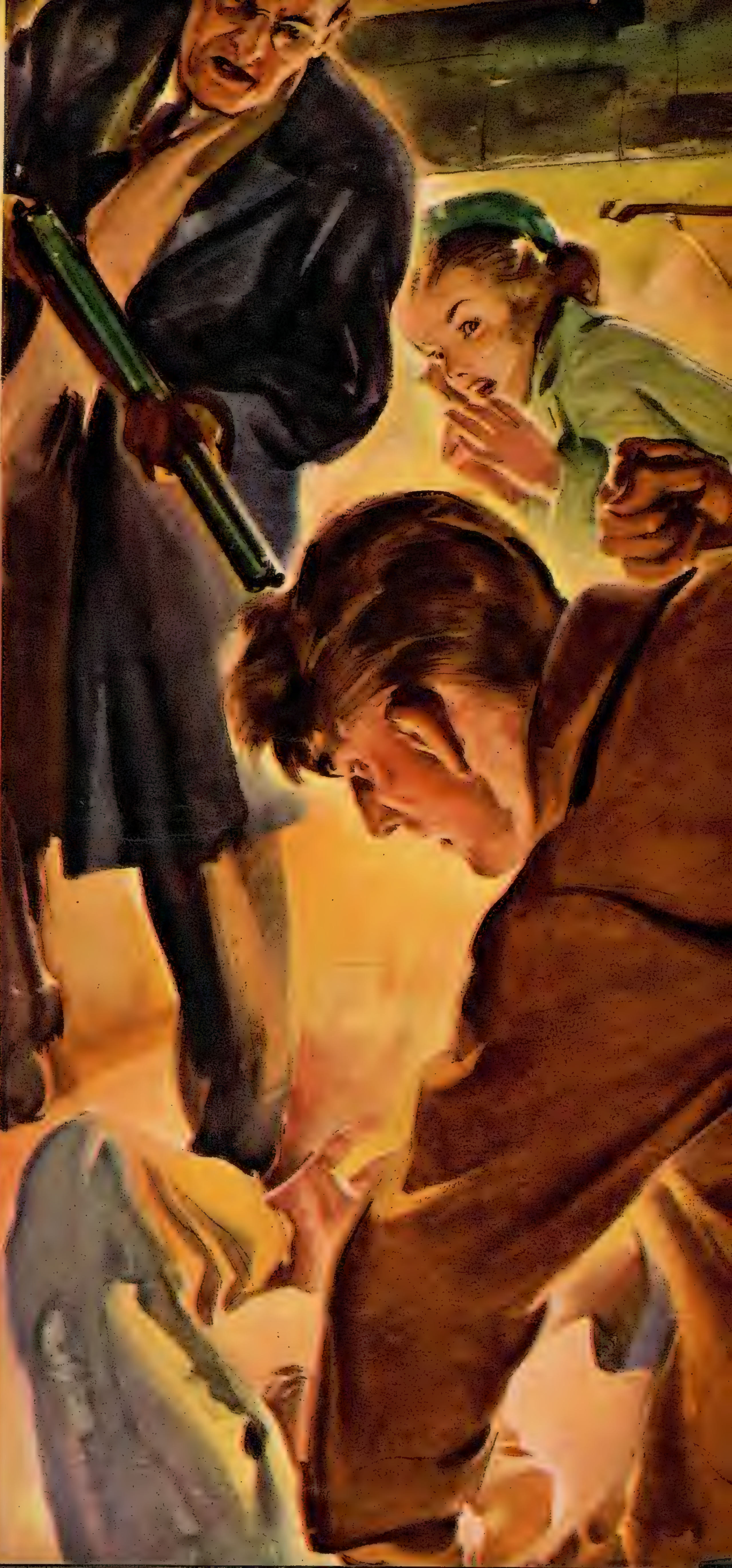
He looked at Rack now, his eyes bright under his bushy brows.

"He was the scrubbiest kid I ever laid eyes on. Skinny—Lord! an' dirty. He was twelve, maybe thirteen. There's groceries scattered on the walk. Canned stuff, bread. The kid's swiped 'em. I asked him about it. First, he won't talk. Then he says call the cops. Go on, call 'em an' to hell with me—that kind of talk.

"I asked the kid some questions. He ain't got a name or a home, he says. Lyin', of course. Then I ask him if he does this all the time. No, he says. Only when he's hungry." Jim Horton made a fist of one frail hand and struck the table. "Hungry—an' him just a kid. What the hell kind of a country is it that lets their kids go hungry?

"I ain't sure what to do. While I'm makin' up my mind, me an' the kid take the grub back where he got it.

(*Continued on page 47*)



A gun was in Wiggam's hands. "Rack! Get away from him. Get up!" he said.

GO WEST AGAIN, YOUNG MAN!

When the Japs are licked, watch the Pacific Northwest boom as a hopping-off place to a vast trade area

BY GOVERNOR ARTHUR B. LANGLIE

of the State of Washington

The author, Governor Arthur B. Langlie.

FROM my office in the Washington State Capitol in Olympia I can look out over a country which, when carved from the forests and waterways of the Puget Sound, was considered the end of the Oregon Trail.

To the pioneers who came over it, to the settlers who came after them, and to most other Americans since, the end of the Oregon Trail has been considered our last frontier—our final effort at being a young nation.

The Pacific War has changed all of that. We who live here believe that the Oregon Trail will be built beyond us—much farther westward. It is our belief that when these times are appraised by future historians, events which have not yet taken place in the far Pacific will be counted a part of America's century-old tradition of westward movement —not a movement of people this time, but a great movement of goods and services needed for development.

In place of a reservoir of undeveloped acres counted by the million, I believe that the continuation of the Oregon Trail will lead to underdeveloped people—counted by the million. The world's vast new opportunity still lies to the west of us. It is the huge area which the Japanese will fail to hold and develop. By virtue of being a belligerent, we will inherit an involuntary postwar obligation in the Orient, and our coast cities will become industrial centers of a new "Middle West."

Because of our wayside position as probable custodians of the gateway, Westerners are beginning to wonder if American history isn't going to repeat a few pages. The other evening I was reading a soldier's account of a battle. He wrote: "We were not very well entrenched. As I recall, I was using my butcher knife to cut the earth loose and throw a mound from me on which to rest my carbine. At one time a bullet struck the corner of this mound, throwing so much dirt in my eyes that I could scarcely see for an hour or more. That same afternoon, while lying face down on the ground, a bullet tore off the heel of my left boot. The firing was very heavy all through the afternoon of the 25th, and continued until dusk. At peep of day on the 26th the fighting again commenced with renewed vigor. . . . We had been kept awake the night before by officers who walked among us to see that none were asleep."

This might be the chronicle of an American lad on Bataan, but it isn't. It is part of the story of Private William C. Slaper, Troop M, Seventh Cavalry. His commanding officer was General George A. Custer and his words describe the battle on the Little Big Horn River back in 1876.

It's a far cry, perhaps, from Custer's last stand to the Battle of Bataan, but to my mind they are part and parcel of a movement which has not yet run out. As history is counted, sixty-seven years is little more than a hesitation. The next "end" of the Oregon Trail will be somewhere in the area which the dispatches call the Pacific Theater. The boys on Guadalcanal or Wake Island can tell you that. They can also tell you that the extension of the trail will probably be a *skyway.*

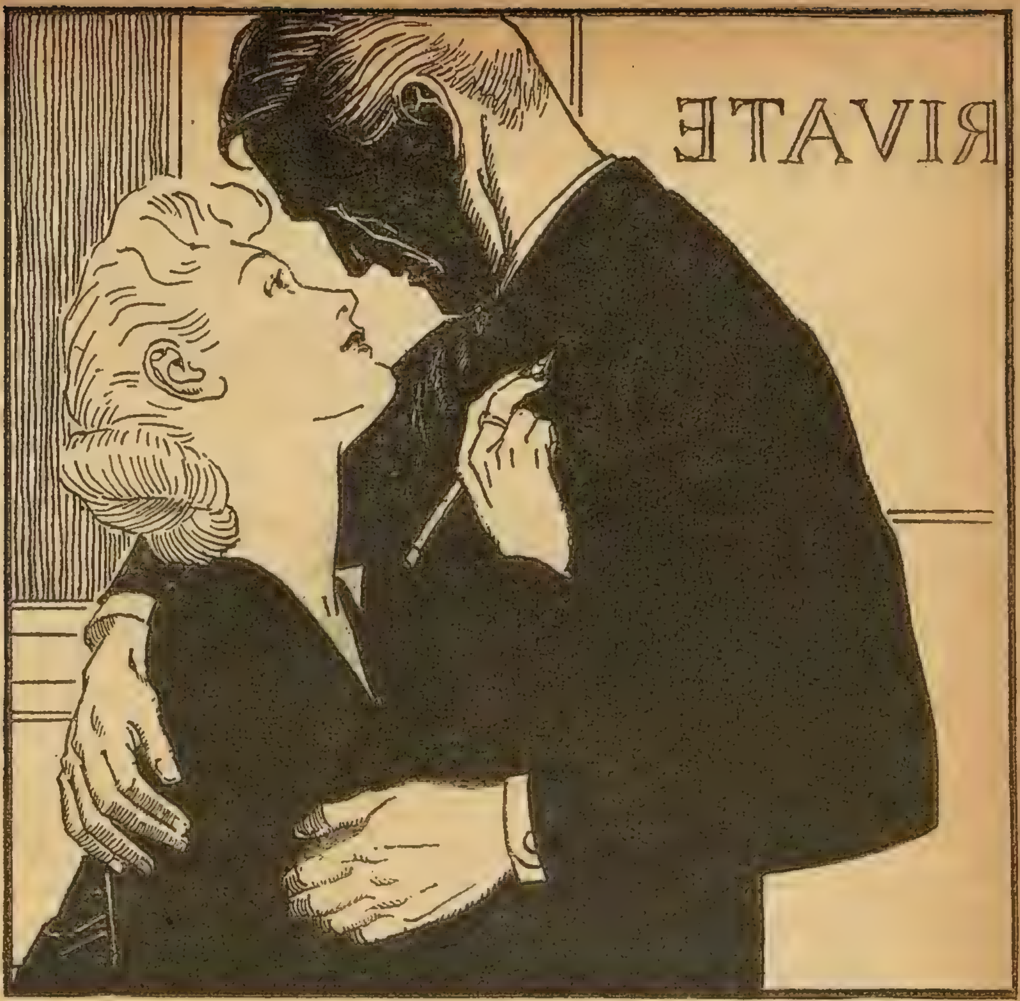
The people of the Pacific Coast can see the postwar handwriting. They will be ready. The establishment of some of the greatest of the war industries in our midst has seemed to be an unplanned preparation for the future, and their records in ship and aircraft construction a rehearsal for the task ahead.

Even our prime raw material, timber, is in dress rehearsal for its postwar role.

Wood is being geared to the coming tempo not only in growth but in use. It doesn't mean just lumber any more. It means plywood and compressed woods that do many tough jobs today better than steel and metal alloys. It means pulp, from which come not only paper but sheer hosiery, rich fabrics, and the myriad of plastics that the magic of chemistry is creating from prosaic wood. In my state you don't dare call wood "prosaic." It built the old Oregon country, and it will do its share in building the new.

We'll have plenty of timber for the postwar period. We developed the nationally known term "tree farm," and, believe me, we are farming trees. Our timber operators have 1,500,000 acres of new growing timber in efficiently managed registered tree farms, stocked annually with

(*Continued on page 57*)



A Man of Malice Landing

A condensation of the novel by

DOROTHY JAMES ROBERTS

This is the story of Marius Robinson, who left the small town where he was born to find out about the world; of what he saw and learned; and of how he hit the big time.

Of his return to Malice Landing, to a world too small to give him both freedom and love — and of what he did to win both.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

THIS is the story of a man named Marius Robinson who was conceived in great jollity by his parents, and born easily. His mother was the sort of woman who liked having her coffee and lying about until noon, and then lying about until almost suppertime, but because she was genuinely nice, she bustled around and did her dusting and mopping and grocery ordering as soon as her husband was out of the house. But she would not put on her corset until five minutes before time for her husband to come home from work, and sometimes he found her fastening her back garters.

Marius' father was the kind of man who liked to find his wife fastening her back garters, and sometimes supper never got onto the table until nine o'clock in the evening.

When Marius was four years old his mother died and some people came to the house and said, "Poor little boy. Your mother has gone away."

Marius' father had closed the bedroom door carefully after his wife was taken away, and had not opened it since. He made up a pallet for himself on the davenport in the sitting room, and pulled Marius' bed beside it. For many days Marius and his father just stayed at home. And then, one morning, his father said, "Now we have got to do something. We're going to dress up this morning."

They went out, and when they were nearing the depot, Marius realized they were on their way to his Uncle Llewellyn's mill, just across the tracks. They went straight on to Llewellyn Robinson's office where he sat behind his roll-top desk.

Heath Robinson sat down and stood Marius between his knees.

"Good morning," said Llewellyn. "Well, Heath, you and the boy are making an early start today."

"Yes," said Marius' father, "I'm not going to work just yet. I haven't been since—since I stopped before—before I stopped."

Heath picked up his son and set him on his knee, and put an arm around him. "I don't know how I can go back to work," he said in a smaller voice. "I don't figure on it,

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Llewellyn. I'm not going back to our house, either, except to shut it up."

Llewellyn began to nod his head. "I thought maybe you'd be pulling out, Heath. Do you want some money?"

"No," said Marius' father. "I'm going to give you some money—all I've got. *She* saved it. I want you to take it and take this fellow." He stood Marius between them, facing Llewellyn, his hands on the boy's shoulders. "I'm going into the Army and I want you to keep my son. He's a good boy."

And then Heath took out his handkerchief and pressed it over his mouth.

Llewellyn laid his hands upon his knees and said, "Well, I haven't had much experience raising up boys." He was smiling.

Marius heard a big breath go into his father's body and come out again, jerky and not easy. "Never mind," said Heath, getting up quickly. "You keep him." He reached down and picked up Marius and held him close. Then he set him down gently. "Be a good boy," he said. "Mind your manners," he said.

For a little while after Llewellyn received Marius from Heath, he lived in a house across the yard from the mill. In the mornings he got the boy up, gave him his breakfast, and then he brought him to the mill. He had Chee Boyle, his mill hand, knock out the side wall of his office and enclose the sunny end in a little addition for his foster child, and he laid a handful of new toys and blocks and some picture books on the floor and bought a child-sized chair and a child-sized cot and put them in too. "This is your room," he said to Marius. "This is your office." Now and then when a farmer came to do business, he would wave his hand toward the rail that separated Marius' office from his own and say, "Meet my junior partner." After lunch, Llewellyn put Marius to bed in his cot, and set up a screen between the two offices until the boy's nap was over. At five o'clock they shut up shop and went home.

When it was time for Marius to start school, Llewellyn bought a white frame house at the end of Governor Street, clear at the other edge of town. Governor Street was the second-best street in Malice Landing, and the second-best families in town lived along it. These were professors in St. Elizabeth College and some young married couples whose fathers and mothers were the first-best people in Malice Landing. Llewellyn took Marius to school every morning on his way to work. He paid Mrs. Castellan, who lived across the street and whose husband was Llewellyn's chief friend, to give the boy his lunch and take care of him in the afternoons. At five o'clock Llewellyn would come by for him and take him home again.

One day in the spring when Marius was in the second grade, Mrs. Castellan appeared at the door of his room and asked Miss Lacey, the teacher, to come out into the hall.

After a minute Miss Lacey called Marius and said, "You're to go with Mrs. Castellan, Marius."

Mrs. Castellan took him to his own house and there he found Llewellyn home from the mill during work hours.

"Have you told him?" said Llewellyn.

"No, I thought you'd better," said Mrs. Castellan.

They were both uncomfortable and heavy-faced, and a lot seemed to be wrong, and Marius began to get scared.

"Marius," said his uncle, "I don't know whether you remember much about your father. Your father has been in the Army almost ever since we got into the war, and now the War Department has sent me word that he has been killed." He held up a short sheet of yellow paper and looked at it. "It says here that Heath Robinson was killed in action on March 25, 1918."

Marius couldn't think of anything to say.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Castellan, and the tears began to spill onto her cheeks. "He does not understand a word about it!"

"Well," said Llewellyn with a sigh, and sat down and dropped his hands upon his knees.

Marius was always a big child, but when he was ten he began to grow so fast, Llewellyn told Brush Castellan that you could almost hear him whiz. When he was eleven Llewellyn bought him a piano, and paid for lessons from Miss Alicia Nelson. But Marius learned only one piece, the bass part to a duet, Gallop at the Beach, because Miss Nelson was going to play the treble part with him at a recital, and the thought of having people clap their hands at the finish drove him to real efforts.

When he was twelve he wore a felt cap with its turned-up edges cut out in square teeth, and he stuck celluloid buttons all over the cap. When he was thirteen, two big things happened to him. He pulled a bunch of his friends together into a baseball team which played all challengers and he was elected captain. That was one thing. The second was that Maggie Castellan, who was eight years old, fell in love with him. Maggie's face was round, not moon-shaped, but round nevertheless, and it was lit with bright brown eyes that bored into him ceaselessly.

HE started to high school the year after that, and at the end of his freshman year in high school Mr. Gorley offered him a job on the loading platform at the station. At first it was hideously tiring, but he stuck at it. Then the fatigue wore off, and in time he got so he could joke with Sam, the regular loader, and the truckers, and when they told him dirty stories he told them dirty stories back, and on Saturday night when they offered him a bottle of home-brewed beer, he drank it and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and spat afterward the way they did.

He worked all summer and made money and bought himself a billfold with his name stamped in gold on it.

When he went back to school that fall everything was different, because of the platform and Sam and the truckers and the dollars in his wallet.

School began to bore him. He looked at his friends and he knew them to be younger than he, ages younger, though some of them drank hooch and talked about their experiences. But they didn't want anything, nor think about anything they couldn't see around them every day. They thought Malice Landing was the whole world.

Marius went back to the loading platform the summer after his sophomore year. He saved his money, and when the first day of September brought his sixteenth birthday he had a hundred dollars.

After Labor Day school was to begin. Marius thought of the teachers, the girls, the boys he used to know a long time ago, before summer began, and said to himself, "I want no more of that." He thought of the world he had never seen, the world beyond Malice Landing where people like Sam somehow pushed higher than the loading platform and made a mark upon the face of things.

On the morning he was to go back to high school he put on his best clothes and walked to the mill. His uncle was sitting in the office. Marius sat down and said, "I didn't go to school today."

"I see you didn't," said Llewellyn.

"I'm not going to go," said Marius, and then he felt mixed up and added, "that is, if it's all right with you."

Llewellyn swung his chair around. He seemed to Marius suddenly rather old and very thin. "Well," he said, "I can't say I'm surprised, Marius. I figured . . ."

Neither of them knew what to say, and finally Marius began again: "I've got a hundred dollars that I saved and I'd like to go away—to go away—" his words stuck like a phonograph record caught in a groove.

"And get a job?" Llewellyn helped him out.

"Yes."

"Don't you want an education? I was kind of planning on St. Elizabeth's for you. They say a college education'll get you a better job."

"I'd rather take my hundred bucks and go to Detroit," Marius said.

Llewellyn looked around the office. "I figured you could take over the mill, Marius."

Marius didn't know how to argue. He didn't want the mill any more than he wanted St. Elizabeth's. He wanted only to take his hundred dollars and throw it like a rock through the windows of his narrow world and be gone into other places.

"Well," said Llewellyn, "I'll think it over, and tonight we'll figure out what we can do."

So that was the way Marius Robinson launched himself the week after his sixteenth birthday. Llewellyn gave him some more money and a suit of new clothes and bought him a bus ticket to Detroit. He took him to the station and shook hands with him and said, "Well, good-by, Marius. Write if you get into trouble or need money."

When he gave up St. Elizabeth College Marius believed himself to have foresworn an education. He spent the years between sixteen and twenty seeing a great many places and all kinds of men, but he didn't think of those years as constituting another sort of education. Nevertheless he learned.

In Detroit he learned his first lesson when he set about getting a job at the motor factory. It was as big as all of Malice Landing, an immense community whose rules he did not know. He was sent from office to office, and from man to man, answering questions and filling out cards, and at last they told him, "No job."

After a few days a man came to the boardinghouse where he was living in a nice front room, and looked around and said, "You're fixed up pretty swell for a guy lookin' for a job."

"How do you know I'm looking for a job?" said Marius.

The man began to grin. "You are, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Marius, "if it's any of your business."

"Listen, Mr. Robinson," said the man, and Marius wondered how he knew his name. "I can tell you how to get a job."

"How?"

"By investin' fifty bucks. You pay, and you get in at the motor plant."

Marius stared at him. The things he'd heard about wise guys who took in boys from the country trembled fearfully in his mind. "I can find me work without paying anybody anything," he said.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe you can, but not at the motor plant. It's fixed so a job costs you fifty bucks. You pay, you come to work. You start at twenty-five a week. What's wrong with that?"

"It's not honest," said innocent Marius Robinson.

The man's face set and then he began to laugh. "O. K., kid. Maybe you got to ask your mother."

Marius rose and took a handful of the man's shirt in his fist, and said, "Your manners are bad," and he was already feeling how it would be to strike his first blow, but before he could he was spinning back and landing hard in his chair. The man had pushed him, and he was laughing quietly and saying, "You take yourself a lot too serious, Mr. Robinson." Then he went away.

THE next morning Marius was back at the plant in line with the queue of job applicants. He wondered whether they had been told about the fifty dollars. "Say," he began to the man in line behind him, "do you know you have to pay fifty bucks for a job here?"

"Pipe down, kid!" said the man. "Not so loud!"

"Why? Do you know? A guy came and told me, and I'm going to tell the employment manager."

The man stared at him. "Tellin' teacher, huh?" Then he turned his back and began to crack jokes with the bunch behind him.

Marius stumbled along in the line toward the office, where he meant to repeat his story. At last he was standing before the desk looking down at the official and feeling the eyes of the man behind him boring into his back. A card was stuck into his hand.

"Go over there and fill it out," said the official.

"I filled out one of these yesterday."

"Oh. Well, there isn't anything here today. Go on to a-7. They're hiring."

Marius put down the card and walked out. He went through all the offices again, and came out with the same word, "No job." As he followed the other applicants into the street he felt like a man who has been caught up into the air and shown the whole picture of things at once. This was the way men got along together. It was wrong, perhaps, but there was no room for bellyachers in it.

A couple of evenings later the man who had called on him turned up again. "I hear you were out to the plant again, Mr. Robinson."

"Yes, I was. I'll pay you the fifty dollars."

The man laughed. "Now you're gettin' smart," he said.

That was the first part of Marius' education. At the plant he learned other things—to be on time, to do as he was told, to keep his tools in order, to help and be helped. He acquired the skill of doing heavy jobs without exhausting all his strength, and doing fine jobs without fumbling. In his time off he found out how to spend his money for fun, to be bold with a bold girl, to drink enough but not too much, to dress up, to dance. He discovered when to boast and when to keep still, when to fight and when to hold his hand, when to lend money and when to give it.

AT the end of a year he had put on twenty-five pounds and looked five years older than he was. One pay day, when he was punching the clock at the exit door, he realized that though he had thrown himself into his job with all his might, the job had stayed a temporary thing, like a class in high school. Now perhaps the moment had come for him to graduate and be gone. He thought it over for another week, and by Saturday he was sure. He was through with Detroit.

Chicago came next, and after Chicago, Minneapolis and Kansas City and Denver and Salt Lake City and finally Los Angeles. Sometimes he worked, and sometimes he just loafed in the sunshine. He learned to ride the freights, and to make mulligan stew in a tin can among the campfires of hobo jungles. He was of two minds about this life. He liked it a lot of the time because there were no rules you couldn't escape just by going somewhere else, and because of the wonderful sense of space and country it gave him.

But there were things that were not good. He found his wandering friends bad company. The worst thing, though, was something he didn't notice at first, and when he did notice it it seemed funny for a while, and then it got under his skin and hurt. Whenever he went into a town he felt he belonged with the people in the town, good honest men with homes and enough to eat and friends to visit, but the people in the town had no use for him. He was a bum to them, and even if you didn't feel like a bum you were one if the men you met believed you were.

Maybe I'd better pick a place and get a regular job again, he thought. But he didn't want to sell his muscles any longer. He had tried that, and it was the same as being in school and waiting for summer to release him.

In the end he caught a freight and went back East and dropped down in Pittsburgh. He took out some bills he'd carried in a canvas bag around his neck and rented a furnished room and bought some decent clothes and lived for a couple of weeks like a citizen, getting the feeling of one town and one set of people under his feet, and then he began to look for a job.

The fall of 1930 was not a good time for a young man of twenty with a huge hard body and not much schooling to pick and choose a job. Marius had decided he wanted to do something where he would meet men who had read books and who knew what he described vaguely to himself as "different things." He thought a newspaper office might be the best place to start. So he went to the library and took out a textbook on journalism, and memorized whole sections of it. He could see that he was unfitted for most editorial jobs, but he thought he might find a small niche in a sports department where his knowledge of baseball and horse racing would give him an opening.

So he put on his new clothes and went to the office of an afternoon paper and asked for the sports editor. The man looked him up and down and said, "Ever had a newspaper job?"

"No," said Marius, "but I know about it."

"Oh, you know about it," the editor said. "Well, sit down and write me a couple of heads—a one-twelve and an eight-thirty-six."

Marius sat down, but he knew it was no use. Though his book had said a lot about heads, it had not even mentioned one-twelves and eight-thirty-sixes. "Look," he said. "Let me begin at the beginning and work up to heads. I don't know how to write heads."

"What's your idea of the beginning?" the editor asked him. "Covering heavyweight championship bouts?"

Marius tried a grin. "Why not? I could do worse."

"Maybe you could, but we couldn't." The editor was grinning too, but wearily. "Even if you could write heads, I haven't got a job for you or for any one. But give me your name and I'll let you know if anything turns up."

MARIUS gave him his name. During the next several days he gave quantities of people his name, but nobody called him up to tell him he had been hired.

It dawned on him that he was not going to break easily into the world of people who knew "different things." Perhaps the best thing for him was to hike back to the life he understood and try the rolling mills. Anyway, whether he wanted to try them or not, he'd soon have to or go hungry. He made the rounds of the steelworks. Long lines of men stood before every employment entrance despite the fact that most hiring offices had signs out, "No men wanted."

When he was down to his last five dollars he thought about Llewellyn and Malice Landing. Malice Landing was only five hours away from Pittsburgh by bus and he could buy a ticket for two dollars. What would Llewellyn say to the boy who had quit high school to get a job? Besides, he had got out of the habit of writing home. A couple of times a year he sent a letter, and a couple of times a year a note from Llewellyn overtook him somewhere, its envelope defaced by forwardings and postmarks.

Then he had a bright idea. He'd go put his application into one of those offices where they get you jobs. He went to the classified directory and took down several agency addresses.

He was at the first one at seven thirty the next morning, but not in time to get a job. He tried it again for several days, and a couple of times they sent him out, but by the time he got to the place, the job was filled. Then his money was gone. He gave up his room, packed his small belongings into a bundle, took it to the railroad station and checked it and began to put his knowledge of Pittsburgh to work. Before daylight he went down to Diamond Street where the wholesale food trucks were unloading and stole a couple of oranges. He lifted a bottle of milk from a back porch and then he found a public bathroom and washed. At noon he located a café that would let him wash dishes for a meal, and he swiped a can of beans under the boss's nose for his supper. At night he made himself a sleeping place of sacks and newspapers under the low end of a bridge. Daytimes he was in line at the employment office. He kept his shirt and socks clean by washing them in the restaurant kitchens where he did dishes, but by and by he began to get tired and wretched and sick of the life.

One morning, when he was crowded with twenty men into a railed section of the employment office, a young fellow all brushed and clean and full of breakfast came into the place. The young man didn't fall into place at the end of the line, but walked straight up to its head and said to the girl, "I'm Joel Meiser. I think my father called you about me."

A glow of respectful politeness broke over the girl's face. "Oh, yes, Mr. Meiser. Mr. Dobb told me to expect you. I'll tell him you're here."

His father, huh? His father was a big shot. Perhaps the Meiser of Meiser and Goldwater whose name Marius had seen at the bottom of advertisements about money and bonds. Well, well, what a thing it was to have an old man who could call up and get you a place ahead of all the seedy bums who wanted a job to eat on. Marius hated Joel Meiser and Joel Meiser's father and Mr. Dobb, and the hate went up hot to his head, but not so hot it kept him from thinking. In a moment he gave up his place and went into the hall and stood by the elevator shaft waiting for Joel Meiser to bring his wonderful carcass out.

In about ten minutes Joel appeared, and Marius dropped behind him and pulled his coat down over his elbows, and he said, "Walk along to the can." Meiser tried to jump away and turn, but Marius shoved him hard through the hall, and in a minute they were in the men's toilet. "All right," said Marius, "now give me your job card."

Joel wanted to fight. He sprang forward and wrenched himself free. But Marius laid him on the floor with one easy punch. "You can get up and give me your card," said Marius, "or I can take it away from you."

Joel leaned on his elbow and looked at Marius. "What's this about, anyway?"

"I want the card. Give it, or—"

Joel handed it over. "Listen," he said. "Do you want a job bad enough to hijack me for it?"

"No," said Marius, "this is just exercise."

The young man rose and walked to the washstand and began to settle his coat and tie. "O. K. If you want it that much, trot along and take it." He turned and smiled. "Good luck," he said.

Marius stood by the door and he didn't know what to do.

Joel put on his hat. "Excuse me," he said. "Good-by. I hope you like your work." And he opened the door and left Marius leaning against the wall and feeling more mixed up than he had felt for years.

He looked at the card. It was addressed to the manager of the Downtown Hotel. Well, I fought for it, and I'm going to see this manager and bluff it out.

The Downtown was a big hotel, the kind of place that had a couple of lobbies and a lot of fancy little shops, and a line of uniformed bellhops, with everybody jumping at the heels of customers and saying, "Yes, sir, thank you, sir." The door of the manager's office was polished hardwood, with the grain of the wood making a V all down the middle of it. Marius knocked at the polished door.

A girl opened and asked him who he was and what he wanted, but at last he was let into a small office where a dark man about fifty was sitting behind a desk.

"My name's Marius Robinson," explained the boy, "and I came from Dobb's about the job."

THE manager asked him to sit down and looked him over carefully without seeming to, and noticed his shoes and unpressed trousers without ever letting his eyes stop on them.

"Well, what kind of experience have you had?"

"That depends on what the job's like," said Marius.

"No use overselling yourself, eh?" said the manager with a laugh. "Well, we're cutting expenses and our full-time man felt he couldn't afford to drop to half time. We've reduced our publicity to the bone. But there's a chance you can fit in on the night desk later and bring up the pay a little. However, as yet, it's just half-time publicity, mostly getting out forms and seeing the newspapers don't forget us. Can you do that?"

"Yes," said Marius. "I've had a lot of experience in newspaper offices. I know most of the editors in Pittsburgh."

"That'll help. Suppose you come back in the morning and start for a two weeks' try."

Marius thought of Joel Meiser. "Why can't I start now?"

The manager studied him for a moment. "How about a little advance?" he asked. "Tomorrow'll be soon enough." He rang a bell and the girl appeared, and the manager said, "Write Mr. Robinson a check for fifteen dollars."

Fifteen dollars, thought Marius. Is that a week's pay? If it is, he cut the salary when he got a load of me. Marius knew enough to understand that publicity men for hotels did not work for thirty dollars a week, but he also knew that a man like this manager would make the best bargain he could. He took the check and put it into his billfold. "What's your name?" he said. "If you're going to be my boss I ought to call you something besides mister."

"Baker—Jack Baker." The manager rose and shook his hand. "Good-by until tomorrow, Mr. Robinson."

Marius went away feeling that he and Mr. Baker had understood and liked each other. But he was afraid to go far, and hung about all the morning waiting for Joel Meiser. Nevertheless he knew he would have to buy some new shirts and maybe a cheap coat, and rent a room again, and especially get to the library and take out another packet of books—this time on publicity and hotel organization. So if Meiser came and made a squawk he'd just have to come. Baker was a good guy and would maybe give Marius another chance. After all, reflected Marius, he's got fifteen dollars invested in me, and he's the kind that's going to hate to lose it.

Mr. Baker's stenographer took him to the Publicity office and showed him the files and the way things were done. He asked her a lot of questions, and coaxed quite a bit of help out of her to get him started, and he worked with all his might. He put in a great deal more than half time, but he counted it as an investment in the future.

The commission due Dobb's agency worried him some. So he decided to mail them a dollar and a half every week for the ten weeks and not say who was sending it.

EVERY morning he got a list of the guests who had checked out and he sent them a letter telling them the Downtown hoped their stay had been pleasant and asked them to look upon the hotel as their home in Pittsburgh. He arranged for celebrities to be interviewed, and he saw that the news story mentioned the Downtown. The job was easy, so long as you had a head for detail, and one time when he was talking to Miss Holka, Baker's secretary, he told her so.

"Maybe," she said, "as long as you're doing it half time nobody expects you to have strokes of genius. But if you ever talk Baker out of a real job, you'll have to show something besides being neat and businesslike."

Marius thought about this and wondered whether he oughtn't to have a stroke of genius even on his half pay. But I'm not smart enough with smart men yet to go around having brain storms, he told himself. I can handle myself with tough guys, but smart guys are going to take some study.

After he had been there a year Mr. Baker called him in and told him they were letting one of their bookkeepers go. "We have to have a part-time man," he said, "and because I told you there might be a desk job for you later, I thought I'd offer this to you. It'll carry a raise of five dollars a week," said Mr. Baker.

But Marius shook his head. "No, sir, I'm sorry, but that's not enough. Two hours a day in the bookkeeper's office is worth a ten-dollar raise to me, and to you too. You don't want a five-dollar man."

Mr. Baker sighed, and Marius thought, He knows the age of innocence is over. "All right, Marius," said the boss. "Ten dollars it'll be."

So Marius learned to work an adding machine, and later a big Monroe calculator that would do everything except follow a man around and call him by name. He learned to keep files and make up bills, to handle enormous quantities of money, to check vouchers and bank statements and invoices. And all the time he was soaking up these details, the big thing of which they were a part struck deeper and deeper into him—that a business must make money and never, never lose it; that even a match book cost something, and that extravagance with cleaning fluids and washing powder might put one whole floor in the red. The tight and beautiful reasoning behind cost accounting filled him with delight.

One evening he closed and locked his file and got up to go home. A wooden box of loose leaves had been delivered in the afternoon, and whoever was supposed to empty it and send the box out had not done it, and Marius, coming around the corner of his desk, ran into it and fell hard and landed on his elbow. He sat up and cupped his hand around his elbow, and there was no feeling in it, and his arm wouldn't straighten out.

He tried to pull his arm straight, but a pain struck right up into his very brains, and the head bookkeeper said, "I think we'd better send for Dr. Brand."

Dr. Brand took him upstairs and X-rayed him. When he had developed the X-ray he came back and said, "Well, sir, you've broken your elbow. That means a hospital and the emergency ward."

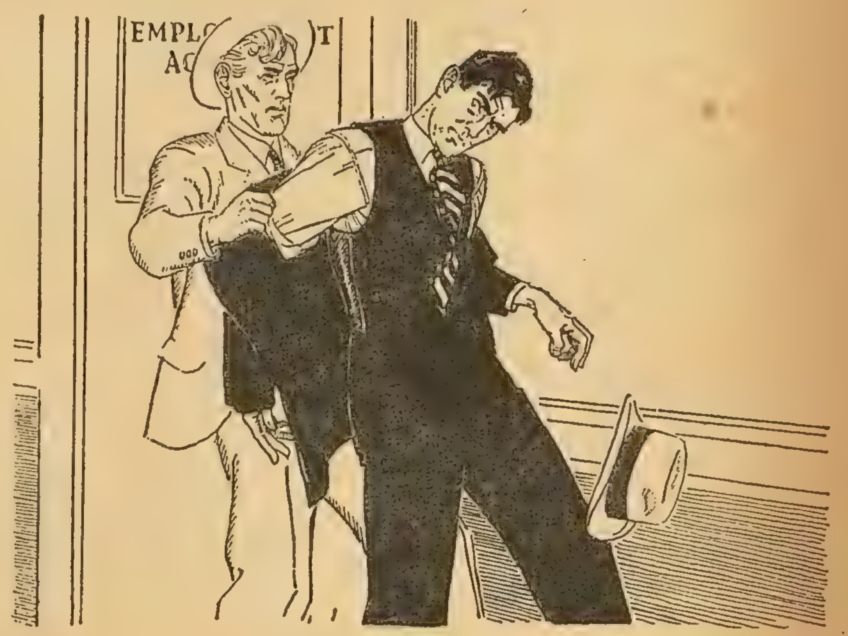
So they bundled him into an ambulance and took him away. The next day Mr. Baker came to see him. "How are you feeling?" said Baker.

"Like I was in jail," said Marius. "They won't let me out of here."

"That's good," said Mr. Baker, his voice kind and fatherly. "You do as you're told, young man."

Marius grinned feebly. "I can't lie around in hospitals, Mr. Baker. You know that."

Mr. Baker's smile was full of sunshine. "Money, eh? Don't worry about it. I'm going to pay your ticket here."



Mr. Baker was as good as his word. The bill was paid and, what's more, when the time came for his discharge, Marius found that his clothes and his typewriter had been moved into a room on the fourteenth floor of the hotel, and that the room was to be his permanently, and that he was to have his meals free at the hotel too. Miss Holka came to see him the first day he was in his new quarters, and he told her about it. "So you see, Holka, there are lots of good guys in the world."

She looked at him and she said, "My, but you're dumb, Marius. Do you really think Baker paid your bill? The insurance company paid your bill, and they're just waiting for you to jump them with a big claim for damages. I shouldn't tell you, because I work for Baker, after all, but I can't see you be such a boob."

"You mean Baker's trying to bribe me out of a claim with this room and the meal ticket?"

"That's just what I mean."

Marius thought it over for a couple of days and marveled at his own blindness. I could shake a nice sum out of them, he thought, but then what? Baker likes things the way they are, and so do I. I like the Downtown. And I like seeing a fellow like Baker at work. It's an even trade, so far as I can see.

But one day he walked into Mr. Baker's office and said pleasantly, "I came in to see you about a raise."

"Raise?" Baker was going to say more, but he looked at Marius a moment and didn't.

"Yes," said Marius, "my arm's not going to be clear straight any more as long as I live, but so far as I can see, it hasn't cut down my efficiency a bit."

"How much of a raise do you think you ought to have?"

"I'm doing full time," said Marius, "and I ought to have fifty dollars."

"Indeed you should," said Mr. Jack Baker, "but I can't give you fifty. I'll give you forty."

"Forty for six months and then fifty," said Marius. "By the time six months are over I'll have something to show you that will be worth the other ten."

"All right," said his boss. "There's no denying you're coming along, Robinson," he said.

Living on the fourteenth floor made Marius a part of the hotel in a way he had not been before. He knew most of the employees, but now he became friends with them and called them by their first names.

Frank Dickstone, the head cook, was his chief friend. Frank was almost as big as Marius, but in a different way. He had a layer of rubbery fat over him through which his heavy muscles glistened, and he talked about food the way a woman talks about a child.

These two talked about the hotel, and said bad and bitter things about it without feeling either bad or bitter, and told what they would do if they were running it when they had no desire to run it at all. One evening when he was talking with Frank, Marius described his conversation with the boss.

"I told him I'd have something in six months and I've turned over a lot of schemes," he said, "and thrown them away, but this time I think I'm going to ring the bell."

Frank was sitting in a big chair with his legs stretched out and a glass of beer propped upon his chest. "What are you going to do for Baker?"

"My idea costs money," said Marius. "And Baker may holler. It's one of those prestige items that are O. K. in good times but not so hot now."

"Maybe he'll buy prestige. What is this idea?"

"It's a magazine, with a calendar of Pittsburgh doings in it, and articles on the local scene, and a couple of good sketches and short pieces and first-rate pictures. You know—a slick-paper house organ. You hand a guy that's registering a copy with his key—see?—a service of the Downtown, and he's left in his room with this magazine in his hand. He's got something back for his tip, to start with. And if he's going to be in town awhile he has a compact guide to where to go and what to do. If he just wants to kill a little time he's got quick and easy stuff ready to read without going out."

"I get it," said Frank.

"Besides, it'll have a social section with pictures of local gals dancing in the Terrace Club or throwing wedding receptions in the ballroom. It'll appeal to the natives. Have your party at the Downtown and get your picture in a swanky sheet."

Frank shook his head. "Not good. There's no money in it and Baker won't like it."

"I'm going to make up a dummy and show him, anyway. He's tight but he's not a piker. He's got vision."

AS he worked on it Marius' enthusiasm rose hotly. He could sell advertising in it too and bring in money. He began to persuade himself that the idea was so good that he could make it pay him more than the ten-dollar raise he accepted from Mr. Baker. Why not set himself up as the publisher, and simply sell the hotel a certain number of copies every week at contract rates? And if the local angles were played properly, people in town would subscribe too.

So he collected figures on the hotel population and its average purchases in town, on the amount of investment money represented every year by men registering at the Downtown, on the number of customers in the various eating places and entertainment rooms in the hotel. He listed printer's and engraver's estimates. He had everything figured carefully. Only a single thing was lacking—money with which to begin.

In the fall of 1933 money was not easy to find. Marius checked and rechecked the list of all the rich men he knew. It always came to the answer he liked least—but it was the answer. Of all the wealthy men in town, only one was in a position to understand his determination. That one was Joel Meiser, now perhaps junior partner of Meiser and Goldwater, brokers. And, after all, thought Marius with a grin, I owe him something. He gave me my start in life and I'll pay him back by offering him the chance to make some dough out of me.

He was in luck. Joel Meiser was working in the offices of Meiser and Goldwater. Marius sent in word that a customer wanted to see him. As he waited, Marius began to feel a little tight and breathless, thinking of the morning in the washroom and the Marius who would knock a man down and take things out of his pockets, a Marius who now seemed a brash kid from another life.

Mr. Meiser saw him at once and held out his hand and said, "How do you do?"

Marius shook the hand. "I'm Marius Robinson. Do you remember me?"

"I'm sorry," said Joel. "Did we go to college together?"

"No, but we met once in 1930. At Dobb's employment agency. I asked you to fight me."

"So you did," said the broker, smiling slightly. "Do you want me to fight you today?"

"I owe you an apology, I guess," said Marius.

"Skip it. If you are a customer we can forgive you anything."

"Well, I'm a kind of customer," said Marius, "I—"

"You know," said Joel, interrupting him suddenly, "I've thought of you many times. I meant to look you up but I never got around to it. Was your job at the hotel any fun?"

"Yes, it's a swell job. Not like this, of course," said Marius, "but a plum for me. I was broke."

Joel looked at him heavily. "Do you really like your job, Mr. Robinson?"

"Sure I like it. Don't you like yours?"

"No," said Meiser.

He made Marius uncomfortable. "With a set-up like this—" he began.

"Yes, of course," said Meiser. "Did you ever go back to Dobb's?"

"No, I was afraid to. I've wondered if you did."

"Yes, I went back. I told old Dobb I'd given my card to some one else, and I paid him your commission. So I guess you owe me fifteen dollars."

Marius reached for his billfold and took out three five-dollar bills and laid them on the desk, and never said a word about how he'd sent the money through the mail. He liked Joel for collecting from him and he had a feeling that this transaction between them would start the business rolling. He fingered the clasps of his briefcase. "I'd like to tell you about a job I'm thinking of, Mr. Meiser."

"All right. Tell away."

In the next few minutes Marius thought a lot of things very fast. If this young man were fed up and wanted freedom worse than anything, he might really do some pushing for the magazine. Perhaps the notion of being a publisher would be the life line that would pull him out of his doldrums into a brighter world. He talked, and after a while he saw Joel Meiser begin to listen, and he felt with full certainty that the magazine was in the bag.

Mr. Baker was sold, too, and it was arranged that Marius was to be let out of his bookkeeping job, but continue with publicity full time, the magazine to be considered part of his work, and to be his property, subject to hotel censorship and approval. This arrangement put active responsibilities upon Joel Meiser, and before the journal was well launched Marius realized his backer was to be his partner too.

Joel was a great help in town. He had important friends and he persuaded them to like the paper and come to the hotel and pose for pictures and buy copies and give them around where they did the most good. By 1935 they were making money, and they took an office on the mezzanine floor. In 1936 they increased the size and began to print three-color covers. In 1937 they had a row that threatened to tear their magazine apart. It was over a girl. Tamsin Cameron, who was hired as an assistant.

Tamsin was not young. She was maybe twenty-eight, maybe thirty. But she was spry and neat, with curls and a nice mouth and little round hips, and she was full of ways and smart talk and she made a man feel like he was a hell of a fellow.

As soon as Marius saw her he began to give her back her smart talk. Not long after that he kissed her, and before many weeks he brought her home to his room and kept her all night. But Joel was different. The sight of Tamsin put him on his best manners, polite and formal. He invited her to dinner and bought her an orchid, and he didn't get around to kissing her for so long she had decided he never meant to. She liked Joel because he was so courteous and handsome and had such a lot of money, but she loved Marius, and that was the way it was. She loved Marius but she went out with Joel as often as he asked, because, after all, Joel was somebody.

Joel did not understand for a long time what had happened between her and Marius, and when he heard about it he stalked into the office with his face white and demanded of Marius whether it was the truth.

"Sure," said Marius. "Didn't she tell you?"

The answer and the question infuriated Joel, and he went away and didn't come back for a week. When he turned up again he looked ragged and worn down, and he was so polite to everybody you could cut his politeness with a knife, and he called Tamsin "Miss Cameron," and objected to everything Marius wanted to do.

Marius tried to be careful with Joel, but it got so he couldn't be, no matter how he tried. A sulky man was a new thing in his experience, and he began to hate the sight of his partner.

ONE evening, after the others had gone and the two publishers were left in the office together, Joel said, "Marius, I've been thinking about the magazine."

"What about it?"

"It's a good thing and it's making us money. Why shouldn't we branch out?"

Marius studied him. In the late afternoon light he looked boyish and very miserable. "Branch out, how?" said Marius.

"I mean, why shouldn't we start magazines in several hotels? Get into other cities, one in Philadelphia, for instance, and Buffalo, and maybe even New York."

"You mean you and me?" said Marius. "I got the idea you weren't so pleased with the way I was handling my end."

A huge dark blush colored Joel's face. "I owe you an apology," he said. "I can't make you two understand how it is," he mumbled. "I'm not sore about anything. I want to go to New York and start another magazine."

"You don't have to clear out."

"Yes, I have to clear out. But I don't want to bust up the magazine. For me, it's as good as—as—Tamsin is for you."

"Well," said Marius, and he wished he could find something more to say, but the bitterness had been too bad between them. At last he finished, "You're the boss."

So that was the way they decided to get into the big time. They divided the jobs and borrowed some money and Joel went away. In a little while he wired Marius, "Things shaping up wonderfully," and Marius sat at his desk looking at the telegram and thinking, This is a hell of a way to get launched as a boss man.

But he liked being a boss man. And of course it was a fine thing to see the receipts growing month after month, and the circulation mounting, and then to begin to take out of the mail copies of other magazines from other towns—Cleveland, and then Columbus, and then Philadelphia, and finally New York.

He resigned his publicity job, but he kept his room, because he loved the hotel.

One cold afternoon in February he came in early and stopped at the desk for his mail. George, one of the clerks, grinned as he handed him a stack of letters and Marius leafed through them. They were all for the magazine, all but one.

That letter was from his Uncle Llewellyn. Marius put the envelope into his pocket. By the time he reached the fourteenth floor he had his letter out again, and as he walked along the corridor toward his room he slipped it from its envelope. One sheet of flimsy ruled paper carried Llewellyn's message, and the words ran together so they were hardly legible. "My dear nephew: I hope you are still in Pittsburgh and this reaches you soon. I write to tell you I have had a fall in the mill and the dr. says I have had a stroke bad enough to keep me at home. The worst thing is the stroke has put me blind in one eye and the other is not very good as I guess you can see from this letter. I have tried to get help and have had several, but they don't stay because they can get jobs in Akron now on acct. of the war, and I sent to Columbus but city help costs too much and besides they won't stay in Malice Landing calling it country and complain there is nothing to do. My dear nephew I don't like to put pressure on you or remind you of obligations, but there is nobody but you. I can't see any more except a little light, and if it wasn't for my neighbors, maybe you don't know Magister Cotton, he has a housekeeper, Jeff, who comes to see me every day, I'd be helpless. I can't leave my home, I have never left it. If you will come back to me you won't want for anything. Your loving Uncle Llewellyn."

MARIUS walked across the room and opened a window, and then sat down and read the letter again. Now what? What do you do when you've just been out selling the toughest town in the United States on an idea that is going to put you in the diamond horseshoe for the rest of your life, and something from your past comes back and demands an eye for an eye? Marius rubbed his hands through his hair and felt the cold still caught in its thick roots. What do you do? "I don't know," he said to his furniture on the fourteenth floor of the Downtown Hotel.

Every day for the next week Marius meant to call up Dobb's agency and see if he couldn't hire a woman who would be willing to go to Malice Landing and look after his uncle, and he thought over and over again how he would write a reasonable, patient letter to the old man explaining why he couldn't come himself. But the days raced by and he hadn't called Dobb or written the letter.

One evening he told Tamsin about it. She had come up to his room for a drink before they went out.

"Oh, darling," she cried, "you can't just go and bury yourself in a dreadful country town! And what about me? What'll I do without you?"

"I'm not going to bury myself in a country town."

She looked at him, her eyes big and anxious. "Yes, you are, darling. I wish I thought you weren't."

She came and sat on his lap and shoved her head between his chin and his chest. "Mars, baby, it'll be hell on runners when you're gone."

That made it worse for Marius. "Let's call up Frank," he said. "Or let's take the bottle and go see him."

"Well, my young friends and colleagues," said Frank, "what have you got on your minds?"

"Marius is blue. He's got troubles," said Tamsin, taking Marius' hand. "Don't mourn about it, Marius. Frank and I'll write you letters and come to see you in this Ketchup Junction, or whatever its name is."

"Is Marius going to a place called Ketchup Junction? Are you, Marius?"

"Its name isn't really Ketchup Junction," said Tamsin. "What is its name, Marius?"

"The name is Malice Landing, if it matters," said Marius, "and I was born there, and I lived there until I was sixteen. Isn't that a hell of a joke?"

"Don't be a sorehead," Tamsin said. "Tell Frank about it."

"Well, my uncle—he's the fellow that raised me—he's gone blind. And he wants me to come and take care of him."

Frank stared at him a moment. "What can you do?"

Marius dropped his head into his hands. "For one thing, sell up his mill and put him in a home for old men." (This is your office. This is my junior partner.) "For another, send him money." (If you will come back to me, you won't want for anything.) "For another, try to bribe a housekeeper to go down there and take care of him." (They won't stay in Malice Landing, considering it country and complain there is nothing to do.) "For another, bring him to Pittsburgh." (I can't leave my home, I have never left it.)

"It's a choice," said Frank sadly. "You can go, or you can feel like a heel. Is that it?"

"Yes," said Marius, and then he brought his hands down flat on the table and looked at them. "Why must I feel like a heel?"

They gave him back his look but neither of them could find anything to say.

JUST a couple of days before Marius had got to Malice Landing, Llewellyn had had another stroke, and this one took away almost all of his life except enough to keep him from going over with the dead. Brush Castellan had hired a nurse to watch and feed him, and as Marius looked at her doing it, he thought of little girls he had seen offering tea to their dolls and the stiff china lips of the dolls and their moveless faces to which the tea made no difference at all.

The next day the doctor came and talked to Marius, and the upshot was that they didn't know whether Llewellyn would live or die. The doctor thought he had a strong constitution, and sometimes men with strong constitutions fooled you with their recuperative powers, and the tide might turn, but again he might just slip away.

"Should he be in a hospital?" said Marius.

The doctor shrugged and folded his hands over his stomach. "It's an expense, and there's not much to do for your uncle that the nurse can't do. Or anybody who is willing and will accept a little instruction."

"You mean I could take care of him?"

"Yes, if you wish to."

"I'll have the nurse stay the rest of the week, I guess, while I find out how things are."

Finding out how things were was a job he thought he'd finish off in a day, but when he came to it, he couldn't bring himself to poke about among Llewellyn's papers and ask questions at the mill and the bank. For even if his uncle wasn't very much alive, he was some alive, and that kept him among the ranks of rightful men. And rightful men are entitled to a little privacy. I can't go to the courthouse and have him declared out of his mind and grab his stuff, Marius told himself, so if I keep the nurse I'll have to pay her myself, and if I pay her out of what I've got I'll soon be in a place where I can't do anything at all for Llewellyn.

Marius felt a little foolish. "Is there anything I ought to do?" he asked.

"No, just go along. Watch for any changes, and let me know."

He went back to Llewellyn and watched for changes, but there weren't any, and after a lot of time had passed, hours and hours, he looked at his watch and it was only ten o'clock. I've got to figure out a routine, he thought. Then for no reason he felt ever so much better, a man again, a man in control of his circumstances.

He figured that if he hired a boy to come after classes, he could have some time for activities of his own.

The first thing he did was to go to the mill, but it was closed, its windows sealed with board shutters and its doors locked. This was a disappointment. He had counted on it to give him something to do. He wondered whether he might not open it on his own, but the question of money was too closely involved to let him think of it. He had no fund of money of his own. Only liquidating his interest in the magazines could bring him any. And now he had no salary. He had arranged with Joel for somebody else to take over while he was on leave of absence. And of course he didn't know anything about milling. Even if he had the money he didn't have the right to take a chance with another man's business. Well, that's that, he told himself, and cast about for something else to do.

By the time he'd been in Malice Landing three weeks, he was lonesome. He wanted to talk. So one evening he arranged to have the boy come back, and he dressed up and dropped around to the Castellan house and rang the bell.

Brush opened the door, and he and Marius peered at each other a minute by the porch light.

"Well, Marius Robinson!" cried Brush, and seized his hand. "Why, you old son! Come in, come in!" But as Marius walked into the hall the man's voice lost a little of its hearty bigness. "Yes, sir, we heard you were in town."

Marius followed Brush into a neat pretty living room. "Mama," said Brush, "here's Marius."

Mrs. Castellan was sitting on a sofa and she turned and looked over its back. "Yes, I see," she said primly. "How do you do, Marius?"

The men pulled up chairs and settled themselves, but Marius had an uneasy sense that he wasn't welcome. He started to talk about his uncle and how nice it was of Brush to get the nurse in, and how strange everything seemed at home with Llewellyn lying in bed and not knowing about anything.

"Yes," said Mrs. Castellan harshly, "he's a poor sad old man that's been alone too long."

"Now, mama," said Brush.

"It's true," she said, and shut her mouth in a tight line.

"Well," said Brush, "tell us how things are in Pittsburgh."

"Yes," said Mrs. Castellan. "What did you do there that was so important you couldn't get back to Malice Landing?"

"You wouldn't call it important," he told her, getting his voice around the thick feeling that had fallen over him. "I was editing a weekly magazine."

"Oh," said Mrs. Castellan. She started to say something more, but Brush gave her an imploring look, and she leaned back into the sofa and stared at the fire. Another pause threatened, and Marius thought, All right, I don't have to stay. He started to button his coat, the way a man does when he is about to speak his good-bys, and Brush said suddenly, "Why, mama, we never told Maggie Marius was here. I better call her, hadn't I?"

He bounced out of his chair and called, "Oh, Maggie. Come down. We got company."

SO Marius unbuttoned his coat again. He was prepared to dislike Maggie because she was plain and because her parents had been so damned upstage. But she was not plain. She was the prettiest girl he had seen in weeks. She bore herself well, and she had lots of soft curly hair, and nice skin and eyes, and little bits of hands.

She sat down near him and asked him about Pittsburgh and his job, and this time he answered the questions, and watched her as she listened. She was attentive. She nodded and opened her eyes with a sweet interest as though this was what, of all things, she wanted to hear.

It was pleasant enough, though the elder Castellans were not cordial, so soon Marius left. Maggie followed him across the porch to the steps.

"Don't mind mamma," she said. "She's afraid of you."

"I'm afraid of her too."

Maggie laughed. Though she had not repaired her make-up, her mouth was painted a clear translucent red. It was a full mouth, and Marius thought it had kissed and been kissed, and that Maggie was not half so bland and childlike as she seemed, and that he ought to be able to get along with her.

"I'm coming to see Llewellyn soon," she said.

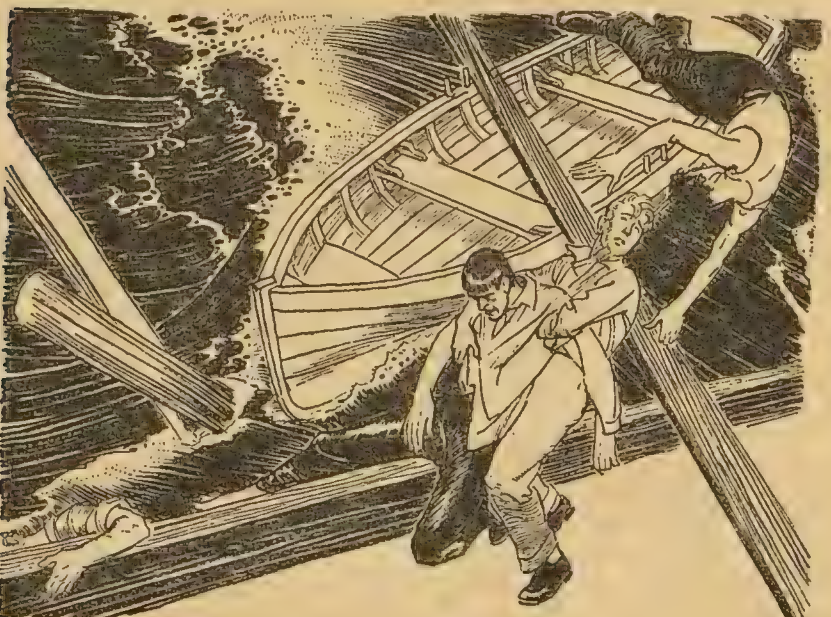
As he stalked home he tried to figure out why the Castellans had treated him like smallpox when by all reckoning they should have been friends. Then he fell to thinking about Maggie, and that she would be about twenty-four or -five now, and marveled at her looks and her bearing. Maggie was a person, all right. Well, to hell with the lot of them, he thought wearily. I made some sort of gaff with them, but I don't give a damn.

After all, I didn't come to Malice Landing to get chummy with the Castellans.

March began with a seductive mildness and filled the gutters with water and washed and shined everything clean and new. On some days Llewellyn would seem a little better. Then Marius would be full of hope and start to make plans and write cheerful letters to Frank and Tamsin. But the next day the improvement would be gone and the plans would fall to pieces.

As the spring days went on, he was moved by a restlessness that was harder and harder to control. Whenever he could get out, he walked and walked, but he could never walk off his boredom. One day on his way back to Governor Street, he thought again of Maggie and turned downtown and looked in the telephone book to find the address of her father's office, where she worked. The top of the office door was ground glass and across it was painted, "B. and M. Castellan, Publicity." Publicity in Malice Landing!

He opened the door and he saw M. Castellan sitting behind a polished desk, and the room was all done up like a picture in Fortune, with colored leather chairs and rugs and chaste prints on the walls. Maggie was wearing a black dress with a white collar, and he said, "Hello, Kitty Foyle."



She came around her desk and offered to shake hands. "What are you doing downtown?"

"I came to see you. Why don't you let your publicity do itself and come out with me and drink a beer?"

"I don't mind if I do," she said

She took him to the River Hotel cocktail bar, and it was "moderne" too, chromium-and-red-leather stools.

"I didn't know Malice Landing had got around to this sort of business," he said.

"There's lots about Malice Landing you don't know."

"Could be," he said, "but I'm more interested in what I'm not sure of—about you."

Maggie was drinking her cocktail and she set it down. "Now, listen, Marius," she said. "Let's don't get off to that kind of start."

"What's the matter with it? It's the only start that's any good."

She was so much fun he felt almost lightheaded, and he talked and talked, and marveled happily at his own wit. He told her about himself and Joel and about Mr. Baker and the magazine, but he didn't tell her about Tamsin. And then he asked her about B. and M. Castellan, Publicity.

"It's just dad's old printing business," she said. "We get out a shopping news."

"That's a great racket," he said. "In Pittsburgh they—" and he went on about how the shopping news was handled in town.

When it came time for her to leave he wouldn't have it and they ended with having dinner together. He called Llewellyn's boy and told him it was an emergency and that he'd pay him double for overtime. When she said positively she was going home, he tried to make a date, but she said no, she'd come around sometime to see Llewellyn when Marius was at home.

"You promised that before, but you didn't come."

"Yes I did," she told him. "I've stopped by once a week ever since you've been here, and your boy always says, 'I'm sorry, but Mr. Robisson is taking his constitootional.' "

"That's a dirty trick," he said, and he was sore.

She didn't answer, and the fun they had been having fell down heavily between them.

"You've made some mistakes since you came here," she said at last.

It was one of those remarks that give a person too many answers to make, so he didn't make any. "Want a drink before we leave?" he said.

She shook her head. So they got up to go, and he helped her on with her coat and paid the checks. When he reached home the old man lay as usual with his eyes closed, and Marius sat down by the bed and leaned back and thought, What mistakes? I've done everything a man can do, haven't I?

He took up his vigil and his routine again, and though he gave up the walks for weeks, Maggie never came again nor did he seek her out a second time. It was a hard, almost a hopeless routine, but he swore to stick it out. He had guts, by heaven, and he would.

ONE morning, as he was sitting with Llewellyn, he heard a sound that made his heart turn over. It was a calliope, and Marius thought it was coming from a showboat tied up where the old wharf boat used to be. Well, anyway, he thought, I am going to see the showboat. When he reached the foot of River Street he found it wasn't a showboat at all, but a little excursion sternwheeler. The Ohio was blowing up in big whitecaps that chunked hard against the sides of the boats, and Marius thought, It'll be a rough trip today.

As he reached the top of the wharf a blast of dirty wind hit him and almost drove his breath into his throat. This is going to be a real one, he thought. I'd better get under cover. He knew what a storm like this could turn into. About once in every three or four years such a blow came churning down the Malice Valley and hurled itself over the Ohio until it spent itself on the hills across the river in West Virginia. A bad one could wreck the bottom fields for twenty miles, and tear down barns and haystacks.

Marius thought of this as he ran toward the hotel. Before he reached the iron marquee the rain let loose, blowing horizontally, like a river in the air, and it took him in the chest and almost overturned him. He shot into the lobby as if he'd been blasted out of a cannon. But nobody noticed him because they were all crowded around the window, staring at the river.

The clerk was on the telephone, and the receiver was rattling against his ear and his mouth was hanging open. Marius tried to make some sense out of the receiver's sounds, but it was only a loud excited jumble.

"What's the matter?" Marius asked.

"A string of barges has busted loose from the tool factory and they're plowin' right down the Malice this minute. The tool factory called the fire department to come down here with the pulmotor."

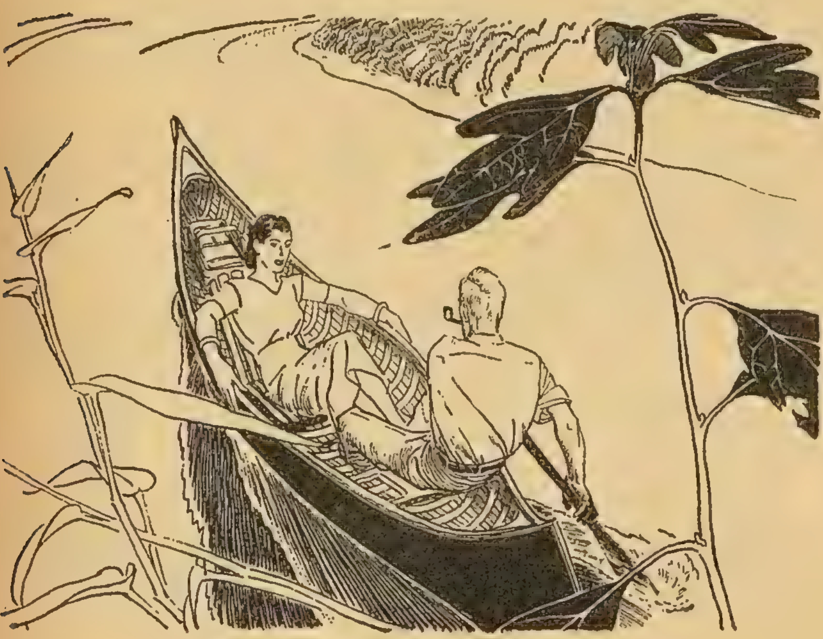
Everybody asked questions. Eight men were known to be on the barges, and maybe more.

Then somebody shouted, "Here they come!" Marius looked up and saw the first one, overturned and coming fast. It spun out of the mouth of the river and wheeled around in short circles, with eddies as big as barrelheads at each end. Then the second one hove in sight, and it was like the first, upside down but closer inshore. One of the firemen cried, "It's a-going to crash!"

Then the third rode into sight, and it was right side up, and Marius thought, How in God's name did these brutes ever escape whole? The new one was loaded and covered with a tarpaulin, and coming a lot faster than the capsized ones. It bore straight down on the second barge and rode it under, and then the loaded barge was roaring and pushing up the wharf and tearing it apart and throwing it all over the stones and the water in an insanity of destruction. Now there was black wreckage and oil all over the water and people screaming, and the firemen were running down the wharf.

Marius and a half dozen others went out. Nobody had thought to take the news of the loose barges to the wharf, and the men in the boats there didn't know anything about it until the wild flats were right on top of them. Some of them had got ashore, but a few were ground up in the mass of machinery and timbers. Some firemen were trying to rescue injured men; others were making attempts to capture the loaded barge.

For the next hour Marius did as he was told, dragging and chopping at the twisted ruins, and lifting out men who were hurt or dying. As he straightened up after the ambulance had gone with its last load, and wiped his arm across his dripping face, and looked around at the other men of the rescue crew, he felt so good and strong that he wanted a drink; he wanted them all to sit down together and have a drink and tell one another how it had been. He didn't want this compact society of men to break apart yet, nor to sink back himself into the emptiness that this hour's work had divided him from.



"Well," he said, "let's go back to the hotel. I could use a drink, and I'll stand a round."

"Thanks, Mr. Robisson," said the man who was called Charley. "I reckon every Christian here could swaller down a warsh of something."

Some of the men were awkward and silent because they were not used to cocktail lounges. But everybody in the place crowded around them and asked questions, and pretty soon they were all turned into heroes, and they were telling about it. The hotel proprietor set up a round of drinks free, and after that the drinks just appeared.

"Mr. Robisson," said Charley, offering to shake his hand, "I want to apologize to you."

"All right," said Marius, "and then I'll apologize to you."

"No," said Charley, "this here is my apology. I've been heard to offer the opinion that you were a dirty snob. And right here, before this party assembled, I wish to eat my words. Mr. Robisson," said Charley, "you are not a dirty snob. You are a regular, and the fire department of Malice Landing is proud of you."

Marius clapped him on the back and thanked him. And it was not until several hours later that he wondered why Charley Barker or anybody else in town would want to call him a dirty snob.

The next morning after he gave Llewellyn his bath and fed him breakfast, he went downstairs to get the mail, and found a letter from Joel.

"I gather," he wrote, "that the situation there isn't changed, and you aren't any better able to leave it now than you were when you first went down. If that's the case, let me know. I don't want you to get out of the business, because you've had such a hand in it, and besides, I just don't want you out. So, if you have to stay, consider your leave extended indefinitely. In other words, when you can come back, do it, and your interest will be here, and your job."

That was all the typewritten part. Below his signature he had gone on in pen. "Don't take it like a hard-nose if I ask you if you need money. I can let you have some and you can pay me back when you're in harness again.

"I think I ought to tell you that Tamsin is nervous about your return. She asks me to break a piece of news to you which I know will come as a blow. Tamsin wants to let you know she has been mistaken in her feelings about you, and that we are planning to be married."

Marius folded the letter and put it back into its envelope. He stumped upstairs and sat down with Llewellyn and tried to think of something to talk about. His uncle was having a good day. He seemed to be looking at Marius, waiting to hear what was going to be said, and Marius' throat went dry. So he brought the Pittsburgh morning paper, and read aloud about the shambles in France, and every now and then a hot feeling would come over him and he would shut his hands on the paper and wet his lips and pull himself together for another paragraph. It was an awful thing to feel worse about Tamsin and Joel than about France, but he did, and he couldn't help himself.

But the day wasn't done with him. The afternoon mail brought him a letter from Tamsin. Tamsin, as usual, wrote little: "Mars darling Joel has written you hasn't he and I don't want you to think badly of me because you know darling that everybody has to marry sometime and Joel and I owe you an awful lot because we both know you gave us more fun than we ever thought we were going to have I send you a kiss Mars a good one because it is the last from your Tamsin."

This letter brought Tamsin back in a flash of sun across his memory, and all at once he felt a lot older than she, and sorry for her, and somehow aware of the trouble it is for any person, even the lucky ones, to get through life. Tamsin was on the make, but she had to be; she couldn't help it any more than he could help being in jail with death. Without meaning to, Tamsin had wounded him, but he had wounded her, too, because they were people, because each had to do what he saw must be done first. He looked at the letters and thought, Now I've got to learn to make use of myself again.

FOR Marius, the key to Malice Landing was Maggie Castellan. A few weeks later he went to see her again, meeting her as she was leaving the office, and he walked home with her. She was friendly and pleasant and they talked casually, and that meeting encouraged him so much he asked her to go on a picnic with him the next Sunday, and she said she would. On Saturday he hiked along Malice River looking for a spot he remembered. He went down through a steep bank grown up with willows, and came out on a shelf of rock not much bigger than a good-sized sofa. Below the rock was a tiny strip of yellow sand beach. Maybe I ought to hire a canoe and have it tied up here, he thought. And then it occurred to him that the best thing would be to start with a canoe, and he wondered whether his hands would stand it.

The picnic spot was three miles above town. But today it seemed like ten. He thought of Tamsin and imagined what she would say if she could see him now. She had foretold he would find himself a rural wench, and Frank had once talked about the people of Malice Landing as the pretty countryfolk, and Marius looked at Maggie and thought, She's one of the pretty countryfolk, all right, but not what I'd call a rural wench. And he began to laugh and Maggie wanted to know why.

"I was thinking it was funny to be paddling a canoe again," he said stupidly.

"Your self-consciousness," she said, "will sink us."

"You don't like me, do you, Maggie?"

"Not very well sometimes."

So he said what he had been rehearsing a long time, only not as he had rehearsed it.

"You took a crack the day we were in the bar," he said, "about some mistakes I'd made, and you might as well go on and name them off. I've meant to ask you before, only I never got round to it."

"Well, it was just that you kind of swaggered into the place. Everybody who knew Llewellyn was expecting you ages before you came, and wondering what kind of a boy you could be, and when you turned up you were pretty abrupt. A lot of people got the idea you didn't care whether you made friends or not."

"What do you mean, a lot of people? I was in town six months before I even saw anybody."

"Do you remember the night you came here?"

"No," he said. "Yes. It was damned cold."

"You went into the bus station and called a taxi, and you talked rough to Bill Ash in the station and to Charley Barker's son, who was driving the taxi, and Bill and Charley told about it.

He tried to remember what had happened at the bus station. There was no pay phone, and he had asked the clerk—Bill Ash, apparently—if he could use the ticket-cage phone, and Ash had allowed that if he wanted to call a cab, he wouldn't need to, because the hotel was only a couple of houses down the street, and Marius had said, "Come on, put the phone out!" Ash had studied him for a minute, and then said the phone would cost him a nickel, and he had put the nickel in his pocket. And then he'd asked who was he, where was he going, and so on, and Marius had said, "Listen. Is it all right with you if I get off the bus in your town?"

When the taxi came Marius had given the driver the house number, and the boy had said, "Oh, Robisson's," and Marius had said, "Robinson's." The fare had been twenty-five cents, and the boy had claimed he had no change, though Marius saw him cover up a nickel, and the thought that he was exiled among a people who lived by stealing five-cent pieces went to his head in a wave of hot rage, so he'd grabbed hold of the boy's wrist and shaken the change onto the floor and said, "Grub for it, Brother Rat." And all this that had happened so long ago, almost in another life, had gone down into the town's annals.

"And then," Maggie was saying in her low soft voice, "some people rang up to inquire about Llewellyn, and you never asked them who they were, nor to come around and see you. And dad and mother got scared when they heard all this and decided to wait for you to call on them, and it was three or four weeks before you turned up."

"Boy, you kept score, didn't you?"

Maggie sighed. "Yes," she said slowly, "I kept score. Because I told people they were mistaken about you. I had reason for keeping score."

"Well," said Marius, "I guess that entitles you to some sort of explanation. I had stuff on my mind when I came here, and maybe I wasn't thinking much about what the blessed town thought or didn't think."

"All right," she said, "let's leave it at that."

So they left it at that, but both were embarrassed at having said so much, and worked hard to make the rest of the day go right. They swam, and then they lay in the sand and watched the sun go down, and Maggie coaxed him to tell her about himself. She was one of those natural listeners who endow another person's words with a special sort of rightness, and before the moon was more than a yellow glow over the low hills he was talking to her about his six months in Llewellyn's house, and how his life had been cast loose and now needed other ties.

"You're a lot different from what I thought you were," she said.

"So are you."

THEN they talked about what they were like, and what each felt about the other, and when they finally prepared to start down the moon-traced river, he kissed her, and she stood still and let him. But she said, "Don't get the idea that goes in the package with Maggie, Marius," and the kissing was over for that night.

Then his head was full of her for days, and she mixed herself with Tamsin and his old life, but in his new life she stood out clear and alone. When he called her up the next time, she was busy, but the time after that he took her to the movies, and at last she came to dinner at Llewellyn's and they sat with the old man afterward.

"Maggie," he said, "you were right about my getting off to a bad start here. How if you showed me around and introduced me to some people?"

She nodded. "When?"

He took her hand that was so small and kissed it. "Not too soon."

She smiled and withdrew her hand. "Any time now, if you ask me."

But he had other things to do while he was getting acquainted with Maggie. The problem of how to keep his household going with the money he had had got to the place where he must make some new arrangements. He felt it was impossible to break into Llewellyn's property. Borrow from Joel then? No, I'm not going to be paid for giving up Tamsin without a fight. Well, borrow on his interest in the magazine chain? No, that was the same thing as borrowing from Joel.

Taxes on the house and the mill were due in June and could run for six months without becoming delinquent, but they would have to be paid eventually.

For a thousand dollars he could open the mill. He would have to have a mill hand, or a man to drive the truck. With an assistant he could still have time for Llewellyn. A thousand dollars. It looked enormous now, and he thought how the value of money went up and down. Plenty of times in his life a thousand dollars had looked as big as the moon to him, but when he was going so well at the magazine it was just bills in a billfold. That's the trouble with me, he thought. When I had it I thought it would keep coming forever. If I'd been like Jack Baker, now, I could reach into my pocket and pull out all I need.

HE fell to thinking about Baker and the days in Pittsburgh, and suddenly an idea hit him hard. Baker. Why shouldn't Baker go into the milling business? He laughed. He would be tough to sell, but any man who had money was tough to sell. I cut my teeth on tough guys, thought Marius happily. So he composed a letter and tabulated figures with all the care he had put into selling the magazine, and mailed it to Baker and confidently awaited his answer.

"Dear Marius," Jack Baker wrote: "I'm afraid a flour-and-feed mill is out of my line. But I'm willing to lend you a thousand dollars on your insurance, or on your equity in Meiser and Robinson, or, to stretch a point, on your expectation of inheritance of the business you speak about, provided auditors pronounce it a good risk. In other words, I'm willing to lend you the money because I think you need it and because I gave you your start in life. So let me knew what security you can offer, and it's yours.

"Sorry you're nailed to a place where egg mash looks like enterprise. Come back to Pittsburgh. That's the spot for a man of your cut. Regards from everybody here. Yours, etc., J. R. Baker."

That's a low blow, that about the egg mash, Marius thought. Maybe it wasn't big-time but the mill *was* enterprise, egg mash or no egg mash. And Baker manages to be philanthropic and slap a mortgage on my retirement insurance all in the same sentence.

But he wrote to the man who had given him his start in life and thanked him and said he would put his insurance in the kitty.

Marius bought himself a pair of overalls and cleaned up Llewellyn's old office the first thing. Then he had a phone and water and gas and electricity put back in the mill, and sent for a man to clean and test the fuel tank, and ordered a load of gasoline. He overhauled the motor himself, and dragged the belt out of storage and wondered if he could get it onto the wheel without help. It was a job, even had he not been hampered by his stiff elbow. His hands cracked and bled because they hadn't been stuck into heavy work for years, but Marius wiped them on his knees and thought, You'll toughen up. And at last the belt was on, the engine rumbled into life, and Marius kicked the sill happily and said, "Well, that's that."

Now what? How do you start being a miller? Was there a textbook on milling? There was a state agricultural department. He wrote to that and to Washington for all the publications they had, and that made him feel as though he were started. Until he found out more, he had better content himself with calling on old customers and trying to make new ones.

His pamphlets began to come from the government, and books from the extension library, and he studied and figured and planned and made estimates, and wrote to elevators and wholesalers and got figures on carloads and half-car lots. He got the Castellans to print an announcement he composed with all the skill he had, and he sent it out and planned to follow it up every couple of weeks with a mimeographed letter telling about specials and bargains, and he bought space for an advertisement in the paper.

A week later his first stocks arrived on the afternoon train. He could declare his business open.

He went to the mill and ran the machinery for an hour every morning and began to fill the few orders he had beaten up. He brought home samples of his whole-wheat flour and his cracked corn and showed them to Llewellyn. The old man looked, or seemed to look, and smiled.

A COUPLE of days after this Marius looked up from his desk at the mill to see Briar Cotton standing in the office door. Briar was fifteen and the daughter of Magister Cotton, who lived next door and taught English at St. Elizabeth's. Marius had met her once when he had gone to pay a call on her father and Jeff, an older cousin who cooked and cared for the Cottons. She and her brother Sparrow were calling him "Marius" before he left and they had been the friendliest pair he had met since his return to Malice Landing. They had accepted him immediately for what he was.

"Howdy, Briar," he said with a smile. "What brings you to the mill? Want to buy some middlings?"

She came in and sat down in the tippy chair. "I thought I'd look in on your business. I think business must be fascinating for a man. Of course I wouldn't want to be a business woman. I have other things on my mind."

"Have you?" Briar was giving him a kind of look he didn't approve of, and he put up his guard. She was pretty. But Marius had work to do, and there was no place in it for a fifteen-year-old girl.

"Yes," she went on. "I'm preparing myself to be a writer. Mr. Neri Ahmed advised me to. He says if I use my natural talents and work hard I'll achieve great success."

"I'm sure he's right—Mr.—who?"

"Neri Ahmed. He sees into the future," and she explained a little breathlessly how she and Sparrow had stopped one night at the Meadow Barbecue to eat a hamburger and dance a record, and how Mr. Neri Ahmed, who had been booked to tell fortunes from seven until ten every night, had told her simply wonderful things.

"That," he said, "clinches your career."

"Yes," she said, not realizing she had been kidded. "Some day I'm going to show you something I've written," she said. "It's about women. I'm writing about women first, because that's so simple and easy."

"How about boys? The kind that hang around your front porch?"

"Have you noticed them?" She gave him a long sidewise look. "Boys aren't interesting at all. They're just animals."

He laughed. "What have you got on your mind, Briar? I don't want to be rude, but it happens I have a big morning's work ahead of me."

She uncrossed her feet and pushed herself back in her chair. "I came to ask you please to let me be your assistant in the mill."

Marius fought down a desire to laugh. "I do need an assistant," he agreed, "but I think I ought to hire a boy. I'm afraid there's no job here for a girl. But you and Sparrow come see me some evening," he said, rising. "Bring your essay on women and maybe I can offer some criticisms." He opened the office door.

"You want me to go away, don't you?"

He nodded.

"All right. But walk with me to the door."

"Good-by." She put both her hands around his and raised it and laid it against her cheek. "Marius," she said, and then she turned quickly and hurried down the steps without looking back.

He sat down at his desk and thought about her. He remembered lots of little things that seemed significant now, in the light of this hand-holding business. A part of him was amused and flattered, but his good sense frowned heavily. No complications, please. No kids swooning on the doorstep.

After that day things settled down into one of those periods of peace. He had asked Sparrow if he'd like to help out at the mill, and Sparrow had enthusiastically agreed and thereafter had turned up at the mill with punctual regularity. Briar came back often too, and followed him around, sometimes talking and sometimes just looking at him and contriving to touch his arm or his hair. He maintained an iron barrier against her physical eagerness. In spite of all this, she bothered him some, because she was the kind of girl who liked and meant to bother men.

September began with two weeks of limp moveless heat. As Marius made his route along the two rivers—he had broken it into short runs that allowed him to be home at night—he saw the cornfields drying and sagging under the blanketing sun.

He loved the September weather. He took Maggie out as often as she would go. Almost every Sunday he rented the canoe and paddled to the picnic beach. As soon as the sun went down, their hands and cheeks got chilled and they built a fire and cooked steaks. Then they let the fire burn down to embers, and that slowed the talk and made them think closely about each other.

On the last Sunday of the month she said, "It's going to be too cold for this pretty soon."

"No," he said, "there'll be frost and then we'll have a month of Indian summer."

"You'll be busy," she said. "October is a big month at the mill. The farmers'll be bringing their threshed wheat to grind, and early corn for meal. Business'll really get going."

"It had better get going," he said.

"Isn't it going now?" she asked.

"Not so good."

"I almost called you up the other day," she said. "I had an idea. You see, I had a customer—a woman from Columbus, a Mrs. Manfred. She runs one of those country-products-for-city-people places and she's coining money. She sells little jars of jelly for a dollar a set of three, and walnut footstools for ten dollars, and homemade bread for a quarter a loaf. You know the kind of thing."

"Where do I come in?"

"Well, I thought when I was talking to her, Why couldn't you put up whole-wheat flour and white-meal and buckwheat flour in five-pound sacks and sell them through her as a luxury? Fifty cents for five pounds?"

"What!" he cried. "You can buy a barrel of that stuff from me at three cents a pound!"

"But show me the city housewife that wants a barrel. She wants five pounds and no more, and when she buys meal, for instance, she wants real meal, something that will cook sweet and flavory." Maggie talked with enthusiasm. She began telling him how he could have a pretty package and play up the genuine-country-mill angle, and Marius was an experienced enough salesman to know she did have an idea.

"YOU could start with Mrs. Manfred in Columbus, and then, when you got a stake, you could advertise and you'd be on your own."

"O. K. You have something there. What's your cut?"

"My cut?" she said angrily. "Listen, Marius—"

"Well, even if you haven't the sense to protect your own interest," he said tolerantly, "I'll take care of you. I'll pay you a cent a package, and hire you to get up a cute little folder of hillbilly recipes to include and use for publicity. You know—'Aunt Martha's hoe cake,' and that sort of thing."

"All right, mister," she said, "if that's the way you want it, it's a deal. Only I warn you. If I have a share I'm going to see the idea's pushed."

He drew her close to him and rubbed his cheek against her hair. "You care more for the mill than the miller, don't you, Maggie?"

"The thing about me is," she said, "I love a going concern. You can figure it out for yourself."

One evening after supper Maggie telephoned, her voice full of excitement.

"I've got something for you," she said, "and I'm coming around with it, if you're not busy."

Pretty soon he heard her running up the porch steps, and he went down to meet her. She was such a pretty sight, her clustered curls tightened with the cold and her cheeks and lips stained with so rich and warm a color, that he didn't care what she had brought him, nor for anything but to gather her up and kiss her. He did that, and she put her arms tight around his neck and kissed him too, and she said, "Oh, Marius!"

"Take off your coat," he said, "and let's try that with a better stance."

"Look what I've got," she said and pulled a long envelope out of her pocket and handed it to him. "Hurry up and open it."

"Wait a minute," he said. "First—"

"*Please* open it, Marius!"

It was from Helen Hughes Manfred, Specialty Foods and Craft Products, and it said the Manfred shop in Columbus would be interested in buying fifty packages of whole-wheat flour and white corn meal in five-pound bags from Robinson's mill, and twenty-five packages of buckwheat flour, at thirty cents the bag, to be retailed by the shop at fifty cents.

"Aren't you pleased?" she asked. "Isn't it swell? Come on quick and sit down and let me show you the other things."

She slid out of her coat and sat down on the sofa and began to take papers out of her purse. Marius stared at her and felt such a chilling surprise that he could hardly hide it.

"Now look, darling," Maggie was running on. "As soon as that letter came I sent for Jules Henry and started him making a drawing of the mill for the package, and I've designed the bag, and here's even a first draft of the recipe folder." She glanced up at him. "Come on and look," she said. "Don't you want to see?"

He looked at the package, and he looked at the recipes—spoon bread, custard corn pone, raised whole-wheat biscuits, stove cake, buckwheat flapjacks, shortening bread, everything "country style," and he was surprised at the intensity with which he disliked it all. He knew Maggie had done a good job. He knew this sort of window dressing was a necessity to the kind of sales she wanted to make. But he smarted under it, nevertheless, because the old mill had never been for aristocrats in its life, and because Maggie had come in on a cloud of bright delicious beauty, and had kissed him, or rather she had kissed the mill and the five-pound packages that were to sell for thirty cents apiece. "You've done a real job," he said, trying to put warmth into his voice.

THERE was quite a long silence. Then she said, "Aren't you pleased at all, Marius?"

"Yes, honey. I think you're wonderful."

She shook her head. "No, you don't."

"Maggie," he said, "do you ever think of love?"

She leaned back into the sofa and laid her hands in her lap. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Afraid?"

"No, I just don't want to."

"Well, you are going to talk about love. Or, what's better, you are going to do something about it." And he took her by the shoulders and held her and kissed her.

She let it go on for a while, and then she said, "Why do you want to kiss me? You don't love me." Without moving at all she called up a cool impersonality that ringed her around like barbed wire. "You can make me tremble, Marius. You can turn me into something that isn't myself, because that's what happens when two people do what we're doing now. But that isn't what I want."

"Do you want to quarrel?" he said into her hair.

"I don't mind quarreling," she said. "It's one way to settle things."

"Let's quarrel, then." He settled back on the sofa beside her, felt for a cigarette, and lit it. "Let me begin! Let me tell you, Maggie, that you pamper your ambition, and throw it ahead of you like a cowcatcher on a train. And you use your pretty mouth and hair and eyes to get what you want, and that's not square shooting. You can't make the best of both worlds. You can't come in here and kiss me and then sit down for a nice man-to-man business talk."

"Marius," she said, "I want to be independent and get along in the world. That's what I want. Why can't you let me have that?"

"I don't care whether you have it or not," he said. "Let's put on our coats and go have a drink."

"All right," she said. "We'll drink to our quarrel."

They went to the River Hotel bar and perched on the red-leather stools. He thought, With Maggie there'll be nothing but trouble. Unless I go to battle with her. I don't want to go to battle with her, but as long as I don't she'll hang a stone around my neck and push me into the water. Not a real stone, of course. Only a papier-mâché one that would melt off and let me swim away. So why don't I start swimming? he asked himself. He watched her sipping her drink and smiling in a friendly way over the edge of her glass, and he thought, She believes in that stone, and he felt lonely. And then he took her home.

One day, about the first week of November, Sparrow came into Marius' office looking angry and flustered.

"Marius," he said abruptly, "I can't work for you any more."

"Well," Marius said, trying to hide his surprise, "let's talk it over. What's the trouble?"

"It's just getting too tough."

That really surprised Marius. "Too tough?"

"I don't mean the work's too tough," said the boy wretchedly. "I mean it's too tough at home. Dad is sore at me all the time. And Jeff is, too. Dad thinks I neglect my courses, and Jeff is always giving me a mournful eye about Briar. You know how Jeff is. He's taken care of us since we were kids and my mother died, and he acts like a mother sometimes."

"But Briar! What's Briar got to do with it?"

"Oh," said Sparrow with a blush hot enough to curl his hair, "the way she's always hanging around here. She's just dizzy, but Jeff thinks—Jeff has the kind of mind that—"

"Never mind," said Marius. "Skip it."

He was thoroughly angry with the elder Cottons.

"How if I talked to Jeff and your father?"

"Dad's sick in bed."

"You take Briar to the movies tonight, and I'll try to get in my licks any way."

After he had fed Llewellyn that night and lifted him back into bed, he stood by him and watched for the breath that was the sign to say he still lived. This evening it was the smallest flutter in the world. The hot fear of death he hadn't suffered since the first days rushed over Marius, and he sat down and took his uncle's hand. What am I going to do if he dies? Marius asked himself. The mill was for him, and his attempts to make a life in

Malice Landing were for him. So long as Llewellyn sat in his chair and smiled and nodded and seemed to understand, life had a meaning and a rule and a reward. But if he dies? Marius could not think it. He must not die.

He fixed a dose of whisky and sugar and water and put a tablespoonful of it between Llewellyn's lips, and he rubbed his arms and legs in slow strokes toward his heart. It seemed such a very little bit to do, so small and helpless a gesture. But it was the only thing he knew.

He slipped his hand under the sheet and laid it on his uncle's heart. It was beating along slow and even and the flesh was warm. He filled a hot-water bottle and put it against Llewellyn's feet, settled the cover again, and went downstairs.

Jeff answered his ring. "Oh, Marius. Do come in. I'm glad you're here. The children went out and Mr. Cotton's in bed."

"Yes, Sparrow told me his dad wasn't feeling well. I thought I'd run over and ask about him."

"It's one of his stomach spells." Jeff bustled into the front room and turned on lights and pushed chairs toward the fire.

"My, I'm glad you came," he repeated. "I was feeling lonesome."

Marius wondered how he would get around to the subject of the mill and Briar. He had been angry when Sparrow told him about Jeff's fears for the girl, but now his anger was all gone. "I expect I've added to your worries some," he began.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," Jeff protested. "Nobody would ever think of worrying about Briar if it weren't for that Ahmed person."

"What's his trouble?"

"He fills people's heads up with such silly nonsense. I'm afraid all the time he'll encourage Briar to do something foolish like running away or—or—" he stared at Marius and it was plain what he was afraid Neri Ahmed would encourage Briar to do.

Marius was silent while he thought this over. He had been annoyed by Neri Ahmed's hold on the girl's imagination, but now he began to wonder if he were worse than just an irritation. He remembered several things Briar had said about him—that he had thought her different from most girls, old for her age, a woman of her own mind, that she must not "stifle" herself in a small town, and other things of the same stripe. I guess I'll have a look at this fellow, he decided.

"I wouldn't worry about him," he reassured Jeff.

WHEN he got home he went into Llewellyn's bedroom and took the old man's hand. It was warm and relaxed in sleep. Then he telephoned Maggie. "I've got a job to do," he told her, "and I want you to come with me."

"What is it?"

"We're going to perform an operation. We're going to separate a fortune teller from his livelihood."

He called the garage and had them send the rent car, and while it was coming he did all the things for Llewellyn again. I'll cut this Neri Ahmed business short and sharp, he thought, and I'll be back in an hour. In a few minutes he and Maggie were bowling along and he was telling her about it.

Maggie began to laugh softly. "Did you know Briar had been to see me, Marius?"

"No. What about?"

"About you. She's in love with you. She told me because I was an old friend of yours, a sister to you, as she put it."

Marius squirmed on the seat. "What would you do about Briar if you were me?"

"I don't know. What do you want to do?"

"I wish there was a nice boy she could get interested in."

The Meadow Barbecue was a long frame building with blue gables outlined in fluorescent tubing, a roadside place. As soon as they were seated, Marius told the waiter he wanted to see the fortune teller.

"You got to take your turn," the waiter said.

Marius produced a bill. "Bring him here now."

The fortune teller was soon at the booth, saying in his plushy accent how honored he had been with the gentleman's notice and how the beautiful lady must have a brilliant destiny before her. Should he look into the future of the lady?

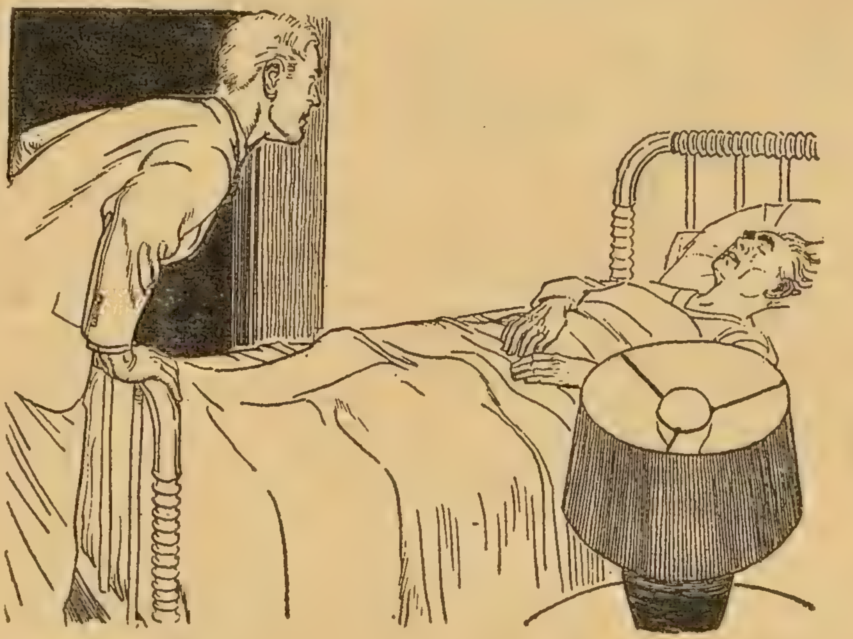
Maggie smiled and shook her head. "I know my fortune."

So Marius turned to the soothsayer and began pleasantly, "In your business somebody catches up with you every now and then, don't they?"

Neri Ahmed begged to have the question repeated. He was sorry. His dull ears had not understood.

"I mean," said Marius, "that some one tells you it's better for you to get on your horse and get going. The police, or somebody's husband, or somebody's father. Isn't that true?"

The little Hindu studied him sharply for a moment, and then sighed and spread his womanish hands. "It is true, gentleman."



"Well, this is the nudge," said Marius, and he pulled out his package of cigarettes and offered them. "It's all quiet and friendly. I'll be back tomorrow evening this same time, and I don't want to find you here."

Neri Ahmed took a cigarette and lit it, and then he shoved his turban an inch up his forehead, and the gesture shed off his role of seer and turned him into a man with a living to make. He spoke to Maggie in an ordinary voice.

"I don't remember you, and that's funny because I've got a memory as long as your arm. Did I give you a bum steer?"

"Don't waste your energy thinking about it," said Marius. "You're entitled to an explanation. I don't like the way you've been interfering with Briar Cotton. She's the daughter of a neighbor of mine, and he's too sick to take matters into his own hands."

Maggie said nothing as they got into the car, but later she leaned toward him and put her hand over his on the wheel.

"Forgive me if I keep hammering away at it," she said, "but do you mind if I make a suggestion about Briar?"

"No, let's have it."

"It'll sound silly to you, and you'll think it's mean. But it's guaranteed to interest her in one of those boys. You must tell her," said Maggie clearly, "that you wear false teeth."

"Why false teeth?"

"Because it'll do what you'll never do if you argue and talk to her like a father. And because it won't hurt her feelings as it would if you told her she was a child. The very second you mention false teeth, she'll stop dreaming about kissing you, and as soon as she stops dreaming about kissing you she'll have jolted herself into an inch of growth, and she'll ask herself how she could ever have been so silly and mistaken. If you want Briar to heal herself, the false teeth will do it."

Marius said nothing more, and Maggie, too, was quiet, but when Marius took her home, she kissed him good night and said, "This isn't for sound business practice."

He let himself in and went up the darkened stair to his uncle's bedroom. Through the dimness he could see Llewellyn's body making its thin ridge underneath the covers, and, as he always did when he came in at night, he put his hand between the sheets to feel if the heart were still beating. It was not beating. Marius sprang up and turned on the light and leaned over the bed and saw that his uncle was dead.

Marius put off going through Llewellyn's things until after the funeral. But then he could put it off no longer.

There wasn't much, and it was all in order. A will left everything to him. He found an envelope addressed to himself, and he opened it and discovered a note. "My dear nephew: I write this in case anything serious should happen to me before you come. Here is some ready money in case you need it in a hurry. Good-by, my boy. I never expected to have a boy of my own, but I'm glad Heath trusted you to me. Your loving uncle, Llewellyn." Wrapped in a separate sheet of paper were five one-hundred-dollar bills. There was nothing in his few personal papers and letters to hint that for Llewellyn any concern except his concern for Marius had filled his life.

He wanted now to go back to Pittsburgh, but he was shy of it, because he knew he couldn't fall into his old place there as if nothing had happened. For the first time in his life Marius felt that he was a man who didn't belong anywhere. He fought it off, telling himself that people who had been through the wringer were bound to feel that way, but it sank in.

So the end of it was that he went to the Army recruiting station and tried to enlist. He hoped he could get by with his lame elbow, even if he had to take a desk job. But the Army men said no. "Maybe we'll be recruiting fellows like you some day," they told him, "but not yet." He was not fit to be a soldier among the best soldiers.

That evening after work Marius stepped across the garden to Jeff's kitchen. "I've been finding cake and cold meat and sandwiches on my table," he said. "I expect you're the one who's been leaving them."

"Yes, I always think, Marius, that when a person has troubles he needs some little helps, but it isn't much use to sit around and talk. So I figured if you had your meals regularly you wouldn't have to see us until you were ready to."

"Thanks," said Marius, and he had a lump in his throat. "I'd like to see Briar. Do you suppose she'd eat supper with me?"

"Well—" Jeff said, "I'll ask her, but—" He stepped to the kitchen door and called her.

She appeared in the door. When she saw Marius she stopped in her tracks and looked with a straight fascinated stare at his mouth.

"Hello," he said, "how are you making out these days, Briar?"

She sucked in her breath when he smiled, and then she turned her head and fixed her gaze on the corner of the table. "Did you want me, Jeff?" she said.

"Marius asked to see you, honey."

"Oh! What did you want?"

What's the matter with her? he wondered.

"I came to ask if you'd eat dinner with me," he said. "How'd you like to put on your Sunday clothes and dine at the hotel in style?"

"I can't. I—I don't feel well." Her voice almost died in her throat. "I'm going to bed."

She began to back toward the door, and when she reached it, she said, "I'm sorry," and she turned and fled.

Marius stared at Jeff. "Did I hurt her feelings?"

"I don't know," said Jeff. "She's such a little girl. Maybe she's afraid now because of Llewellyn."

"Well," said Marius, "I expect it's better this way."

HE went home and set out his supper and ate it, and now the emptiness of the house fell over him with a new and violent pain. It was time, and past time, for him to make up his mind what he was going to do.

As he washed his cup and plate he said Maggie's name aloud, because he knew nothing could be decided until things were settled between Maggie and himself.

He stood by the sink watching the water pull itself into lessening puddles along the porcelain, and he thought, Maybe Maggie will think what I have to offer is a half loaf. Maybe what a man learns about himself is so secret that no name can be put on it, and his silence gets mistaken for weakness. She could understand a partnership at the mill, but this kind of partnership—the kind that asked nothing and made no promises—would she understand it? He hung up the tea towel and turned out the light, and as he felt his way through the dark apartment he was miserable, because he didn't know at all whether he could ever make the demanding part of Maggie live at peace with him.

He called her and asked her if she cared to go out somewhere and talk, and she said would he like it if she came there, and he said, "Yes, I would." She appeared presently, her cheeks and hair cool with the frosty air, and he took her into his arms and they stood together without any words. Then they sat down in front of the fire, and Marius told her how he felt now about the mill and Malice Landing. She listened and helped him find the words for it, and at last she said, "So now you want to be gone, Marius."

"Yes, I guess that's it. But you've got a stake in the mill, and I'd like you to be satisfied with what I do about it."

"Will you sell it?"

"No," he said slowly, "or rather I'll sell it in a way. Would it be all right with you if I turned it over to Sparrow? He needs it. He could work it half-time while he's in college, and then after that he could either turn it back to me to sell, or pay me out and take it. I believe," he finished sadly, "that Sparrow needs help getting started. He isn't quite going to make it on his own."

"And Briar?" Maggie's voice changed the least little bit, and Marius looked at her, and suddenly he began to see a light. "Maggie! I forgot about that false-teeth business until this minute. You told Briar I wore false teeth!"

SHE began to laugh, and she said, "It's awful to find it funny, because the way it happened wasn't funny at all. After the funeral she came home with me and cried her head off. So what could I do, Marius? I told her she mustn't cry about you. I said 'He's an old man, anyway, Briar. Didn't you ever notice his teeth?'"

"Why didn't you club my teeth down my throat?"

"Look, darling," she said. "This is the difference between theory and practice. Briar's hurt, but not the way she would have been if she had talked herself into the tragedy of losing her first love."

Marius got up and stood in front of the fire with his back to Maggie. "I don't expect you to understand it," he said, "but there are ways to do things on the up-and-up in this world. Though not in Malice Landing. I'm going back to Pittsburgh, and you can come with me, or you can stay here."

"In a way," she said, "I hate to see you quit what you've started in Malice Landing."

"On account of the mill? You never said what you thought about giving it to Sparrow."

"I don't want my stake, as you put it," she said. "But it was a job, Marius, and a good one. Something we started and believed in, and something that can go on and get big if we work at it. A job like that is rather like a life, isn't it? You have a responsibility toward it."

"Nothing is like a life but a life itself," he said. "If you want to make it go, you can carry on with Sparrow. I don't care whether it goes so much as I care whether I go, and whether you do. In a way, you have to choose between the mill, between the going concern and me."

She didn't say a word.

"I could stay," he went on. "There are ways to be free wherever you are. But the Malice Landing way is too cramped. Here, freedom is a matter of endurance, a crown you win after a lifetime of resignation. I don't believe in it. I believe in freedom to act."

He came back and sat down beside her. "You have to be crucified before you can be a saint, Maggie. If you get crucified and can't help yourself, then maybe you are entitled to sainthood. But if you deliberately choose to be crucified when you might fight against it"—he laughed—"that's mistaking the glamour of Hollywood for the real thing. I've no taste for the cross. I think it is better to settle for being an ordinary human citizen."

"Do you?"

"Let me show you something. Come over to the piano a minute. I play like I was wearing boxing gloves, but I want you to listen awhile."

So he opened the sonata book and played what he could and tried to tell her a little bit about the way sonatas were built, and how logical they were, and yet how much room there was within the logic for the big stuff inside a man that didn't seem logical at all. That's how living should be—working all the time to fit confusion and ignorance and incompetence to a pattern which you thought up to create order where disorder had been. Did she see?

She looked at him with eyes that were, for her, unusually tender, and she said, "Marius, how long have you been doing this?"

"Doing what?"

"Playing the piano."

A tear formed in the corner of her eye, but it didn't fall. "Darling," she said, "this place came pretty close to breaking your heart, didn't it?"

He thought about that. Brokenhearted? No. A beast of burden can be brokenhearted, he told himself. I am not a beast of burden. I've lost Llewellyn, and perhaps I am foredone. Perhaps I shall never be a soldier and go to battle among my own kind. Perhaps I shall lose Maggie, unless she can make peace between her ambition and her ability to give it up for something truer. But I am not a beast to die with a broken heart. "Are you coming to Pittsburgh with me?" he said.

She curled her small hand around his first finger and carried it to her eye and wiped off the tear. "Do you love me, Marius?"

"Yes."

She shook her head. "I don't think so."

"Let's don't ask each other hard questions," he said. "I like you more than anybody I know. I want to be with you. I want to come back to you after I'm through my day's work. I want to sleep with you and wake up with you and know you're a part of me and me a part of you. Isn't that a marriage? It's more than most marriages ever hold."

"I've got enough Briar in me to want to be loved."

He took her by the elbows. "All right, Maggie. You can have a romantic lover with a set of false teeth, or you can have me."

"The nice way you put it, darling," she said, and she managed to laugh, "what choice have I got?"

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

SHOLEM ASCH, who wrote The Nazarene, enjoyed the double pleasure of seeing that book live long on the best-seller lists and win prodigal praise from the critics as a major and beautiful work of art.

Such a combination would ordinarily satisfy an author a lifetime, but now **Sholem Asch** has completed another magnificent masterpiece which will win both laurels again. It is **The Apostle,** a novel based on the life of St. Paul. For general readers it has the same Biblical appeal of The Nazarene.

In artistry, in the richness of his account, in scholarship and story value, this re-creation of the life of Paul will stand second to none. It is a beautiful, moving, sweeping story that will live as long as The Nazarene and belongs with it as one of the classics completed in our time.

Sholem Asch

The story opens a few weeks after the resurrection. For a while, in introducing the characters, it weaves in and out among the Jewish religious controversies and thoughts of the day and then marches in a magnificent richness of incident and detail through the story of the spread of Christianity under Paul's leadership.

Again Mr. Asch demonstrates an impressive knowledge of the history of the times, of the cities and of the people who inhabited them, of their customs, possessions, speech, and everyday life. Jerusalem, Rome, Athens, Corinth, the entire Roman Empire seem as intimate to Mr. Asch as his own land, and he makes them as real, as vital, and as interesting to his readers as any contemporary account.

Robert Nathan

Few novels so richly deserve the praise and popularity this book will achieve. This one deserves it on every count.

REPORTS of war's progress continue to hold top place on most lists. One of the newer ones is a four-man job called **Springboard to Berlin,** by a team composed of **John A. Parris, Jr., Ned Russell, Leo Disher,** and **Phil Ault,** all war correspondents.

It is a war correspondent's-eye view of the attack on Hitler's Fortress Europe which began in North Africa and will end soon, we trust, in Berlin. Since no one correspondent could have been in the various places necessary to occupy to describe this all at first-hand, it is a good idea that several have collaborated.

Thus we get the story as it began in London, with the planning; we go on to Algiers, Casablanca, Oran, Tunisia, and Sicily. We can watch the whole operation step by step and participate in its various exciting and memorable phases. Written in swift, reportorial style, this is sure-fire exciting reading for any one.

ROBERT NATHAN has indulged in another essay into whimsey to offer us **But Gently Day,** a novel about a soldier of this war who journeys back in time to the home of his ancestors in rural Pennsylvania and finds himself occupied with his forebears who have just lived through the Civil War. The idea is to show that this isn't the first time America has faced struggle and gone through terrible times to a greater future.

It is hardly original, but if you like to read about young men who find themselves living in another world where it is possible for them to fall in love with the women who ultimately become their grandmothers, you'll think it is as good as, say, Berkeley Square. If you think that is all too upsy-daisy, you'd better just shy away and forget it.

BROKEN RIVER

Continued from Page 29

I left a couple of twenties to pay for the window. That made the kid mine —I bought him out of it. It ain't accordin' to law, but to hell with a law that lets a kid go hungry!

"There's a beanery off a few blocks," Jim went on. "I figured to see if the kid was lyin'. He wasn't. I been hungry a time or two myself, but I never eat like that kid. He's hollow. The feed loosened him up—the feed, an' me takin' it easy with 'im. He talks a little. But not about himself. Who he is, where he lives—that's his business. Only now, he's polite about it. So I tell him about me, 'bout the town here, the ocean. I tell him about loggin'. He figures he'd like that. So I say why don't he come out here? There's Big Red Tinker an' Addie, with no kids. Maybe they can use one. I tell him how to get here. But when I offer him train fare he says, no, sir. Sir, mind you. He skipped out of there then. That was the last I seen of him for nearly a month."

The old man's voice had become faint. Clyde Prio started to his feet, and the old man waved him back.

"STAY put," he said. "I'm about done." He drew a slow deep breath. Then: "One morning the kid shows up at my place on the hill. He's cleaned up now. His clothes're patched. A woman'd done that. Addie, I figured. He tells me that's the way of it. Big Red and Addie took him in. What he wanted was to ask me not to say where he'd come from. I told him I wouldn't. Damn if he don't bust out cryin'—like he never done when I beat him up. I got tough with him, then run him out." Jim Horton looked at Clyde Prio and John Wiggam. "That's it. You know how he stayed with Red, worked around town, and went to school." He bent his head. "Sometimes a man gets a good idea. Not often. I thought I had one that time. I thought he was a good kid . . ."

Wiggam said, "Thanks, Jim."

"That's all you want of me?"

"That's all," Wiggam said. "Thanks again."

"All right!" Jim Horton said harshly. "Now here's what I want of you. You're goin' to tell me what's said and done here. Jed was my son. I got a right to know about his killing, haven't I?"

Wiggam said, "Yes, Jim."

"You call me. D'you hear?"

"Yes," Wiggam said, "I'll call you."

Wiggam brought the crutches; Trindall helped the old man come erect. The two of them, Wiggam and Trindall, went to the door with the old man, went into the room beyond. Then Clyde Prio and Rack were alone.

"This was your idea," Rack said.

"In part. I was a lawyer before I was a politician. I was Jim Horton's lawyer; I drew his will. You were one of his heirs, Rack. He told me why." Prio propped his chin in his cupped hand. "No man can live completely alone, Rack. His life touches the lives of others. It must. And so a man is whatever he is because of that—because of the contacts he makes, the debts he incurs. So background is important. Wiggam knows that. Wiggam's a good man and an honest one. He'll go to any length to get the truth."

Rack said, "Wait—"

"No. Let me finish." Prio pushed his glasses up and rubbed tired eyes. "There are times when the truth is not enough. A man has to know more than the facts to understand what has happened. This is one of those times."

"Is it?" Rack said.

Prio nodded. "I've known you for years, Rack. Stubborn as you are, you're important to me. You would be if I'd met you only yesterday. Because of Gale. She is everything a woman could be."

"Right."

"And now," Clyde Prio said, "you'd better brace yourself. There's more to come."

"I guessed as much," Rack said.

And they sat in quiet until the door opened again. John Wiggam said, "This way, please," and Lily Jaspers came into the room. She looked at Rack but she did not speak.

"Here, please," Wiggam said.

Lily sat down. She folded her hands in her lap.

"Young lady," Wiggam said, "I understand you talked to Clyde Prio last night. That you told him you'd seen Jed Horton killed. Is that correct?"

"Lily!" Rack said. "No!"

Lily turned to look at Wiggam. "Yes." Her voice was soft but very clear. "It's true."

"RACK," Lily leaned across the table, her eyes searching his face, "I promised I wouldn't tell, but I have to—now. It's not him I owe, Rack. It's you."

"You don't owe me a thing," Rack said.

There was the whip-crack of anger in Wiggam's voice. "Tinker, I want you to be quiet. I mean it!"

He turned to Lily. "We can go on now," he said. "How old were you when Jed Horton was killed?"

"Fourteen."

"How old was Jed Horton?"

"Twenty-one or twenty-two; I'm not sure."

"And Rack? How old was he?"

"Fifteen," Lily said.

"Where was Jed Horton killed?"

"In a cabin near Squaw Lake."

"Tell us about it," Wiggam said.

"The cabin," Lily said, "is on the north side of the lake. Nobody lived there for a long time until Jed Horton came up to fish and hunt. I lived with my folks at Beecham's Camp Six. Rack worked in the cookhouse that summer, and around camp."

Wiggam said, "Go on."

"This was on a Sunday. Most everybody'd gone to Westburyport.

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

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Rack and I hiked up over the hump—Squaw Hump—and went down to the lake."

"And Horton was there?"

"Yes," said Lily. "He was choppin' wood out back of the cabin when we went by. He yelled to us and we went over there to see what he wanted. He knew Rack and he remembered me. He asked us to have a drink with him."

"Did you?" Wiggam asked.

"A swallow," Lily said, in her low shadowed voice. "I thought that'd be the easiest way to—be rid of him. He had a jug on the table and he was pretty drunk. Rack wouldn't take a drink and Jed got mad. He tried to chase Rack away." Lily looked down at her hands, and then her head came up again. "He wanted me, Jed did. He was drunk and he said as much."

Wiggam said, "Yes?"

"Jed grabbed me, and that's what started it. Rack hit Jed, and then—then they got in a fight. Rack was strong and quick and he wasn't drunk. Rack yelled at me to run, but I didn't run. Right after that Jed pulled out his hunting knife. He cut at Rack. He cut his arms. He had hold of Rack's jacket when Rack tripped him and they fell. Rack was hanging onto Jed's wrist with both hands when they went down. The knife . . . went into Jed's throat."

"What happened then?" Wiggam asked.

"We went back to camp. We didn't tell anybody where we'd been and nobody asked. Rack made me promise not to tell about the . . . fight. I promised and I didn't tell anybody till I took up with Will Jaspers. He heard me talk in my sleep one night, and made me tell him th' whole thing."

"I see," Wiggam said.

And Clyde Prio said, "Thank you, Lily."

Billy Trindall was beside her then. "This way," he said. "If you'll just wait out here in the other office for a while." He led the way to the door. She turned there and looked back at Rack, and then she was gone.

Clyde Prio said, "Well, John?"

And Wiggam cleared his throat. He shuffled the papers that lay before him. "Now, Rack," he said, "have you anything to say?"

Bleakly Rack said, "No."

"Then," Wiggam said, "Bill Trindall will take you downstairs again. This thing needs talking out."

IT was just short of six o'clock when Clyde Prio and Wiggam came to the cell.

"We've some questions," Wiggam said.

"Sorry," Rack said. "No dice."

"Wait." Clyde Prio's voice was heavy with trouble. "We have some news, Rack. Bad news. Old Jim Horton has had another stroke. The doctor doesn't offer much hope."

Rack's hand clamped down on the bunk rail, locked there so hard the flesh of his knuckles turned white, bloodless. "Stroke!" he said, and the word was dry on his lips.

"Rack," Clyde said, "you'll talk now?"

Rack Tinker turned his eyes to the whitewashed wall. A feeling of numb emptiness held him silent. It was hard to picture Old Jim letting go his frail hold on life, yet the threat of this had haunted Rack for ten years. He drew a deep breath. Finished, he thought. And now the need for silence was gone.

"Yes," he said, "I'll talk."

"I'm convinced that you killed Horton in self-defense," Wiggam said. "That's clear enough. A fifteen-year-old boy against a man with a knife." He made a sound of disgust. "But why did you keep quiet all these years?"

"Because of Jim," Rack said. "I thought it all out and the answer goes about like this: Old Jim Horton gave me the first break I ever had. I owed him plenty for that. All right. I killed his son—and a swell payment that was! Old Jim thought a lot of Jed. More, Old Jim was in the hospital when Jed was killed. He'd had a stroke. His first. Not many people expected him to live longer than a year or two. All right. Jed Horton was dead, and nothing I did would change that. It was tough enough for Old Jim to find out Jed had been killed, but if he'd known why and how—"

"The shock would have killed him," Prio said.

Rack nodded. "Something like that."

"The facts seem to bear you out," Wiggam said. "Old Jim had a cushion of ten years to help ease the shock today. After ten years most of the hurt should have been gone. And still"—he lifted one hand—"even ten years wasn't enough."

"How could it be?" Clyde Prio asked.

Wiggam lifted his face to the light. "Rack," he said, "no public good can possibly come of bringing you to trial. Your crime's simply one of silence, and you had reason for that. You were only a kid, a headstrong kid—and, well, we'll let well enough alone. Bill Trindall doesn't want you in his jail, and I don't." He paused, sighing deeply. "Young man, you can get the hell out of here."

Rack said, "Thank you, sir."

And Prio said, "Let's go."

The street lights of Westburyport were sharp and clear in the cold. Clyde Prio paused to button his coat. He looked questioningly at the blond-leather jacket Rack carried. Rack slipped it on.

Clyde said, "I'll leave you here." His face was sober. "But first I'd like to know how I stand with you. Regarding Jim, I mean."

"No fault of yours," Rack said. "Lily would have talked to Wiggam, if she hadn't talked to you. The fault was Jed Horton's—Jed's and mine. We'll blame it on Jed."

"Glad you feel that way," said Clyde. "And now, what about Gale? I promised I'd let her know as soon as Wiggam reached a decision."

"Then do," said Rack.

"Me?" Clyde was a little baffled. "Romance isn't my line, but it seems to me you should tell her. You're the intended, you know."

RACK hit him gently on the shoulder. "And you're a chump, my friend." He smiled. "You're going to be a surprised chump before long." Then, without further explanation, he said, "But thanks, mister. Thanks for everything."

"Any red-blooded American boy could have done as well." Clyde Prio bent his head. "You will see Gale?"

"Sure," Rack said, and turned away.

He went down the street thinking of Clyde and the surprise Clyde would presently get—a pleasant surprise for one of God's better people. He'd gone a block when he saw a car parked across the street—a car he knew. He went to it. Bending, he opened the door.

"You," he said quietly. "Why aren't you home, chewing your nails?"

Gale Nordlund said, "I ran out of nails." There was a restlessness about her, a nervous unease. "I waited in the hall up there," she said, nodding toward the courthouse. "Wiggam's secretary gave me the news. Then I came down here to wait for you."

Rack smiled. "And you're glad they let me go."

Seriously Gale said, "Of course I'm glad. Get in and I'll tell you how much it meant to me."

"I can't," Rack said. "I'm going up to see Jim. You heard about him—about the stroke?"

"Yes." Gale was quiet for a moment. "Can't I drive you up there?"

"No," said Rack. "The walk will do me good. I've been cooped up all day."

Gale got out of the car and faced him. "Rack, I've got something to

DON'T MENTION IT

What a darling outfit!
"What, this old rag?"
You look like the mint.
"I'm a positive hag!"

Swell job you did!
"It was utterly foul."
Well, it's nice to see you—
"Yeah, that's a howl."

How friends might brighten
Our dreary lot
If they'd just accept compliments,
Meant or not.

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

say. I'd like to say it now, tonight. Can't I walk halfway with you?"

Rack saluted. "Halfway it is."

He took her arm and they went down the street together. Gale walked in silence. At last Rack said, "For a girl with something to say, you're very quiet."

"I was thinking about Old Jim," she said. "This—this stroke will probably finish him."

"I'm afraid so," Rack said. More silence then; more walking. Finally Rack said, "But that isn't what you had to say."

"I'll say it." Gale did not look at him. "Just give me time to find the words."

"Would it be about Clyde?" Rack asked slowly. "About you and Clyde?"

"In—in a way, yes," Gale answered.

"Then maybe I can help you," he said. "Remember the night you told the folks we were going to be married? And, afterward, you wanted to know what I had up my sleeve, what plan."

"G-2," she said.

He nodded. "I called it that. And now we'll see how it works. Now you're trying to tell me something and you're finding the going rough. My guess is that you're trying to say you've made a mistake. That it's Clyde you want and not Tinker."

"You knew that night—that long ago?" Her head came up. "I didn't know, Rack. How could you?"

He squeezed her arm. "Chick, a woman thinks first of the guy she likes best. It's instinctive. When a woman stops putting you first, you're out of it. Whether she realizes it or not. You bumped me something like two years ago. You put Clyde in the front row. It gave me trouble till I got used to the idea. Then it was just a matter of waiting till you found out."

"You know too much," Gale whispered.

"No," Rack said. "I think every one knew, except you. And you knew, really. It was just that you'd been with Clyde so long you'd come to take him for granted." He slanted a grin at her. "I'll bet you found out how much he meant when you started to cut him loose. Right?"

"Yes. When he asked me to break in another girl. I feel like an idiot, Rack."

"Don't," Rack said. "You're a woman and just a little bit stubborn. You wanted something years ago. You made your plans. Once you start after something you don't stop until you get it. Nothing stops you, not even a change of heart. Or"—he smiled—"a redhead. You made your best bid when you saw the redhead coming in ahead of you."

"Why did you let me do it?" Gale asked.

Rack's voice held dry amusement. "What else could I do? I couldn't very well have called you a liar, now, could I?"

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

FANTOM: The ghost of a baseball enthusiast.

NAHLEDGE: No education.

HURRAHJAH: A cheering Indian prince.

POORCUPINE: He ain't got no quills!

SHOVELRY: Gallantry among street cleaners.

EDDYTORIAL: Newspaper comment on a whirlpool.

OFISHIAL: Guy in charge of an aquarium.

SOCKUPATION: Joe Louis' job when the war is over.

FALLMANAC: For autumn only.

SYRUPTITIOUS: Sneaking up on a sweetie.

"I guess not," Gale admitted. "But later—"

"Later," Rack said, "it made no difference one way or the other. My best bet was not to start an argument. With you, an argument is a signal to spit on your hands and keep trying. I knew that. That was plan G-2. And it worked out."

"For me," Gale said. "But not for the redhead, and not for you. Rack, I'm sorry."

"Forget it," said Rack gently.

Gale stopped then, to put her arms around his neck. "Rack . . ." She pulled his head down and kissed him. "Oh, thanks! Thanks a lot."

Rack went on alone.

Ahead was Jim Horton's house. A car climbed the hill from Westburyport then, caught Rack momentarily in the bright glare of headlights, and went on to turn in to Jim's driveway. The headlights went off. Then the front door opened and closed.

There were four cars in the driveway when Rack reached it—Sam Horton's, Dr. Mallory's black coupé, the car that had just come in, and Sara Bishop's low-swung sedan.

Rack went on to the porch. Pausing there, he removed the blond-leather jacket, put it under his arm. Without knocking, he opened the door and went in. A short hall gave upon the living room. Under the archway Rack stopped.

The four people in the room turned to face him. Wiggam was there, still in his topcoat; it had been his car that had passed Rack on the road. Jim's physician, Dr. Mallory, was near Jim's desk. Sara Bishop sat in a wing chair, her back to the gun racks that stood against one wall. Sam Horton stood in front of the fireplace. He looked at the jacket Rack carried; the others looked at Rack.

Sam Horton said, "Well, Tinker?"

"I came to see Old Jim."

Silence held the room for a long moment. Then quietly Sam Horton said, "My father is dead, Tinker. He died ten minutes ago."

Rack's breath caught and held in his throat. His glance went to Dr. Mallory. The doctor nodded a sober confirmation. Old Jim was gone. The sense of loss that flooded Rack was very real and almost bitter.

Wiggam said, "I guess your point's proved, Tinker. You were right—the news finished him. Looks like I had the biggest hand in finishing him."

"You had a job to do," Rack said. "You did it."

Slowly Wiggam nodded. "But there's damn little comfort in that. I owed Old Jim a lot."

"We all did." It was Dr. Mallory. The doctor got his coat and hat and bag from a chair near the door. "I'll be at home," he told Sam Horton. "Call me any time."

He left the room.

Sam Horton found a cigarette, held it unlighted in his hand. His eyes went to the jacket under Rack's arm, to Rack's face, to the jacket again.

"You can leave any time," he said to Rack. "You aren't welcome here."

Wiggam turned. "I'll take you down, son."

"No," Rack said. "Not yet."

"And why not?" Sam asked.

Rack looked at Wiggam. "I'm glad you're here," he said. "And perhaps it's just as well Jim isn't."

Wiggam's brown eyes grew inquiring, alert. "What are you getting at?"

"I've been withholding evidence again."

"What evidence?"

"I'll tell you about it," Rack said quietly. "It's a long story; it begins with the spruce." He paused then and turned to Sara Bishop. "Pup," he said, "you'd better leave. This won't be nice."

Sara Bishop moved nervously under Rack's gaze. She seemed distraught. Her chin lifted defiantly.

"The spruce is my affair too."

Rack shrugged. He spoke to Wiggam again: "This concerns Tony Borg's murder. He was scaling our spruce, cheating us on the scale. Sam hired him to do that."

Wiggam looked quickly at Sam. Sam had control of himself—sharp, hard control. He lighted his cigarette before he answered.

"You're wrong, Tinker."

Wiggam turned back to Rack. "Can you prove what you just said?"

"No, I can't," Rack answered. "I scaled a day's run. It was less than average cut, but my scale was thirty per cent higher than the best Tony gave us—"

"Your scale!" Sam Horton snapped.

"That's right. Mine. And a different cut," said Rack. "The logs Tony scaled are through the mill and gone —we'll never scale them again."

Wiggam said, "Well?"

"Tony was killed on the day I made that scale," Rack said. "The thing was plain enough at noon that day. I wanted a whole day, just to be damned sure, but Big Red was satisfied. He rode the noon train in and talked to Tony. Tony confessed. No witnesses, of course. Red came back to tell me. We went in and found Tony dead. You know he was shot at five thirty, when the mill whistle covered the sound of the gun."

Wiggam sent his blunt gaze to Sam. Sam met Wiggam's eyes, smiling. He gestured with his cigarette.

"Rack thinks I killed Borg," he said.

Wiggam faced Rack again. "You've taken a bite, son. You'd better make it good."

RACK knew the size of the bite he'd taken. He felt like a man walking a tight rope across a pit of disaster.

"Let's set the motive first," he said. "Sam hired Tony Borg to clip us on the scale."

Wiggam snapped, "You've admitted you can't prove that!"

"This won't take long," Rack said. "I can't prove the motive, nor the method. Only the fact. But if I prove the fact, the rest goes along. Am I right?"

"Perhaps," Wiggam said. "Go on."

"Sam wanted the spruce contract," Rack said. "He hired Tony to short us on the scale. If we couldn't meet the stumpage payments, Sam got the contract. But we caught Tony. Red threw a scare into him. Tony called Sam. Tony wanted to talk or leave the country. Either meant ruin for Sam. There's the motive."

Wiggam said, "Let's hear the rest."

"Sam went down to Tony's houseboat. I don't know what he said to Tony. What could he say? There was only one way to shut him up. Sam waited until the whistle blew, and shot him." Rack paused. "That's the method."

Wiggam's jaw was tight. "Prove it!"

Rack looked at Sam. There was a faint shine of sweat on Sam's forehead, a rigid set to the cords of his neck.

"And now the coat," Rack said. He held the jacket out. "It's yours, Sam?"

"It's mine."

"I found it in Tony's houseboat when I found Tony dead. Billy Trindall saw it there."

Carefully Sam said, "That's possible. Borg's houseboat was tied up to my boom. He's done a lot of work for me. I go out there quite often. I left the jacket there a week ago."

Rack said, "No, Sam. You left your jacket in Borg's houseboat after you shot him."

"Why would I do a thing like that?"

"I wondered," Rack said. "I was a long time figuring it out. You left it there for a reason."

"What reason?" Wiggam asked.

"Sam went to Borg's houseboat around five. It was very nearly dark. Going down to the houseboat, he was very careful not to be seen. He waited until the boom men were placed so they wouldn't see him.

MODESTY FORBIDS!

[The Philadelphia depot of the U. S. Army opened bids for 9,900,000 pajama coats and trousers, including cotton summer suits and winter flannelette suits.—*Cincinnati Post.*]

I wonder if there is a law
Forbidding privates to sleep raw.
'Course, if the temperature is bitey,
Then they really need a nightie.
And, if we can get the tin,
They should have a blanket pin,
So when the sarge says, "Nightie-night,"
He'll know they're covered good and tight.
But when it's hot it seems a sin,
Not to sleep in just your skin.
I'm a maiden lady, though,
So I wouldn't really know.

—HELEN LOUISE STAPLEFORD.

"You argued with Borg," Rack said, facing Sam. "You shot him. Then you had to get away. And that was a problem. You couldn't know how the boom men were placed, because you couldn't see the whole boom from the houseboat. You couldn't know what you'd find on the track, because you couldn't see the track. That's why you left the jacket, Sam—why you had to leave it."

Rack's hand came up. "It was after five thirty when you left the houseboat, Sam. Black dark. There are very few lights on the boom and along the track. Without the jacket, you had a chance of not being seen. Or, if seen, a chance of not being recognized. But the jacket shows up like a white shirt. Any man in River Mill would recognize it as yours—it's too expensive for an ordinary working stiff and they've seen you in it time and again."

Wiggam said, thoughtfully, "It shows up, all right, Rack. You had it on when I passed you, coming in. The lights picked it up a long way ahead."

"Check," Rack said. He faced Sam fully, his eyes hard. "So you weighed the odds, Sam. It would be easier to explain why the jacket was in the houseboat than to explain why you were leaving there just after Tony Borg was killed."

"Very pretty," Sam Horton said. "But I didn't kill Tony Borg. I didn't go to his shack that night. I left the jacket there a week ago."

Rack put his hand in a pocket of the jacket. He drew out a square of cardboard. He handed this to Wiggam. "Tell us what it is," he said.

Wiggam looked at the card a long moment. "It's a parking-station ticket," he said; "one of Tommy's new ones."

"The date?" Rack asked.

"December twentieth."

"The day Tony was killed," Rack said.

He was watching Sam Horton. His mouth was twisted, ugly. Strain had caught him, was pushing through the protective front. Rack was tense himself, so tense the long muscles of his back ached.

"Tommy's time clock stamps the time and the date," Rack said. "The time, Wiggam? What is the time?"

SLOWLY Wiggam said, "Five nineteen."

"Eleven minutes before Tony Borg was killed," Rack said. "Time enough to walk from Tommy's lot, across the bridge, and down the track. That ticket was in Sam's coat, Wiggam. Bill Trindall saw it there. Tommy will remember giving it to Sam. How could the ticket get in the coat, if the coat had been hanging in Tony's shack for a week? It couldn't! Sam wore the coat to Tony's shack a few minutes before Tony was killed."

"Yes," Wiggam said, "he did."

"Damn you both!"

Sam Horton had lunged swiftly to the desk. He came erect, a hunting knife in his hand—one of the knives that were always on Jim Horton's desk.

"Give me that card!"

Rack moved toward him. He was tense, still, but now his was the pliant tenseness of spring steel. His voice was oddly matter-of-fact.

"Your brother got killed trying that."

Sam Horton took a single step forward. He drove the knife at Rack's belly, in and up. Rack's movements were automatic. He'd done this before. He'd done this thing exactly ten years ago. He bent his hips to the side, drawing his belly away from that sharp edge. The knife and Horton's wrist came up under Rack's left arm. Rack brought his arm down, locked it. His right leg went behind Horton. His right hand cracked up under Horton's chin. Horton bent sharply backward. He fell, and his head and shoulders struck the floor.

Thus it had happened ten years ago—a boy and a man, a boy filled with a blind fury, with panic and the fierce desire to live. The boy had caught the knife wrist as Jed Horton fell. Throwing himself on the bigger man with all his weight, the knife had turned, had buried itself in Jed Horton's throat. Rack did not make that mistake again. He kicked the knife away in the short instant when Sam Horton was stunned and moveless. He dropped a knee on Sam Horton's throat. Poised there, he slugged Sam Horton on either temple with either fist. Sam's arms fell limply across his face in a half-conscious effort to protect himself. Rack slugged him again, and Wiggam's sharp voice stopped him there.

"Rack! Get away from him. Get up!"

Rack turned. Wiggam was beside the gun rack now. A gun, black and well oiled, was in his hands. His face was cold, stiff with anger.

"Get away from him," he said again.

Rack pushed slowly to his feet. The gun came to bear on Sam Horton. Sam half rolled, lifting himself to a sitting position. He looked at Wiggam, at the unyielding muzzle of the gun.

Hoarsely he said, "You can't convict me!"

"Maybe I'm not much of a lawyer," Wiggam said slowly. "I'll admit I've lost about as many cases as I've won. But this is one I won't worry about. Rack, call the sheriff."

Rack made the call.

"He'll be here in ten minutes."

WIGGAM looked at Sara Bishop and then turned to Rack. "You'd better take the girl away from here," he said. "She's had about enough."

Sara Bishop had been sitting quite still, her eyes fixed unseeingly on the floor. Like an automaton, she came to her feet. She went past Rack to the front door. Rack followed her out, closed the door behind them.

Gently Rack said, "How about a ride, pup?"

"Of course." Her voice was dull. She took keys from her purse. "You drive. I'm afraid I couldn't."

They crossed the driveway to her car. They were out of the driveway, on the main road, before Rack spoke again: "I'd like to stop at Clyde's."

Sara Bishop said, "Of course."

"For an important reason," Rack said. A faint smile touched his lips. "I think we both should congratulate Clyde."

She was barely interested. "For freeing you?"

"No. That's been tended to. This's something more important. Clyde's going to be married."

"How nice."

"To Gale Nordlund."

"To"—Sara Bishop's breath caught—"Gale?"

"Gale," Rack said. And he told her of the mistake Gale had made and the way she'd made it. "The thing was there all the time," he finished. "Womanlike, she couldn't see it."

"But she said—"

"I know. That night she saw how it was between the two of us. With me, anyway. She had to make that last try." He reached across the seat and found Sara's hand. "So maybe I wasn't such a louse after all. Maybe I meant the things I said."

Her fingers tightened on his hand. "Rack—"

Rack stopped the car.

Sara whispered, "Not—not here. Now now."

Gently Rack said, "Yes. Here and now. I want to know tonight. Is it still there, or have I lost it?" She was close to him then, in his arms. Her lips were warm and soft against his. Presently he was driving again.

"It'll be a year, or two years," he said.

"The war?"

He nodded. "Red and Addie can handle the spruce now."

"But you'll come back," she said.

THE END

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DESTINATION TOKYO—Continued from Page 15

ing Department ready for sea, sir!"

"Very well."

The engineer left. There was some one else at the door. The torpedo officer.

"Full allowance torpedoes on board. All tubes loaded, ready for war shot. Full allowance ammunition on hand. Gunnery Department ready for sea, sir!"

"Thank you, mister," the captain said.

IN the forward room, Mike was wearing the sweater the Kid had given him. The Kid's sister had sent it to him for Christmas but had overestimated his size. It fitted so well he felt guilty. ("See, Mike," the Kid'd said; "just fits.") Now he did not know what to do; shipmates didn't give one another presents.

Maybe the Kid didn't understand. He was eager, bright-eyed, had never been on a ship before, except the training subs in New London. He was a recruit, had been in the Navy a year, all of that spent in schools; now, a torpedo man, third class, he was on the Copperfin, facing his first patrol.

And he'd been so anxious to learn, get everything right, that Mike had given him a hand—just simple routine advice. But the Kid was so grateful it was pathetic. Mike was afraid the Kid was coming to look upon him as some kind of idol.

And, hell, *he* didn't even know the Kid's name! He'd heard it a couple of times and forgotten. Everybody on the ship simply called him "the Kid" and let it go at that. Just like they called "Tin Can" by that name because he was off destroyers and destroyers are called tin cans. And Wolf—well, his name was Willie Taylor, but they called him "Wolf" because he was terrific with dames, or at least he said he was terrific.

Mike had no name except just Mike, for which he was glad. It probably meant he was normal, not very spectacular, and that was O. K. with him. He was a torpedo man, first class (up for c. p. o.), a family man and a Navy man, and he asked very little of life. He remembered now he'd once taken the Kid ashore to his house for dinner. And the Kid had been wild about Mike's two children. He raved about the dinner Mike's wife cooked. And to Mike's embarrassment, he raved about Mike, too. ("Greatest guy afloat, Mrs. Danton. He's sure been swell to me. . . .")

For a moment now Mike thought of the children. One was six, the other only three. Both boys. He'd hoped he could be with them for tomorrow. And now he wondered if they would have a good Christmas.

Mike, sitting on a ditty box, looked up now. Wolf was coming aboard —climbing down the ladder, an hour over leave. He had lipstick smeared on his face, and a big grin, and a rag doll tucked under his arm. She was blonde with braids, bedroom-blue eyes. Wolf held her up. "Name's Nita. Hottest little dame in the Pacific. My mascot for the trip."

"Your *what?*" somebody asked.

"You heard me, brother!" Wolf growled. And now the Kid was looking at him, eyes shining.

"How'd you make out on the beach, Wolf? Meet that little blonde you were talking about?"

"Nah—he met a redhead," a sailor said. "I saw them at the Navy Yard gate." He whistled. "Boy! The way that dame threw herself up against him—"

"Shuddup," Wolf said. "The Kid's too young to hear about such things as that. That's for us older guys."

He was stripping off his jumper, jerking undress blues out of his locker. He was tall, with slick black hair, an angular jaw; his age was around twenty-three.

The Kid was looking at Mike and suddenly Mike remembered the sweater again. Here he was wearing it and he felt like a crook. He flushed.

* * *

A certain New York woman once boasted that she had devised a scheme to make President Coolidge talk. A bet was placed that she could not break down the President's reticence.

Cornering Coolidge at a social function, the lady, in front of witnesses, said: "President Coolidge, I have just made a very unusual wager. I have bet that I could make you say three words—just three little words."

Coolidge coolly surveyed the situation, and then countered:

"You lose."

* * *

"Look, Kid. I—didn't get anything for you."

The Kid grinned. "That still eating you? Stow it! Didn't you help me get squared away on this packet?"

But while he was talking, Mike thought of something. He rose and went to his locker. Opening it, he took out an old worn tobacco pouch. It was genuine morocco with Chinese engraving. He'd picked it up in Shanghai years ago. It was a prized possession. He gazed at it a moment, thinking himself a sap, then he handed it to the Kid. "'S yours." This makes us even, Mike thought. Now the Kid looked up, confused. He didn't know what to say.

THE wardroom was still empty and Quade sat alone at the table, cold gnawing inside him. Everywhere he heard sounds of the ship preparing to get under way. He was excited. He did not know whether he was scared.

Now an officer passed. There was a knock on the captain's door. Another report. There'd been five. This would be the sixth, and the last. The executive officer-navigator would give it. It was the exec all right. He heard his voice:

"Crew mustered—all hands aboard. All departments ready for sea, sir."

Quade did not hear what the captain said. There was an exchange between them. Then presently the captain joined the exec and they both walked past the wardroom. The captain was going topside. Quade glanced at his watch. Almost midnight. Ten minutes to go. In a moment he rose and followed the captain.

On deck, the fog was thin and you could see stars in the sky. The crew, in blues, was at quarters. The commandant of submarines, a four-striper, had come down to see them off. He was aboard. Quade saw him shake the captain's hand and give him the sealed envelope. He offered his apologies that the sailing was on Christmas Eve, but said the captain would understand when he broke the seal—twenty-four hours out. Then the captain asked if there were orders for Quade.

"Not at this point. You'll have to carry him free. His orders to report aboard came from Washington, but we've had no operation instructions here. You'll probably get them from somewhere later."

The commandant left the ship, and the captain climbed up to the bridge. Quade remained on deck with the men, in the shadow of the conning tower.

"Cast off one!"

"Cast off aft!"

The ship's whistle blasted shrilly. The Diesels came on, throbbing. The deck shuddered as the submarine backed down, pulling away. The commandant stood on the dock, saluting. Now the ship switched from reverse, began moving forward. Their running lights were on, red and green. In a few minutes they picked up a destroyer escort. It would take them as far as the breakwater.

Later, moving through San Francisco harbor, the dimmed-out lights of shore on both sides, the shadows of men still on deck, and loudspeakers echoing from below I'll See You Again, Quade suddenly began thinking of Betty.

Then all at once it began:

TEN years. Tokyo. November, '33, a morning that was like any other at first; a bromidic before-noon sameness in the bar at the Imperial, the usual faces, a handful of tourists, a guide bustling in. "Group for Nagoya please form in lobby. . . ." And a moment later Toshio, another guide, with his crew haircut. "Sightseeing bus Number Twelve now departing." But the girl, obviously a tourist, did not leave her chair or look up from her book. And that was when Quade first saw her.

She was seated at a small table, a bottle of soda before her. She wore a straw hat pushed back on her head, a strap under the chin, and she had soft, very blonde hair that came to her shoulders. She had on horn-rimmed glasses, the frame blonde like her hair. She kept the book propped in front of her. She looked fifteen.

Fifteen. Except that her body was shapely, mature. Her brown pleated skirt fell just right, and everything about her was mature, except her face, which was trying to be grown-up and wasn't. It was a kid face. But pretty and lipsticked and modeled perfectly. He would never forget the way she looked that morning, and the things she said, or anything else about her.

She was sitting there, and it was apparent she had one lone day in Japan—the hours already running out—and nothing to do. And he *wanted* to meet her! She excited him. He wanted to talk to her, sit close and look at her.

He walked over and sat down in a chair beside her. She froze to the book. He asked, "May I buy you more soda?"

"No, thanks." She didn't look up.

"Really," he said, "the Imperial Hotel's no place to see Tokyo."

She kept on reading.

"This place is so international," he went on. "They say a Japanese family once tried to register and couldn't—because no one spoke the language."

He thought he saw her suppress a smile.

"I live here. Perhaps I could show you around."

She looked up. "Really, no, thank you."

He was shocked but intrigued. He went into high gear.

"The foreign population in Tokyo is less than a thousand. It gets lonesome. I guess that's why residents like myself try to meet people who come in off the boats—it's the only touch we have with home." He made it sound quite appealing; no one yet had ever withstood this tragic story, and she didn't either.

"How long have you been in Japan?"

He told her. He had been born here. When he said home he meant his family's native America, which he had never seen. His father was in the embassy. One of those more or less minor jobs that went on forever. He himself had been raised by a Japanese nurse. Had gone to Japanese schools. He spoke the language fluently.

While he talked she looked him over carefully, wide-eyed through the glasses. He had a shock of black hair, pale-white skin, an air of great sincerity, and now that she felt he hadn't been fresh with her after all, she was taken with him. She removed the glasses. And he saw suddenly that she was stunning, and not so young as he had first thought. He asked:

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen. I'll be eighteen in January. Why?"

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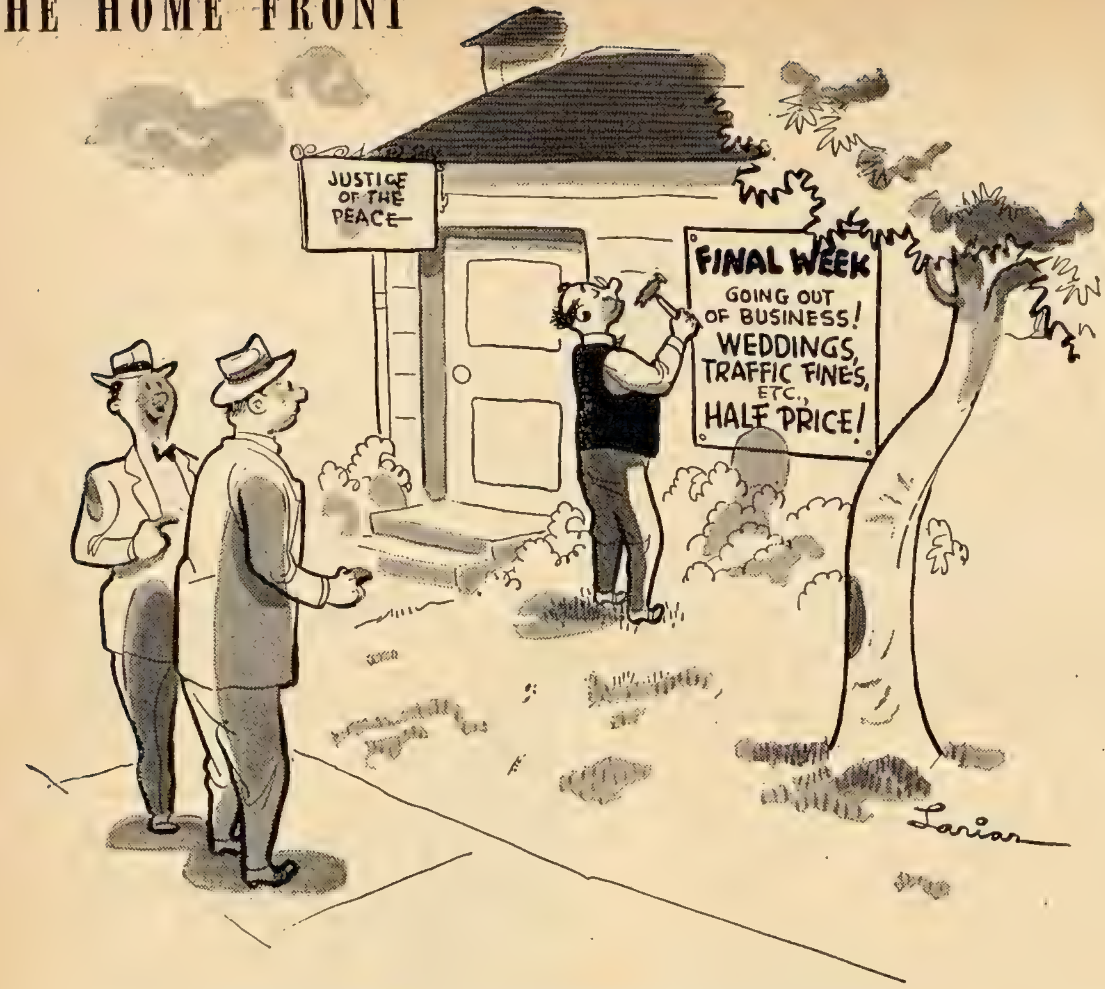

"Jenkins expects to lose the election next Tuesday!"

"You look younger, and yet older."

"You're not very old yourself."

"I'm twenty," he said.

She was exquisite, he thought, more than skin or looks, something he *felt;* and he began to know then, but only vaguely, that everything wasn't quite as he had planned it. It disturbed him. He felt guilty of his thoughts. She's only a pick-up, he kept telling himself, and this is for laughs, and maybe more than laughs. But he didn't believe it. Not really. She was talking charmingly, carrying on where he left off. She told him she *was* lonesome, he had been right, and this *was* her one day in Tokyo. She asked his name and he told her. Then he asked hers.

"Betty Miller," she said. "I'm just out of school."

"Which one?"

"Oh, you never heard of it. Girls' boarding school."

"Were you there long?"

She smiled. "From the tender age of six."

HE was scarcely conscious of anything but looking at her and hearing the sound of her voice. At last he said:

"How about lunch somewhere? In a Japanese teahouse, for instance?"

"Dutch treat?"

"My treat."

She looked into his eyes. "All right," she said.

At the teahouse he introduced her to Mama-sans, speaking in Japanese and English both; and Mama-sans, who understood no English, bowed and scraped and said extravagantly flattering things. When they were inside, sitting down, screened off and alone, he told Betty, "Ochaya. That's what you call this joint. We'll have misi-shuri, gohan, and sukiyaki, topped off with kasuteira. Or would you prefer yakitori?"

She laughed warmly. "Yakitori," she said; "that sounds better. What is it?"

"Roast chicken."

She smiled. In some ways she seemed so young. "Let's have that," she said, "and rice, and—"

"And sake?"

"What's that?"

"Japanese rice drink."

"All right. I trust you."

"Two thimbles of sake," he told the waiter. There was Japanese music now, and the sound of laughter and cymbals, and the odor of foods cooking on a charcoal brazier.

The sake came and she sipped it. She put her head to one side, smiling. "The whole world seems strange to me. Except going to church, to shows, being at summer camp, and like that, this is the first time in eleven years that I've been outside of boarding school. You see, my folks are dead."

"Then how come you're on a world cruise?"

She explained it. Her mother had been sick, felt sure she was going to die, and had therefore set up a fund for her. The money was to carry her through graduation from school, pay for a world cruise immediately following, and after that there would be about two thousand dollars left on which Betty was to begin life.

"What'll you do when it's gone?"

"Get a job," she said. "Maybe act. I always majored in dramatics, and I love it!"

"I wonder why your mother was so definite about the trip. Why didn't she leave you the money?"

She smiled, wiping lipstick from the corner of her mouth. "The headmistress of the school told me about that. She said the most fun mom had in her whole life was a long, long time ago on a world cruise. She met my father on shipboard. The headmistress said it was a—very *beautiful* romance. They were married before the ship docked in New York. And mom was—well, just terribly romantic! She wanted *me* some day to have a trip like the one she had had. She thought"—her cheeks flushed red now—"maybe the same thing might happen to me!"

"That's a funny idea."

"Yes, isn't it?" She was embarrassed.

"*Have* you met any one?"

"No." She frowned nervously. "The men on shipboard are all—"

"Missionaries?"

"Almost. Either that or married. And the ship's crew is Chinese." She caught her breath. "I *want* to meet somebody! Don't you understand?" She stammered. "That is—I *wanted* to meet somebody. But I guess"—she looked up—"I guess I don't know enough about the world anyway. Just out of school and everything. In school the kids used to talk *nothing* but romance! Love at first sight, and crazy stuff like that." Her eyes were on him, almost starry now. "But out in the world—"

"Yeah," he said, "it's different."

LATER they went to a little Japanese dance hall that played American music and was popular in Tokyo that year. There was darkness, and colored lights, and the music was bad. Betty was afraid: of the faces and the shadows and the odd music; but he knew some of the Japanese, and talked with them and laughed. And then, dancing with Betty, she half tight on sake and too close to him, but only a baby, and lovely, and hot in his arms, he turned her mouth up and kissed it.

They got out of there and walked the narrow streets and over the Japanese moats that crisscross through the city, looking at the barges and power launches on the water of the moats. Betty's head cleared a little, and she was drunk on *him* now, not on the sake. She laughed happily, held tight to his arm, squeezed his arm next to her, and he felt he owned the world! She asked him his ambition in life.

"Diplomat," he said.

"Wonderful!"

"I'm a linguist, more or less. And if I can learn the trick of how to handle people—" He laughed. "I want to be tops!" he said. "I'm going to be as big as they come! You wait and see!" His voice was strong and there was a light in his eyes.

He took her to dinner in one of the smaller teahouses. And she sat watching him, so intently, so rapt, that she scarcely touched her food at all. They didn't talk. Outside, it grew dark. When the food was cleared, she said emotionally:

"I'm sure you're going to be a *terribly* big success!"

"Of course I am!"

"I think a diplomat's life would be wonderfully interesting."

"So do I." He grinned.

She seemed self-conscious, almost distressed. "It's simply awful to have only one day in a place! Gee, you're a swell guy!"

"You're swell, too, Betty."

Outside, they walked again. After a while he told her, "This is the Street of Lanterns." There was nothing but Japanese around them, and the lights of stores; voices in Japanese, padded footsteps, and flickering lamplight.

"Just think," she said, "Tokyo—halfway across the world, and I'm here with somebody like you!" Suddenly she looked up. "Where's your mother?"

"Dead," he said, "just like yours. I never knew her very well. She didn't want to stay here and dad did, so she divorced him and returned to the States."

"We're almost like orphans. Both of us."

"Yes."

"Isn't it strange how we're both so much alike?"

Standing before him now, Betty was alive and warm and American, and the night sky was heavy with clouds, and there was a wind. She kept looking up at him.

"Gee, my mother's ideas were silly, weren't they? And the kids at school—love at first sight!"

"I don't think so."

"You *don't*, Russ?"

The wind was colder, and she kept watching him, fervently now, as though saying her prayers, but he didn't know what else to say, so instead he kissed her. She trembled in his arms. He found a taxi and they went to his apartment. His father was asleep in the bedroom and they were very quiet. They lit the gas heater in the living room but did not turn on the lights. The glow of the gaslight against her face haunted him. She looked frightened. Raindrops fell against the window. He took her in his arms. She began to cry.

THE next morning, on the dock in Yokohama, she wore a beige suit and white gloves and a picture hat. She looked like a schoolgirl. She pressed herself close in his arms and kissed him. He was embarrassed because people were looking at them. She did not ask if she would ever see him again. At last she went aboard. When the ship pulled out, he was standing on the dock. There were confetti and paper streamers, people shouting back and forth, "*Sayonara*," and people waving. The ship's whistle blasted. Betty stood against the rail.

And suddenly Quade wished he were dead!

A moment ago, except for the small red glow of stanchion lamps, the forward room had been pitch black. But now the lights were on and Mike opened his eyes. He knew at once, from the roll of the ship and the pitch and the *feel*, that they were a long way out at sea.

He wondered, like every one else, where they were going. He knew that this trip was an unusual one. At Mare Island they had taken on an extra cargo of aviation gasoline. Certainly it wasn't for themselves! Moreover, there was an extra officer in the ship's complement. Special mission, he thought—sure! But *where?*

He looked around him. Some of the men were waking up, rolling out. Others were still asleep.

Now the vast fat figure of Browski appeared in the doorway. Browski was the chief of the boat. He was a bluff, loud-talking, good-natured sourpuss—Navy down to his toes. Mike smiled.

He stood with his hands on his hips, looking around.

"What a bunch of lilies!" He moved into the room. His voice became official now. "All right. Who's got the six-to-eight watch?"

Somebody said that he did, and then Wolf, still half asleep, chimed in, "Coming up!" He sat up, glared down at the long-legged rag doll beside him, growled, "What do you want, Nita? The whole pillow?"

MIKE noticed that Pills, the ship's pharmacist's mate—young and blond and hard—was awake now, leaning on his elbow, watching Browski. Pills hated him, and as an object of his hatred, Browski fascinated him.

(Long ago, to prove he was tough, the chief had taken the stand that pharmacists' mates were useless, effeminate pests. This was not true, but Browski felt that as chief of the boat he had to have somebody to ride. Pills, in return, thought Browski illiterate and dog-headed; and as far as he was concerned the feud was long past the stage where there was any humor in it.)

Browski saw Pills looking at him. He scowled.

"What's eatin' you, nursie?" No one else dared call Pills this.

"Nothing," Pills said. He was smiling, as though he found Browski very amusing. Browski couldn't stand it.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing, chief."

Browski turned away. His back to Pills now, he addressed the other men—mainly for the benefit of the newcomers.

"Sailors—we're in open sea! And—sad as it may seem—all submarines look alike. So from here on we're duck soup for anything that comes along—our own planes and ships as well as the enemy's. Those flyers drop their eggs first and ask questions afterward. So on lookout watch—keep your eyes open! And down here—keep yourself ready to man your station at the drop of a hat."

"How *is* it up there, chief?" Mike asked. "Sun shining?"

Browski grinned. He had nice

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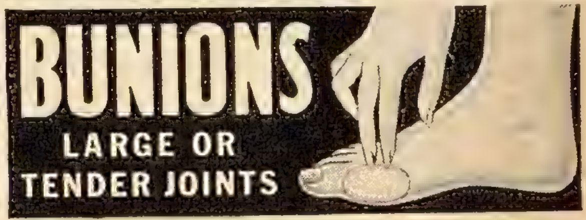

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teeth. "What's the diff, Mike? You ain't goin' to see it." He turned to the new men. His voice was too loud. "For maybe the next three months *none* of us is going to see any sun. After a while we start diving by day so we won't be spotted, coming up at night to charge batteries. Then, if you're lucky and got lookout watch, you can get a whiff of air on the bridge. But that's all."

Suddenly the Kid, sitting on the edge of his bunk, yelled and pointed. "Hey—look!"

He was pointing toward the torpedo tubes. A line had been slung across them and a dozen or more socks, hitched up with clothespins, hung on it. Each sock bulged with something. The Kid went forward, plucked one off. Others followed him. They were talking excitedly. Browski grinned at them.

"From Cookie," he said, and he left the compartment.

The Kid brought Mike the sock intended for him. Mike emptied it—a pack of cigarettes, a five-cent cigar, and a stick of candy. He smiled, amused. Attached to the stick of candy was a slip of typewritten paper:

You Are Hereby Invited To
Diner de Noël
In the After Battery
Promptly at 12.00

Tin Can, who was a skinny redhead, looked up from his slip of paper, perplexed.

"If it ain't asking too much—what is this—*Diner de Noël?*"

"Christmas dinner," Mike told him.

CHRISTMAS dinner aboard the U. S. S. Copperfin on war patrol: three tables, six rows of sailors, everybody talking at once. Mike's thoughts were jumbled, confused, answering questions and trying to think. *What are the kids doing right now? Noon in Vallejo. Maybe foggy. I must remember to play that record. I'll play it today. I'll get alone somewhere and play it, and that'll be Merry Christmas.*

Next door, in the engine room, the Diesels were throbbing; but the ship, still above water, rode more smoothly here in the after battery than forward. The roll was only slight, and because of all the talking you could scarcely hear the groan of the fittings.

Browski came in and looked around with approval. As a chief, he'd get his dinner in the c. p. o. quarters, but he liked to keep an eye on everything; hung around the crew a great deal. He felt they were his gang. "To see to it they keep their noses clean," he told Mike once. Which wasn't the reason. Instead, Mike suspected him of sentiment. He had been a lower rated man so long, that even though he had now been a chief more than six years, he could not accustom himself to private quarters.

"Hey, look! He's drawing Walt Disney!"

Mike had known him for a long time and was one of the few individuals who understood this. He felt sorry for him. Browski—always trying to be a good guy but going about it the wrong way, being too loud, too offensive. And yet occasionally there was something very humble about him.

He was over by the galley window now, near Cookie, looking appreciatively at Cookie's carving knives.

"When'd they start handing out gear like that?"

Cookie said, "Don't be simple, chief! These are mine. Personally. I bought 'em in Frisco this last time. Spent practically a month's pay on 'em. The way I figure it, a good cook's got to have good tools. Take a look at this stainless steel."

Mike looked down the line at Yoyo. Yoyo was the ship's yeoman, edited the Copperfin's tiny newspaper, and tended the record machine. Every guy had a quirk, Mike thought, and Yoyo's was his love of music.

"Nuts," he argued. "As a connoisseur, I tell you Lombardo's too sweet. For my dough—Glenn Miller! In the groove, brother—*plen-ty!* For ballads—Bing Crosby. And for intimate singing—Dinah Shore!"

At the opposite end of the table Pills was saying:

"Remember, sailors, you get your vitamin B_1 pills right after chow."

Mike laughed. "Who needs them?"

Pills glanced over. "You will before we get back."

A sailor opposite him said, "You been around, Pills. Tell me something. Didja ever see a dead guy? You know—a corpse?"

Pills nodded. "I used to sneak into the dissecting room. There were dozens of them in there."

"You mean you been to college?" a recruit asked.

"One year," Pills said.

The sailor opposite said, "He's a smart guy."

Wolf looked over. As though he owned a piece of Pills, he added, "Certainly he's a smart guy! Anything you want to know, just ask him!"

An hour later, in the forward room, Mike sat listening to an argument from the Kid. He didn't know how he'd gotten into it, and wasn't much interested; but in a submarine any heated conversation draws a crowd, and there was a group around them. Just beyond the group, Mike saw Tin Can, stripped to the waist, standing under the white-hot sun lamp, roasting his skinny shoulders. "On destroyers," he was saying, "you get all the sun you want—the McCoy!" Near him a sailor was tuning up his harmonica.

"All I'm saying, Mike, is this," the Kid said: "Jap or German—or whatever they are—they're all *human beings*. If you were to take each one individually, you'd find that they didn't want the war! Like a prisoner, for instance. If you gave him a break, like they'd give us, probably—"

There was a roar of protest.

Mike looked up wearily. "Listen, Kid. The Japs are no good. They're dirty little sneaking slope-heads. You gotta kill 'em. That's the only answer there is."

"I don't agree," the Kid said.

Mike rose. He had suddenly remembered the record! He went over to his bunk, got it out from under the pillow. It was wrapped up. Mike looked at the package and smiled slowly. Back where he'd left the Kid, somebody else had taken up the argument. He navigated the narrow passageway to Yoyo's office.

YOYO was at his desk, working. Beside him there was a typewriter, a portable phonograph, ship's files.

"Yoyo, if you're not too busy—could I use this joint for a minute? Alone." He was excited now, nervous.

Yoyo was looking up at him. He seemed perplexed. Then he said, "Why, sure. Sure you can use the place, Mike." But he gave him a funny look, and he also looked at the package under his arm. He stepped into the passageway and Mike entered the office.

"I'll just be a minute."

"Take your time," Yoyo said.

Mike closed the door.

Next week the destination and perilous mission of the Copperfin will be disclosed. But Lieutenant Russel Quade, irked by his idleness, is haunted by memories of Betty.

GO WEST AGAIN, YOUNG MAN!—Continued from Page 30

millions of seedlings from their own forest nursery. The state and federal governments likewise are nurturing their own lands. We in the timber country know that our forests are our one constantly self-renewing resource.

We're expecting a lot of people to come through Washington to start their trek along the new Oregon Trail, and many of them will stay here, just as many stayed after the Klondike. We'll have to be able to feed these people, and much of this food will come from the Columbia Basin project. Water from the Grand Coulee will irrigate 1,200,000 acres of the same type of soil that has made Wenatchee and Yakima such widely known agricultural centers.

You've heard a lot about Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams, now serving a country at war. Together they are scheduled to generate more than 3,455,000 horsepower, but that's just a beginning. Eight more dams can be built along the Columbia River, harnessing its inexhaustible power over and over again, amounting to about 20,000,000 horsepower. Engineers have surveyed something like 281 power sites in Washington. That would seem to be plenty—a fifth of the entire national hydroelectric potentiality—but don't you think supplying the needs of only a small part of a billion people will require all the power we can get?

Industries are using this power today at a cost of only $17.50 for a load up to a kilowatt for a year. When used to this capacity, this energy costs only two mills per kilowatt-hour. This cheap power already is transforming our industrial life. I'll cite one case. Before the war not a pound of aluminum was produced in Washington. Today a third of all the aluminum produced in the United States comes from this state. That's the first of *many* industrial miracles that will result from cheap electric energy.

It may not pay after the war to carry a predominant portion of our manufactured goods destined for Asia across the Rocky Mountains. This means a change in the character of the coast economy. Our colonial status as shippers of fruit, timber, and other raw materials to the industrial East will be overcome by facilities set up within our states to produce for vast new markets across the Pacific.

Each time there has been a new job to do a little farther west, industry has not hesitated to pile its drawing board, test tube, and milling machine on the moving van and follow the pioneer. The great steel mills around Chicago were started while the city was still a hopping-off place for development farther on. Pacific war brought heavy industry in volume to our coast. Henry Kaiser's revolutionary shipbuilding methods and the amazing Western aircraft production records have been outstanding home-front accomplishments. They are the result of an amalgamation of Eastern techniques and the imagination of second-generation pioneers—citizens of our youngest states who still think they have some place to go. We are not yet blasé. If heads, hands, and hearts tend to slow a little in the settled maturity of Pittsburgh and Detroit, you can count on our having the vitamins for servicing the postwar job across the Pacific.

Why do I believe in a new Western destiny?

Military commentators are worried about Hirohito being allowed sufficient time to co-ordinate his newly won empire. This worry is probably justified, but coupled with it is the universal conviction that the Nipponese will be beaten. No American harbors other ideas. Equally universal is the conviction, born of campaign experience, that, to win or even end the war, the Jap must be completely crushed.

Since we *know* the Allies will win, and since the Rising Sun will therefore be incapacitated, who is there to do the work the Japs can't complete? Out here we know we will be elected to help in a big way. That's why a young man should still go West.

THEN AND NOW

In '29 were people, who
Had never had much cash,
Who found their plight much easier
When blamed upon the "crash."

And now, in 1943,
Their daughters blame the war
For robbing them of escorts that
They never had before!

—SIS WILLNER.

America's destiny of commercial co-operation in the development of the Pacific area will not be expressed in speeches, conferences, and utterances of good will. Neither will it be expressed the way Japs and Nazis express it—by force, compulsion, or conquest. It can be expressed in terms of the goods and services which these awakening peoples will need. They will look to us for the "how," for the tools, for the technical skill, for the merchandise. And we will profit in proportion as *they* profit. The need for this type of service among hundreds of millions constitutes our new Western frontier.

We should begin with our own territories. One El Dorado—and a greater one than most people realize—lies to the north. It is Alaska, about which we are learning a great deal in the course of the war. Puget Sound is the threshold of Alaska. Once, through its seaports, coursed gold-rushers seeking the riches of the Klondike. This stampede built Seattle from less than 80,000 population to more than 200,000 in ten years.

Military news continues to increase interest in Alaska. We are beginning to think of it not as a bleak icy waste but as an empire of continental vastness, and with continental variety of climate and resources. The southern tip of Alaska extends farther south than Denmark. It is rich in minerals, in fish, in timber—and in things yet unsuspected.

There is bleakness in the outer Aleutians, but in the sweep of the mainland you'll find a land worthy of anybody's mettle. It is pitiable that, before Pearl Harbor, this superb country harbored a population of scarcely 50,000. We don't know yet the full facts about the deal that Secretary Seward made with Russia in 1867 when he bought the whole country for $7,200,000. It can be almost as big a bargain as the Louisiana Purchase.

Now we are linked with the Alaska Highway. Soon the link will extend to Washington State. But Alaska is only one goal. *The Orient is another.*

In China, Manchukuo, and Korea are nearly 600,000,000 persons, in India 353,000,000, in Indo-China and Thailand 39,000,000 more. In the islands of the Pacific are other millions. I'll include Japan's 100,000,000, too, for these energetic people, rid of their Tojos, will one day take another kind of place in world society.

Add them all up and you have a billion people sharing in a global awakening. Their aspirations call for our goods and services in torrents, where before they could absorb only dribbles.

Wendell Willkie senses this in his One World. In interior China one need not feel strange and foreign today. Those communities—remote to us only because our thinking hasn't caught up with fact—have reminded writers of our own old West. They are not the worn-out vestiges of a defunct civilization but the beginnings of a new.

"Out West" once meant Chicago. Then the scene of action shifted. It is shifting again. The people of my state know they are looking toward a new West, and, because they are closer to China and Japan than any other continental American ports, they are preparing for this new day. Our airplane factories and our shipyards already have blueprints for their postwar production, and it's an alluring picture. Our state planning council has mapped a $76,000,000 postwar construction program, and, what's more, we'll have the money in our treasury.

So I'll say to you, young man, "Go West again."

THE END

ATLANTIC CONVOY

Continued from Page 23

neer (twenty-four, from Boston College), likewise in gown and mask, watched the patient's pulse and respiration.

The operation was a success. When it was over, the first lieutenant gave the cadet his own private room, setting up a canvas cot for himself on the cigarette deck.

AS we put on speed to catch up with the convoy, I found myself back on the fantail talking with three members of the crew. One was a Texas cowboy who already had lost both a brother and a sister in the war—the brother killed in the North African landing, the sister, a Navy nurse, lost in the sinking of a transport. One was a naturalized Czech, a very powerfully constructed young man. And the third was a high school principal from an Ohio town, now a signalman second class, detailed to the sound detector.

I told them I had been over on the decks of the cargo ship, and I said, "How do you fellows feel about it—those merchant sailors making fifty bucks a week, plus a hundred-buck bonus for every foreign port visited, while you get a base pay of fifty bucks a month?"

The cowboy said: "Well, I got in this thing to fight, not to make a fortune. They're welcome to all they can get. I'm not jealous of them. But I'll take mine with the Navy, where you can punch back when those shells and torpedoes are slogged at you. And you see who they call on, over there, when they get in a jam, don't you? No, sir. They couldn't pay me enough to make me change over. But I haven't got any fight with those sailors—understand that."

The Czech had been a merchant seaman before he joined up. "I'm in the Navy for good, now," he said. "Yes, sir, as long as I last. I don't ever want to be anything else. You don't have to belong to a union. You can write your own ticket on advancement, if you're willing to study and work a little. You're in a solid ship with good chow and officers that know their business. And when you've done your twenty years you get good retirement pay. I've already got more satisfaction out of six months in the Navy than I got out of four years on a tanker.

"There's not much of this glamour stuff in the Navy. But you've seen that for yourself on this voyage. Just mooching along in slow convoy and standing your watches seven days a week—"

He was interrupted. "Maybe *you* don't get any kick out of it," the ex-high school principal said; "any glamour or romance or whatever you want to call it. But let me tell you something, sailor. I've been a wet nurse to adolescent kids all my life. I'm thirty-six years old, and I've been teaching for fifteen of them. I'm happily married and I've got two youngsters of my own. But I wouldn't trade my eight months in the Navy for any other eight years I could pick out.

"Everybody said I was crazy when I joined up. I was used to being pretty pampered—a nice home, and a lot of respect from the people in my town, from children and teachers and parents. They told me it would drive me nuts being just a last name and jammed into a bunk on some powder keg of a destroyer. Well, I'm just a last name now. No mister or professor or doctor. My home is a mattress covered with oilcloth, where I'm a layer in a sort of human cake, six feet below the water line. I've got eighteen inches of bedroom when I go to bed, and the guy above me snores. I stand in line for my chow. I go to classes where my teacher is a chief who never even finished high school.

"I'm not heroic about it. I'm not on any crusade. I'm just having the best damn time I ever had in my life.

"I've read a lot of books, and those about war and fighting generally work hard to take all the glamour out of it. Sure. Fighting is a lousy business. Killing is dirty and useless and hasn't anything to do with the Christian religion I profess. But let me tell you something.

"I've been through a couple of battles with subs on the bridge of this ship. You're moving slowly and he's down there somewhere. You've got your contact with him, and he knows it, and there's going to be a fight. I'm telling you there isn't any greater exhilaration in the world than moving into that fight. I don't get scared. Maybe that's the funniest part of it. I know we've got several hundred tons of high explosives in our magazines and that we haven't got any armor plate. But I haven't seen anybody yet that really got scared.

"Scuttlebutt gossip says we're in for a fight tonight. All I hope is that we get one of the bastards. Sometimes, though, I wonder what kind of a high-school principal I'm going to make when it's all over and I go back to Ohio."

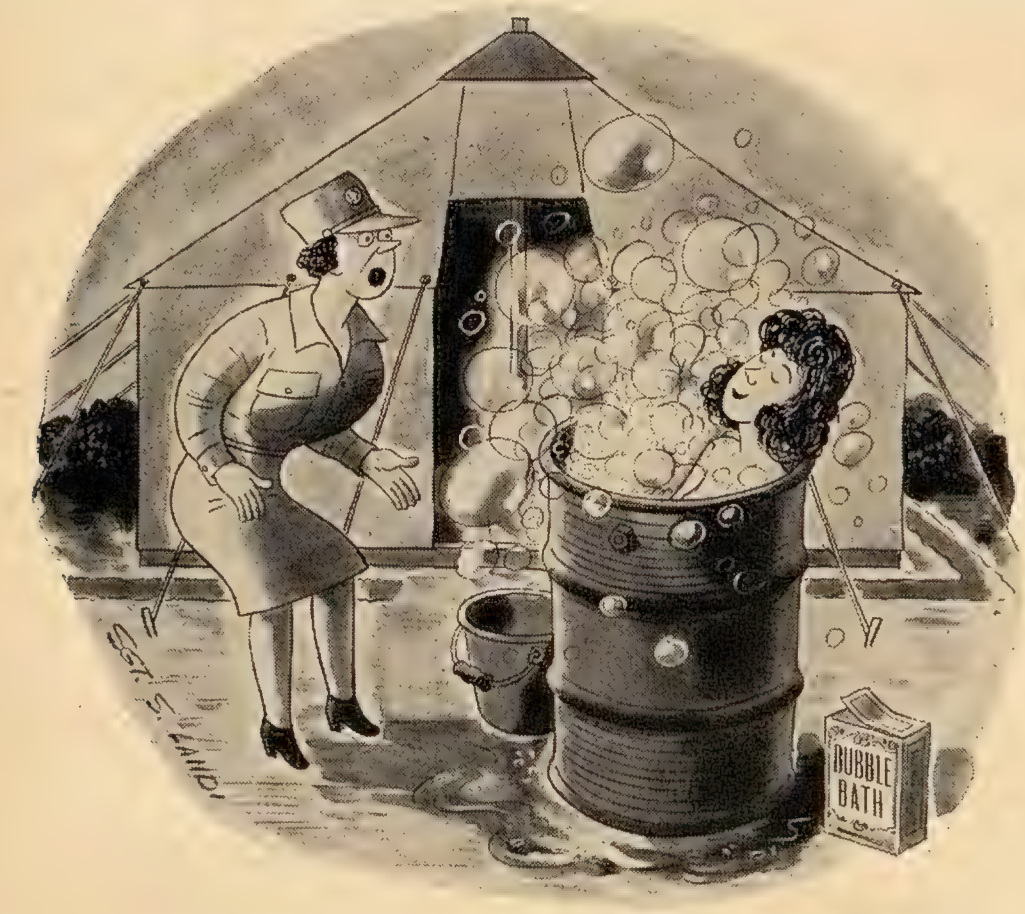
JUST then the loud-speaker piped all hands to battle stations. Up ahead was a cargo ship, about 10,000 tons—hove to, his blinkers going. I could see the Spanish flag painted over his whole side and the Spanish flag hanging at his masthead.

When I got to the bridge, the captain looked a little grim. "He's not answering our signals properly. The Germans use the Spanish flag whenever it suits them."

We were almost stopped, the Spaniard lying about a thousand yards from us. We were broadside to him, and it must have been a terrifying sight indeed for him to see our main battery of five-inch guns swing around to bear on him at point-blank range, our nests of 20-mm. Oerlikons and the long barrels of our Bofors guns point at his bridge. We couldn't make any sense out of his replies to our blinker signals, and the captain ordered that we hail him with the international flag codes: "Where are you from? Where are you making for? What is your cargo?"

When his flags went up in response, he said he was from Buenos Aires, headed for Bilbao, and that he had a cargo of wheat.

Well, the first two answers may have been right. But the last one wasn't. He didn't have a cargo of anything, because he was practi-



"Come on, Elda—you've had it for an hour now!"

cally out of the water, fifteen feet of his red bottom showing and his propeller only half submerged. The captain debated whether we should send a boarding party over, as we had the right to do under international law, to look at his holds and examine his papers. Something was very definitely fishy.

But then the argument against such a course ran like this: "If he actually is a fuel ship for a submarine, he has delivered his fuel by now, because he isn't carrying anything at all, and we can't afford to lose much time getting back to the convoy. And if he is a real Spaniard who may claim that he misunderstood our signals, we've got an international incident on our hands." So we searched the code book to find the flags which meant "Good-by, good voyage," and ran them up. He did not have the grace to reply. We hooked up steam.

WITHIN a little while we learned through TBS that our escort, up ahead, had been augmented. The first news we had of it was an unfamiliar voice coming through the loud-speaker on the bridge:

"Stoker from Pal. I'm ready to come in for a landing."

"Pal from Stoker. We'll have the deck clear in a minute now. Make another circle and wait for us to wave you in."

One of the little B-carriers, the baby flat-tops converted from merchant vessels, had joined us in our time of need. It was very good news.

The flying people talk more over TBS than the surface people. And we could hear them maneuvering their ship and their planes, filling the air with salty, chatty words.

"Stoker from Doug. I wish you would get that damn crate out of the way, so I can come in. I'm about out of gas."

"Doug from Stoker. Keep your pants on. Make one more circle and we'll take you. But don't come in tail high like you usually do."

They were far off, invisible to us. But we got from them the feeling of enormously high spirits and of comradeship.

We were destined not to see the convoy again that day.

Down in the first lieutenant's cabin, our cadet was beginning to run a high fever and the threat of pneumonia seemed imminent. The captain was worried about him and approved immediately when the sailmaker, at the doctor's suggestion, decided that he could rig an oxygen tent. The tent was rigged. A tube of welding oxygen (marked "suitable for use by aviators") was hauled out. And the cadet began to respond at once.

We were boiling along, knowing that the convoy would soon come within sight, when a new voice came over the loud-speaker:

"Stoker from Jig. Got a submarine on the surface. I'm circling him about 3,000 feet. Four men on his deck. I figure my position bears about 210 from you, distance about twenty-seven miles. He's on the surface and doesn't seem to be moving.

"Jig from Stoker. Don't lose him. We're sending help. Keep informing us."

We stood in fixed position on the bridge, listening to the voices of our people far beyond vision, as the plan of attack upon the surfaced U-boat quietly built itself up.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Floating or sinking of castings in liquid is one of the newest methods of inspection. The aircraft industry has found more and more use for the lightweight and easily manufactured aluminum and magnesium die castings, but it has been difficult to detect internal air pockets which seriously affect their strength.

So a new and extremely simple device has been developed which consists of the use of a liquid composed of several secret ingredients and kept in a vat at a fixed specific gravity. Castings to be tested are dropped into it. If there are air pockets present, the specific gravity of the casting will be less than that of the liquid, and it will float. If the casting is free of air pockets, it will sink to the bottom. This inspection is infallible.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Stoker from Jig. He's still on the surface."

"Jig from Stoker. Mack has just taken off to join you."

"Jig from Mack. Here I come, boy. Get up high where I can see you."

"Jig from Stoker. But don't let that guy out of your sight."

"Stoker from Jig. O. K. He's still up there on the surface. Looks like he's moving about three knots."

And then the voice of our escort commander speaking to us: "Baronet to Corona. Submarine on surface bearing about 210 from Stoker. Two airplanes circling him. Proceed at full speed."

"Corona to Baronet. Roger."

And while our chief engineer was getting orders to pile on everything he had, we heard Baronet calling Bison, our inevitable companion in these adventures—ordering him to join us at full speed. We had a bone in our teeth by now, making such fabulous speed upon the ocean's surface as destroyers are privileged to make. We knew that we would pick up Bison before long, and then the airplanes circling high. We had approximately an hour's run of it from where we were, provided the calculations of our exec-navigator were perfect, and they had not failed yet. The sea had stilled. The sunlight was brilliant out of a cloudless sky.

A twenty-three-year-old deck officer, who six months before had been a law student and Naval Reserve officer in West Virginia, stood on the bridge, singing to himself in a low voice—singing snatches of the song Slow Convoy 100, made up, I think, by some Coast Guard fellows:

"Damn the rough seas and the day we
  hove to.
As we're cutting the boat from the falls
They spray us with nice purple balls.
There's a hell of a din as the wheel-
  house caves in,
Followed by Niagara Falls."

"Jig to Stoker. Five men on deck now. He's still making about three knots."

"Mack to Jig. Stick to him, boy. I'm coming."

"Jig to Mack. This is a hell of a note. He keeps letting me have flak now and then. Hey! Why don't he duck out of it?"

That question occupied our minds, too, on our destroyer. Why was this fellow lying up there on the surface when he could submerge and get out

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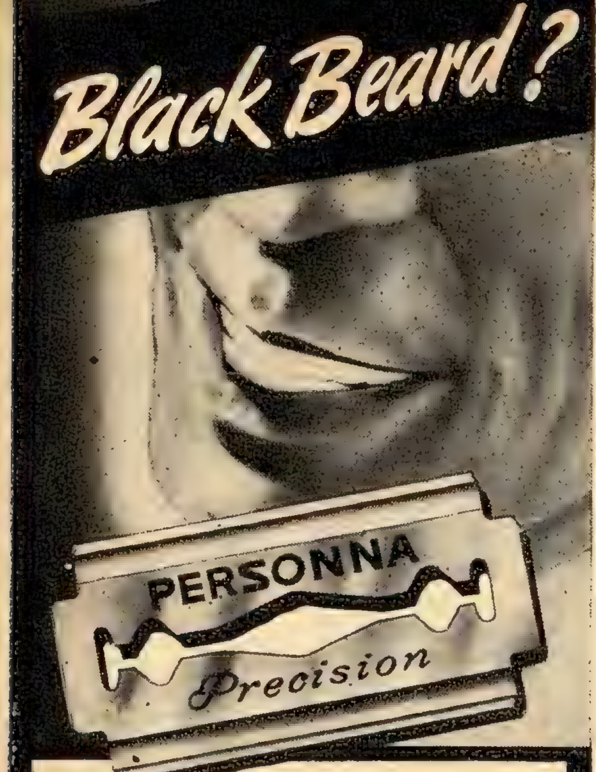

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of trouble? Did he have mechanical difficulties which he was trying to repair? Was he staying up to give a full radio report of the location and course of our convoy? Was he just taking a Sunday afternoon off, and the hell with pestering airplanes? Or was he stooging for that wolf pack—standing up there as a decoy to pull our two best destroyers out of the escort—offering himself as a tantalizing sacrifice?

"Stoker from Jig. He's still on surface."

"Jig from Mack. I'm here now, boy. Yes, there he is, all right! The impudent so-and-so! Let's head down and strafe him."

"Stoker from Jig. I'm driving down to strafe him."

Now there came the telltale "ping" on our sound detector, and the captain reached for the phone:

"Corona to Bison. Tallyho!"

We kept our contact until we were within a few hundred yards of the submerged U-boat. Then, unaccountably, we lost it. There may have been a temporary derangement of our sound apparatus. That delicate stuff can sometimes be pretty tricky. Anyway, we lost him. We went over the smoke pots and saw a little oil on the surface.

Perhaps one of Jig's machine-gun bullets had punctured an outer fuel tank.

Bison was coming up fast, and now he sang out: "Bison to Corona. Tallyho!"

And Bison made his run. He let go a pattern of depth charges that broke electric bulbs on our ship a thousand yards away. We eased in on the spot, hoping to see those great gouts of oil bubbling up—but, dishearteningly enough, our sound detector came on again, and we got the unmistakable "ping." He was still down there and still in one piece.

Before we could take an exact bearing on him, we lost him again. And in all the turbulence of the water caused by the depth charges, Bison couldn't get him. He probably had holed up five hundred feet down and was taking a nap.

WE had a problem on our hands. It was growing late in the afternoon. The convoy was a good two hours' steaming ahead of us. Should we stay with this fellow, tediously tracking him down? We would get him in the end, but it might take all night. Or should we get back to help with that fight which was due any time after sunset? Our escort commander made the decision:

"Baronet to Corona. Keep him down another two hours at least. Prevent him from further use of radio. Drop embarrassing patterns of depth bombs. Rejoin convoy not later than 2100."

One hour and thirty-two minutes later, while we were steaming a slow course parallel with Bison and about a thousand yards distant, working the exactly planned geometrical pattern of the search, our TBS sounded:

"Bison to Corona. Tallyho! Stand clear."

We swung away, and in a minute or two Bison's depth charges let go again. We could watch, this time, as things boiled up and leaped out of the water—dark, grotesque things which seemed to hang in the air interminably before they settled gently back to the surface again. Bison had got him. There was no doubt about it as we went in to sweep the spot. The surface was covered with debris and oil, and the oil continued to bubble up for a long time.

We got back to the convoy not long after the twilight had faded. The wolf pack came. And none of us slept at all that night. But those U-boats never came in for the attack. We made contact with them over and over again—but always slithering away, never coming in. They didn't have the guts for it.

Undramatic as it may seem, that is the essence of the story—the story of the Battle of the Atlantic. Even in a wolf pack, they simply did not dare to move in on a well formed, well escorted convoy.

We had scores of cargo vessels in that convoy. They were bearing priceless goods to the battle front. A pack of submarines came into position for the attack. A torpedo fired even in the general direction of our columns of merchantmen could not possibly have failed to hit something—provided the submarine had been within torpedo range. Our destroyers kept them outside that range.

WOMAN IS A PARADOX

She took the apartment
  Because of the view,
Because of the
  Sunlight that flooded it too;
She took the apartment,
  And pulled down the shade
For fear that her
  Furniture covers might fade.

—SIS WILLNER.

And you can see why we did not pursue and sink the U-boats which gave us such frequent, such very strong sound contact during the night. Our job was to protect those merchantmen. We could not break our cordon and go off hunting, for if we did, another submarine might slip through the gap and make his way in to the cargo ships.

The Navy took that convoy over, and brought back a string of empty ships equally large. We are sure that we sank two submarines and we think we sank three more, though we cannot be positive about them. The only shots they ever got a chance to fire into us, into escort or freight vessels, were the ack-acks they fired at Jig. And they didn't get Jig.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

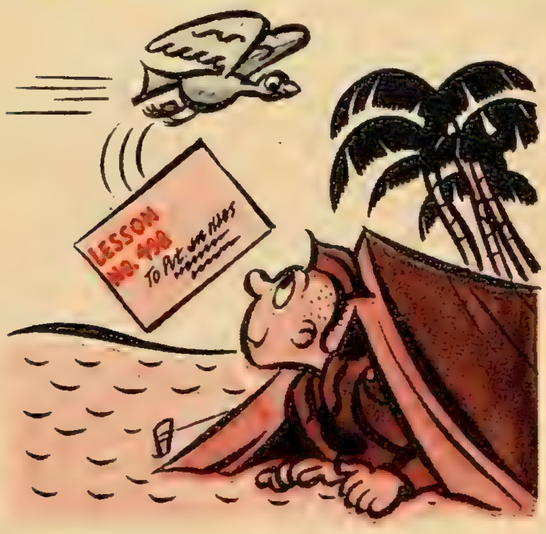
CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

PULL up a chair and let's get straightened out on three subjects which have run heavy in the mailbag this week:

Illness on Furlough—If a serviceman becomes ill while on furlough he is entitled to free hospitalization, provided the illness is not the result of his own negligence.

He may go to the nearest Army hospital or, if there is none in the locality, to a civilian hospital, and the bill will be paid by the Surgeon General from a special fund maintained for this purpose.

A furlough stops automatically upon admittance to a hospital. Upon release, the furlough is resumed.



Education

Expectant Mamas—Free maternity care for the wives of servicemen in the four lower grades (private to buck sergeant) is now available in most states in co-operation with the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. The expectant mother obtains on application blank from the local hospital, the Red Cross, Army or Navy Relief, or any of a number of welfare organizations. After filling it out, she takes it to a prenatal clinic or to a private doctor. It is then forwarded to the state or local health agency which is handling the plan in co-operation with the federal government. Shortly thereafter she will be notified whether her application has been approved.

Free medical services are available in the same manner for child care during the first year.

In financial hardship cases, wives of noncoms in the three top grades may also obtain free maternity and child-care services.

Insurance Benefits—Under National Service Life Insurance, payments to beneficiaries are made in the following manner, as outlined by the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.:

"If the beneficiary to whom payment is first made is under thirty years of age at the date of death of the insured, payment shall be made in 240 equal monthly installments at the rate of $5.51 for each $1,000 of insurance.

"If the beneficiary to whom payment is first made is thirty or more years of age at the date of death of the insured, payment shall be made in equal monthly installments for 120 months, with such payment in installments continuing during the remaining lifetime of such beneficiary.

The amount of the monthly installment runs from $3.97 per thousand if the beneficiary is thirty at the date of death of the insured, to $9.61 per thousand if the beneficiary is eighty-five.

If you haven't taken out your government insurance, get busy and do so. Take a tip from—

Old Sarge.

* * *

I have just returned from overseas, having spent eleven months in places that are not fit for man or beast. Back home here, we hear broadcasts telling how "united" we are, and on the very next broadcast we hear about strikes, race riots, or petty bickering in the government.

Can't we put aside all our personal petty desires for just a short time and *really* become united? If some of those who start labor troubles, or incite race riots, or squabble continuously in Washington were put in a foxhole a foot or two deep in icy cold water for two bucks a day, they would cut out all this nonsense and start pulling for victory.

Don't get me wrong, Sarge. We're going to win this war—I'm mighty sure of that—but it may take twice as long with this monkey business going on at home. It's also darned disheartening to a guy who's been smacking Japs around to come home and see his countrymen smacking each other.

S/Sgt. B. McG., Memphis, Tenn.

Thanks for that letter. If our faces here at home aren't red after reading it, they ought to be!

* * *

Can't a fellow keep up his education while in the Army? I didn't get a chance to finish up my high school, and I hate the idea of going back to civilian life without even a finished high-school education.

Pvt. A. M.,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

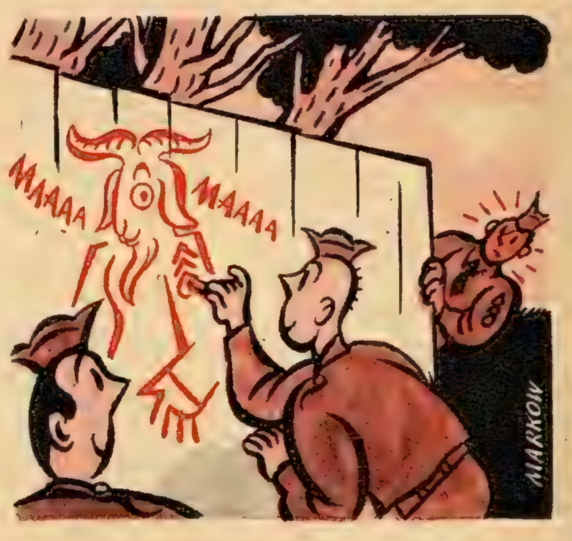
Yes, Private, the War Department has a plan tailored exactly to your measure. It is the United States Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wisconsin, a correspondence school that'll teach you anything from algebra to advanced philosophy, run by the University of Wisconsin in co-operation with several other colleges. From reports I get, it is especially good in technical courses such as mechanical drawing, science, and mechanics, airplane maintenance, air conditioning, and automobile repairing. A Certificate of Proficiency is awarded for each course successfully completed.

* * *

How long does a man have to remain in the Army if he goes into the Army Specialized Training Program? I've heard stories to the effect that ASTP men must remain in service for five years after the war is over. Others say three years. Could you tell us exactly, Sarge?

Cpl. A. A. S., Jr.,
Fort Monmouth, N. J.

Boy, did you get a load of scuttlebutt! There isn't a grain of truth in any of those rumors concerning ASTP. Men who enter the ASTP are obligated to serve in the Army for the duration plus six months—exactly the same as any other soldier.



"Old Goat"

What kind of service medal is the government going to award to members of the WAC who formerly served in the WAAC? Or do they rate any medal?

K. L. R., Portland, Ore.

Yes, they certainly do rate a service medal. But they won't get it until after the war, because Uncle Sam is throwing all the metal he can get his hands on at the Nips and Nazis. In the meantime, the WACs who formerly had honorable service in the WAAC as enrolled or commissioned personnel will get the service ribbon that goes with the medal. The ribbon has a moss-green center with gold edging at each end.

* * *

I was in the bombing of Dutch Harbor and also the invasion of Attu. I am a staff sergeant, thirty-eight years old. Now they've sent me back to the States to train troops in Alaskan warfare. Because of my age I can't keep up with the younger fellows in running races, etc., so they call me an "Old Goat." I'm proud of my rank and of my years (twelve) of service.

I am quite certain I know more about fighting than the young sprouts do, but they take advantage of my age and make fun of me.

Would you suggest I try to transfer to some other branch of service?

S/Sgt. C. D.,
Tacoma, Wash.

That's a hot one. If you're an "Old Goat," what does that make me?

Kidding aside, if you're serious about letting the babies get on your nerves, I wonder how you ever got those stripes. Get tough, me lad, get tough! And get wise, too. If you're teaching the youngsters, you can watch those running races, you don't have to run in 'em! I wonder if General MacArthur can run as fast as his buck privates. Is he an "Old Goat"?

* * *

Two years ago I joined the Navy, and for three years before that I had been in the Army. Can I count in my Army service in figuring time for a hash mark?

J. H. L., AOM 2/c,
Cecil Field, Jacksonville, Fla.

Navy personnel may wear a hash mark, or service stripe, for each four years of service in the Navy only. Thus your hitch in the Army doesn't count. But it *does* count financially. Your 5-per-cent longevity pay should be granted after three years' service, and for each subsequent three years, regardless of branch of service.

* * *

I have a boy friend in Australia and I would like to know what all I am allowed to write to him about. I have always been afraid I might write the wrong things. Also, can I clip items and cartoons from the papers and send them to him?

A Soldier's Sweetheart,
St. Louis, Mo.

If you're really his sweetheart, you should know what to write him—or maybe just an envelope full of XXXXX would be sufficient.

Seriously, you may write anything you wish, as long as you do not reveal information which would endanger our national security. It is a good idea to keep away from military subjects, anyway, because it is news of home that your boy friend really wants.

However, you don't have to worry, because overseas mail is subject to censorship. You can enclose newspaper items and cartoons, too. Again, the censor will eliminate anything that might possibly aid the enemy.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

STAR-SPANGLED SOPRANO—Continued from Page 27

found this out last year at Arlington. As the President prepared to leave, it was her turn to step to the microphone to sing again. Lucy heard the President, behind her, whisper, asking what she was going to sing. "I heard him say he'd wait," she says, "and I was so thrilled I almost broke up in the middle of the song!"

On the personal side, while Lucy may lean a bit toward red, white, and blue in public, she lives in unsullied white in her small apartment at Hampshire House, overlooking New York's Central Park. She doesn't smoke, nor does she like alcohol; she eats anything, drinks lots of milk but no coffee. She swims and rides horseback, feeds her soul with concerts, sculping, Fred Allen's radio programs, and Browning's poetry.

She can find her way around in six languages, can sing any national anthem you request—including the Internationale in Russian, the Zionist Hatikvah in Hebrew, and the Chinese National in Chinese. She knows all the words of La Bohème and of Hinky Dinky, Parlez-Vous, and can render same as the boys in the back room would have it.

Her fan mail consists largely of invitations to sing at a Little Bridge Party at Titicus, Ohio, to open a drive for a New Scrap Bin for the Town Common, and worshipfully thankful letters from governors, Farleys, Donald Nelsons, and big-league ball-club owners. There are few proposals of marriage. "I imagine I bring out the best—not the beast—in my listeners," she says wistfully. "I'm just a sacred cow—true to Uncle Sam!"

I must add, while she has never married, she is deeply in love—with her work!

ON the financial side, the business of being a one-song woman has been profitable. Though Lucy has never taken a nickel for her appearances, she draws down a fancy hunk from the RCA Victor Company, for whom she bears the imposing title of Director of American and Patriotic Music. Not that Lucy couldn't make a great big sockful if she so minded. Song pluggers would give her Texas to wrap herself in the flag and sing some little corny patriotic lilt of theirs; her endorsement in red-white-and-blue would sell any product. Despite being the result of a happy wedding of publicity and patriotism, Lucy refuses to drag in the flag.

Since she has been able to mix her artistic life with patriotic duty, Lucy's given up serious warbling for the duration. She's a little worried about it. Seems she's sung the national anthem so often, people are beginning to think of her as a one-song gal, and she's afraid she'll not be able to climb off the political and back on the concert platform when the shooting stops.

Actually, she isn't fighting the war as a one-note woman. She's added pep rally singing to her repertoire. Thus, the day I talked to her, she was off to a defense plant or six in Waterbury, Connecticut. She expected to be met by the mayor and a band, marched to the City Hall for a bond rally, then rushed from plant to plant for lunch sings and shift-break sings.

During these she would probably warble such nostalgic favorites as Swanee River and do funny duets with the local plant talent. During Let Me Call You Sweetheart a grimy, shy, bird-throated plant employee would probably join her, and she'd put her arm around him, kiss him—probably come away with a smudge on her smooth cheek, much to her audience's delight. "It's all stimulating and relaxing, they tell me," she said. "After singing, the men go home or back to work with more pep. It reduces absenteeism and fatigue accidents. They really get a big bang out of it—and so do I!"

AFTER finishing, would Lucy return home? Uh-uh. She planned to drop into a near-by convent to let some curious nuns look her over and listen to her; grab a plane to Chicago for a canteen job. Back then to New York for a patriotic date, then off to Duluth for a launching. From Duluth she had to go to Knoxville; then back to Chicago; then off to a Texas camp. She planned to add another 7,000 miles that month—July—to her present mileage of 100,000. Not bad for a junior Eleanor!

I asked Lucy about the criticisms of The Star-Spangled Banner by people who want it replaced as the national anthem because it's too hard to sing. "Yes, it is hard to sing," she replied, "and I myself have forgotten the words to it while I was singing it. But it's beautiful and has a wonderful meaning. Love of country sometimes is hard, too—but once you gain it, isn't it the greatest thing in the world?"

She went on seriously: "People sing The Star-Spangled Banner too slowly. It's neither a funeral march nor a fox trot. I think if people sing it with their brains and hearts, and think of the meaning of the words as they sing, it will sing itself!"

Although she's sung it as often as twelve times a day, Lucy never wearies of The Star-Spangled Banner.

I am certain, after she closed the door behind her and went in to an osteopath who was waiting to limber her up for her impending exacting trip, she probably started vocalizing: "Oh-oh, say, can you see—"

THE END

MEET HAPPY DUNNAVAN

Continued from Page 25

"Hello," Bill said out of a very straight wide mouth. Mace had a picture of six feet of wiry strength and youth. Keen blue eyes looked him up and down suspiciously. "Who is this man, Happy?" Bill demanded.

Happy hugged Private Wiggens' arm like an affectionate puppy. "Now, Bill!" she chirped. "Why, Mr. Chandler's a good friend of the Gallaghers! Oh, and darling, just *everybody* said to tell you hello. Mr. Gallagher even drove me to the train and gave me a box of candy and—"

"O. K.," Bill said, and grinned. Mace breathed a little easier, feeling as if he had just been investigated by the F. B. I.

"LISTEN, Happy," Bill said at once. "I've had some awful luck. They canceled my leave last night. Now I won't get it until Tuesday. I had a heck of a time getting a couple of hours off tonight. I been calling every hotel in town. I don't know what we're going to do."

"Oh . . . then we can't be married Monday." The rosy lips trembled.

"I guess I'd better take you to the Y. W. I've only got a half hour left. Gee, honey, this is a heck of a welcome for you."

Mace could see a decisive quiver passing through the butterball. "Don't you worry," she said bravely. "I can wait until Tuesday. You see, Mr. Chandler's already offered to take me to a hotel. Reservations and everything!" She smiled brightly. "You go back to the barracks and I'll call you tomorrow and let you know where I am. It's going to be all right, Bill. We'll just have three days instead of six."

"Ah, Happy, you're swell!" The worry passed out of the young face. He turned to Mace. "Gee, Mr. Chandler, I might have known a friend of Mr. Gallagher's would help us out. Mr. Gallagher's real people. He used to referee our basketball games at good old Union High. This is a big load off my mind!"

"Well, you see—" Mace began, but Happy cut in quickly.

"I'm going to walk out to the streetcar with Bill," she said. "Will you wait just one little minute, Mr. Chandler? Come on, Bill. I'll leave my things with Mr. Chandler."

Mace stood where he was. He watched the tall slim boy and small chubby girl disappear in the crowd. He kicked fiercely at the airplane luggage and felt no shame. The gall of that kid! She might be fresh and from the country, but she knew a few tricks. Pretty clever, leaving her things so he couldn't escape. And where was he going to find her a place to stop at 1 A. M.? He'd fix her. He'd dump her at the Y., whether she liked it or not! His scowl grew.

"I know what you're thinking." She was back, looking up at him, her eyes still shining with recent tears. "You don't have to bother with me any longer, Mr. Chandler. I can take a streetcar to the Y."

"Why did you make up that story to your friend?" he demanded.

She smiled gently. "Don't you see?" she said. "If Bill had to bother with me he'd have been late getting back. Maybe they wouldn't give him any leave at all. I didn't want that to happen and I didn't want him to worry. I—I thought maybe you'd understand why I did it."

Shame made him angry. "Don't you see this is all crazy? What were your parents thinking of to let you come off to a big city like this with no definite plans? It won't be easy to find you a room. Hotels are full. I don't believe you're old enough to be getting married anyway." He stopped, out of breath, and glared at her.

She was drawing up all of her five feet two and looking at him indignantly. "I'm eighteen," she said formally. "I live with my aunt in Prineville, Oregon—just three blocks from Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher. I've earned my living for a year. Nights, I sometimes take care of children. Bill and I went to school together. Everybody in Prineville knows I'm going to marry Bill. And now, Mr. Chandler, if you will please give me my box of chocolate, I won't trouble you further."

Mace groaned and hoisted the airplane luggage. His right hand fastened firmly on the arm of the butterball.

"Come on," he said recklessly. "Maybe they can fix you up at my hotel."

He shooed her in front of him, feeling like a hen with its chick.

WHEN Mace awakened in the morning he rolled over on his back and lay staring lazily at the ceiling. Funny, what nonsense a man would dream, he thought hazily. His eyes slid around and picked up a box of chocolate sitting on the chest of drawers. He'd forgotten to give them back to Happy. Oh, Lord! He was sitting straight up in bed. It was all painfully true. Duff had played him for a sucker. He had met a little country girl who was going to marry a private named Bill. He had brought her to his hotel, used what influence he had, represented Happy as his niece, and finally secured a room for her at ten dollars a night, the difference between which and three dollars he was paying out of his own pocket. What else? Oh, yes. The butterball had felt in need of something to "pick me up," so at 2 A. M. she had introduced him to the caloric wonders of a banana split!

He was in the shower before he thought again of Happy. Better call her room. For some inexplicable reason he felt a certain responsibility for the child. There was no answer from Room 710.

"But, operator," he insisted, "I'm sure Miss Dunnavan's there. Please keep ringing and call me."

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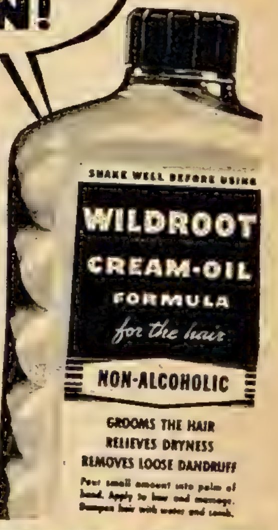

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NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

He had almost finished dressing before the telephone rang.

"Reporting on your call, Mr. Chandler. Room 710 has checked out," said the operator.

"Checked out? You must be mistaken," he shouted.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll connect you with the desk clerk."

"Good morning," the desk clerk said stiffly. "The information is correct, Mr. Chandler. Your niece checked out at eight o'clock."

Mace did not like the way the clerk stressed the word niece. "I don't understand," he said, his voice forlorn and frantic. "Did she take her bag? Did she leave any message?"

"Yes, she took her bag, Mr. Chandler. She left no message."

It took Mace three minutes to finish dressing, descend in the elevator, and start tearing, hatless, up Market Street. The wind slapped him in the face, whipped his trousers around his legs.

Think! he told himself desperately. *If you were an eighteen-year-old kid in a strange town, where would you be nine o'clock Sunday morning?*

SHE was so naïve and trusting. Anything could happen to her. His heart was pounding. He cursed himself as a stupid fool for not having taken her to the Y.

In spite of his concern, the cold air whipped his appetite and with hunger came inspiration. Across the street, above plate-glass windows, a huge banner announced: "Sunny's Waffle Shop." He smiled, thinking of the honey pot, and went striding across the street.

She was there, sitting at the counter, finishing off a strawberry cream waffle and looking quite blissful.

His relief was so great that he had to rest against the door and mop his brow. Then he advanced upon her sternly. He saw that her bag rested on the floor beside her.

"You gave me a bad scare," he accused her. "Was it necessary to run off like this, Happy Dunnavan?"

He was surprised to find her brown eyes regarding him coldly. "I always get up at seven o'clock, Mr. Chandler."

"Of course you couldn't call me, or bother to tell me your plans, after I'd gone to such trouble to take care of you," he said righteously.

"Oh, I was going back to the hotel this afternoon and wait for a call from Bill. I talked to him this morning. He's going to call me each day, and then on Tuesday morning he'll meet me in the lobby and we'll be married—"

"And where, may I ask, are you going to sleep between now and Tuesday?"

"I really don't know. The thing is, you lied to me, Mr. Chandler," she said unsmilingly. "I am surprised. Mr. Gallagher wouldn't have done a thing like that."

"I see," Mace said dryly, "that our friend has completely sold you on his integrity and Spartan-like character. I've no doubt been a bad influence."

"Probably," she agreed. "I asked the desk clerk this morning. The room was ten dollars, not three. I couldn't afford that, Mr. Chandler."

He felt the blood zooming to his head. "Listen now," he sputtered. "Do you know I had to use every ounce of diplomacy, trickery—whatever you want to call it—to get you a room at any price last night?"

"People are staring at you, Mr. Chandler," Happy said coldly.

"Let 'em stare! You're from the country—all sweetness and innocence—but not one drop of gratitude! D'you think I enjoyed wangling a room for you last night? D'you think—"

She was patting his hand in an effort to calm him. "Here, Mr. Chandler, have a bite of my waffle. You're all excited."

It was surprising what a waffle and a cup of coffee did to his disposition, or perhaps it was Happy's change of attitude. They were once more friends. She had seen fit to forgive him and no longer mistrusted his motives. Mace basked in his hard-won favor.

> **"No man is so well known as he thinks he is," once said Enrico Caruso. "While motoring in New York State the automobile broke down and I sought refuge in a farmhouse while the car was being repaired. I became friendly with the farmer, who asked me my name and I told him it was Caruso.**
>
> **"The farmer leaped to his feet and seized me by the hand. 'Little did I think I would see a man like you in this humble kitchen, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Caruso. The great traveler, Robinson Caruso!'"**
>
> ***—Anon.***

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be ungrateful. I guess I'm just upset and—and scared. I thought when I got here that Bill would take care of everything. And now—well, that's the way the Army is, I guess. You can't plan anything."

Mace's heart was stirred by something honest and courageous in Happy's eyes. "You won't have much time together," he said gently. "Have you ever thought of—of waiting until this is over? You're such a little girl—so young to be getting married."

She smiled and said slowly, "No, Mr. Chandler, we've never ever thought of waiting."

She was very sweet, Mace thought then. He hoped with all his heart that the nickname Happy would always become her. He surprised himself by saying, "Would you like to go out to the park or to the ocean? See the sights while you wait for Bill?"

"Bill used to write me about the ice-skating rink at the ocean," she said wistfully. "Mr. Gallagher was telling about it too."

"Well," Mace said testily, "I was of the opinion that the only ice Mr. Gallagher was familiar with came in glasses. Don't tell me he excels *on* ice too?"

Happy threw back her head and laughed merrily. "Not now!" she exploded. "I would hate to think of how funny he would look with that tummy of his! When he was *young*, I mean!"

The words flung at him so lightly chilled Mace. Did she think of him as old, too? Because he was crowding forty? There was something hauntingly familiar about the way she had looked and the way she had laughed. He was gripped by a sensation of dissatisfaction and sharp nostalgia. He found himself speaking impulsively.

"We could rent skates. I'm game, if you are."

"Oh!" she gasped, her eyes round with wonder. "Why—I didn't know you skated!"

"It has been some years," Mace muttered, "but I'll try not to trip on my long white beard."

He was hauling her along fiercely, stuffing her, bags and all, into a taxi. He did not dare to think or try to analyze his strange behavior.

"HI!" Happy yelled, and flung out her hand in greeting as she zipped past him. Mace felt exhilarated and completely young. He took after Happy, skating in long, easy glides. He caught at one of her small cold hands and they skated together. He could feel the light pressure of her firm young body against his.

After the first uneasiness he had been all right. There was nothing like it! How could he have forgotten the sense of power and freedom? There was no satisfaction in a smart stroke of business that compared with this!

Afterward, as they left the arena, he kept his arm through hers. He looked down and, beholding her small pink nose, touched it lightly.

"Was it fun, Happy?" he laughed.

She was looking up at him, her lips half parted, her eyes shining. She hugged his arm. "Oh, yes," she said softly. "And you're very good, Mr. Chandler. I couldn't have had more fun except with . . ."

He knew she was thinking of Bill. He bent swiftly and then jerked himself straight, his heart dismayed. He had had an overwhelming desire to kiss those rosy parted lips.

He was insane! He felt himself shaking inwardly with self-contempt.

"Well, come along," he said brusquely. "We'll have to find you a place to stop while you wait for Bill. I'm going to be very busy tomorrow, and in the evening I'm taking a plane home to Portland."

"Oh . . ." she said, and looked at him wistfully. "I'll miss you, Mr. Chandler. I'll miss you a lot. . . ."

Mace retired early Sunday evening. He should have felt both relaxed and relieved since the butterball was now definitely off his hands. They had found, with the help of a taxi driver, a respectable and reasonable hotel in which Happy could stay and wait for Bill. Mace had wished her well and said good-by. There was no reason for him to see her again, for which he told himself he should be grateful. She had had a strange and upsetting effect upon him today. He tried to think of Louise, to dwell on the orderly and comfortable routine of their life together, but his thoughts kept returning with frightening tenacity to the exciting and lighthearted day he had spent with Happy.

He fell, finally, into restless, dream-swept sleep. He was waltzing on ice skates with a small girl with big brown eyes and curling brown hair. She kept calling him "Mace," and that bothered him. He bent suddenly to kiss her, and then, remembering, drew away. The girl lifted her arms and pulled his face close to hers. She was laughing uncontrollably. "Don't you know me, Mace? I'm Louise. It's all right to kiss me!" In an ecstasy of happiness his lips sought hers, but before the kiss was completed he was wide awake.

The cold fact that his dream had been a dream saddened him inexpressibly. Something inside of him was crying. He put his hand over his eyes and tried to sleep again. What a conceited fool he was! Had he imagined that, through Happy Dunnavan, he could recapture all of youth in one day?

HE was glad when activity engulfed him. He had been sent south by his company to get action on a bill for lumber already shipped the government by the mill he represented. His job meant cutting through confusion and misinformation. By two o'clock he had come through the maze of regulations and found the men who could help him.

"We know," Captain Hurley was saying, "that these delays are tough on you millmen. Believe me, we're clearing orders for payment just as quickly as we can."

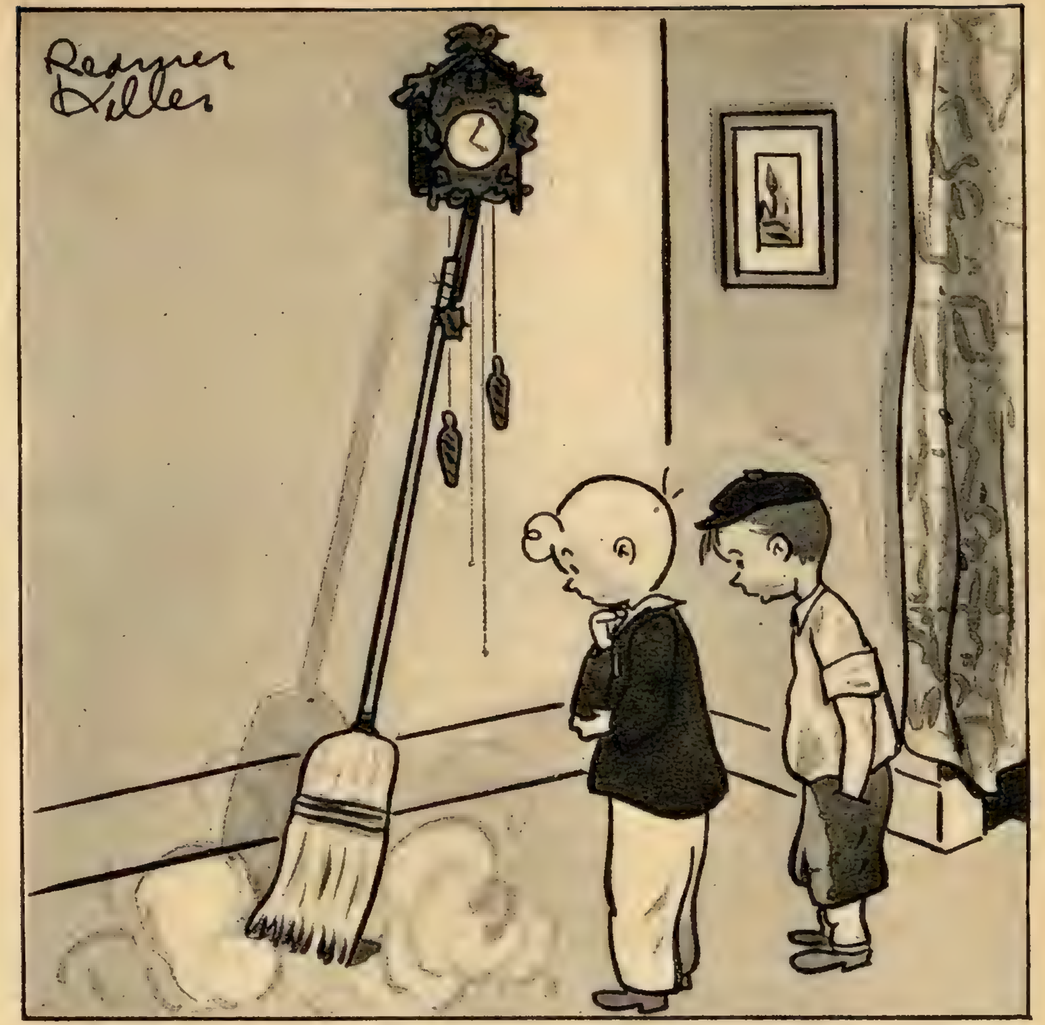
"Of course," Mace said. "And we want to co-operate with you. But, you see—"

The telephone rang insistently. "Captain Hurley speaking. Uh—who? Why—why, yes. Just a moment." He turned slowly in his chair. "A Miss Happy Dunnavan is calling for you, Mr. Chandler," the captain announced in a clear, courteous voice.

Mace felt the cold sweat standing out on his forehead. "F-for me?" he stuttered, and laughed foolishly. "Hello," he said brusquely. "Mr. Chandler speaking."

"I'm so sorry to bother you." A small pleading voice that struggled not to quaver came to him over the wire. He set his lips grimly. The little devil. What was she up to now? "I found out from the desk clerk where I might find you. Can you come—right away—over to your hotel?"

HARDTACK



"Now, if I could just figure a way for it to do the whole house!"

"Of course I can't," he said sharply. "You should have known better than to bother me. I'm very busy. Go back to your hotel and I'll call you when I'm through."

"You don't understand," she said, her voice high and sweet. "Bill is here. We're going to be married, but we have to have a witness and his buddy couldn't get off, and besides, I wanted somebody nice like you—"

"Stop talking nonsense," he said coldly. "There's no great hurry. You can wait until it's a little more convenient for me."

"But there *is* a great hurry," she cried urgently. "It's a—m-military secret but—but if we don't get married now I might as well go home to Prineville and—and be an old maid!" The voice trailed off in a desolate wail.

"Oh, hell!" Mace groaned, and hung up the receiver. He turned to find the half dozen men in the office doing their level best to look unconcerned, their eyes filled with amused pity. He pushed his hands through his hair and thrust out his chin. "I'm sorry, gentlemen," he said desperately, "I must leave. I have to be best man at the wedding of Happy Dunnavan and Private Bill Wiggens!"

Nor could he explain his recklessness to himself, since there was no explanation. The knowledge that one small chubby girl had completely upset his sense of values, destroyed the sensible routine of his life, both baffled and frightened him.

But when he entered the hotel lobby and found Bill and Happy holding hands, welcoming him with broad smiles, his resentment and tension dissolved.

"I KNEW you'd come," Happy said. "I told Bill you'd come because you're so kind and good."

In spite of himself he was grinning like a pleased puppy because this girl admired him. "Not at all," he said, as mild as a lamb. "I came because I wanted to."

Bill and Happy were married by a minister, and somehow Mace felt a soul-stirring happiness in being a part of the simple service.

Afterward Bill held Happy close, his straight young mouth hard against the softness of hers.

Watching them, the stabbing nostalgia pressed upon Mace's heart again. Why should he feel such longing? He had had all this with Louise. He had been just as young and fired with strength and ambition as this boy. Louise had been even lovelier than Happy—completely eager and responsive to his love. He and Louise had married, too, in a much happier time.

And these two? They had nothing but their own courage and youth to sustain them. He felt afraid for them.

He bent and kissed Happy. "Hang on to each other," he said huskily, and could think of no further advice to give them. He wanted desperately to do something wonderful for them.

"Can I give you a wedding supper?" he said. "Do you have—uh—

well, any plans? Is there something I can do for you?"

Happy smiled dreamily. "Why," she said, "don't you know that you've already done so much for us we can never thank you enough? Now we'll just take a bus somewhere—maybe out in the country . . ."

Private Bill Wiggens laughed and kept his arm around his bride. "Don't you worry any more about us, Mr. Chandler. I'll take care of Happy. We know what we're in for—and we can take it."

"And, Mr. Chandler," Happy said shyly, "I wrote a long letter to Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher last night and told them all about how wonderfully kind you'd been and that I was going to ask you to be best man at our wedding."

Mace Chandler threw back his head and laughed. He was a chump all right! But at that moment he couldn't think of anything he'd rather be!

HE walked back to his hotel. He didn't feel let down. Part of the rosy glow that had emblazoned Bill and Happy still clung to him, warming his heart. He could see them—riding away on a bus—holding hands, laughing at everything, getting every drop of happiness out of their three days together.

Three days. And he and Louise had had sixteen years!

He paused by the shop where he had looked at dinner rings. He stared at the jewels without seeing them, his heart shaken by a sudden and deep tenderness for Louise, a wild soaring eagerness to return to her. Humbly he blessed Happy for the insight she had given him.

He passed the window blazing with diamonds. He walked on briskly, his gray eyes clear and confident.

He was looking for a sporting goods store. Maybe the size wouldn't be right, but it was the gesture that counted. He could almost see the amazed laughter in her brown eyes.

"Mace, you darling goop! What will our friends say?"

"Do you care what they say?" he would ask, and his heart would ache with suspense until she answered.

"Not one whit! Oh, Mace, why did we ever stop doing crazy things like this?"

He was sure as sure could be. He stood before the counter and asked to look at ice skates.

THE END

* * *

Rastus was charged with stealing chickens. The judge, sure of the Negro's innocence, said:

"Rastus, you are acquitted."

"I's whut, jedge?"

"You are acquitted of the charge of stealing those chickens."

Rastus considered this momentarily. Then:

"Jedge, does dat mean I has to bring 'em back?"

* * *

Woman-Talk

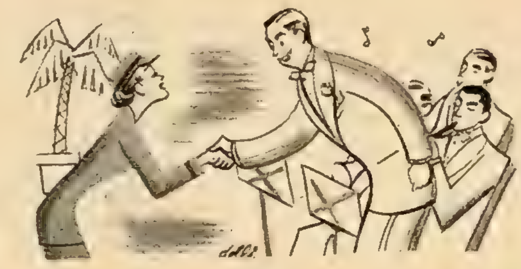
By MARGARET FISHBACK

HIGH POINTS IN DISCOMFORT: The twenty-six-foot giraffe, Highpockets, in Cincinnati's zoo had a six-foot sore throat. . . . Leo Laverne, thirty-eight-year-old parole-violation suspect sought by the F. B. I., has too many easily recognizable marks of identification for his own comfort. His collection of tattoos includes two American flags, a shield with an eagle, a sailboat, a rising sun, a crucifix, two stars, a spread eagle, a heart, a rose, an Indian girl, a Pearl Harbor landscape, a butterfly, a ballet dancer, a dragon, race horses, and the words "U. S. A., 1931," and "Manila, P. I., 1922." . . . The Wittemans of New York City were ordered to eat their six roosters within two weeks or pay a five-dollar fine for maintaining chickens in their back yard without a Health Department permit. Devoted to their feathered friends, the six Witteman children were as uncomfortable about eating the brood as the birds were about the impending chicken dinners. . . . Old Guard Washington hotly resents the war. The city is bursting at the seams with cars parked tête-à-tail and buses bulging with underdone secretaries. Even the best hotels are known to stuff four people in one bedroom. But the worst affront, according to local duchesses, is the way strange women imported from the backwoods for the duration, go about minus stockings and girdles, their uninhibited hips as curvy as a flu fever chart.

LAND OF THE FREE: Is it too much to hope that the four freedoms won't be topped off by a fifth—freedom from incentive?

FAT TO THE FRONT: The fat's in the fire, or it will be if we don't use it in the fighting. Turn this over in your noggin: One pound of waste kitchen fat will make over three ounces of high-explosive nitroglycerin, which is enough to fire four 37-mm. antiaircraft shells, or fire ten rounds for a .50-caliber airplane cannon. Waste fat moves fast, too, in its journey to the front. Inside of twenty-one days from the time kitchen fat is turned over to your meat dealer, it is converted into urgently needed glycerin, which is used in sulfa ointment as well as for high explosives. One tablespoon of waste fat provides the glycerin for seventy-three smallpox inoculations! Them's fighting words, so let's not waste fat. Let's fight the Japs and Germans in our kitchens.

VERY SPECIAL WOMEN: Miss Lola Christianson of the War Department's Civil Service Office in Washington, despite the handicap of having only one arm, is an able typist. She is to have a part in devising methods for training others to attain rhythmic typing speed. . . . Marguerite Rawalt, special attorney in the Appeals Division of the Internal Revenue Office of Chief Counsel is president of the Federal Bar Association. Attractive as well as smart in the head, she's the first woman to act as president of a national association of both men and women lawyers. . . . Captain D'Arcy Grant Parrott, Chesapeake Bay's only woman skipper, has joined the Coast Guard Spars as an apprentice seaman. Still in her twenties, the ex-skipper is enrolled as an officer candidate, and hopes to become an ensign in two or three months.



NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL: When Mary Churchill visited Washington with her pa and ma, she went dancing in the Blue Room at the Shoreham. Clad in her subaltern's uniform, she looked a whole lot prettier than her pictures would lead you to believe. The famous English complexion plus the genial Churchill grin make a happy combination. What's more, she has a talent for unbending, which Americans find ingratiating. When the orchestra leader bowed, she stopped and shook hands. War Production boss Donald Nelson beamed from a near-by table. Didn't dance though. Just chewed the fat. The Elliott Roosevelts were there looking festive, Elliott in assorted overseas ribbons. . . . Mrs. Churchill wished she could "spend weeks in New York on a shopping expedition."

THEY CALL THEMSELVES FRIENDS—AND MEAN IT!

Continued from Page 17

The elders are some six or eight middle-aged persons who, by reason of their age and inclinations, assume special responsibility for the religious side of the meeting. They also counsel and advise with those who have trouble with their "inner messages."

The Quakers had their beginning in England about the middle of the very turbulent seventeenth century. The general upheaval going on then led to much theological discussion. All sorts of sects flared up, burned zealously. But whereas nearly all the others have long since disappeared, the Quakers have carried on, and within the last five years they have shown, both in this country and in England, a lively increase in members and "attenders," especially in college communities.

The many seventeenth-century sects had one belief in common—disapproval of the excesses of the times. That rebellion against elaborate mannerisms, gluttonish meals, and extravagantly luxurious clothes led to precepts which are still fundamental in Quakerism.

INSISTING upon simplicity in dress, the early Quakers abolished all finery and specified grave shades of gray, brown, green, and yellow. Red they called a pernicious color. Even as late as 1900 little Quaker boys at the Westtown School in Pennsylvania might not wear red ties. For many years the plain gray dress with white fichu and the scoop bonnet were standard garb for Quaker women, as the collarless coat and broad-brimmed hat were for Quaker men. Now, however, Quakers wear any color they please, and have it made up in the current mode. They explain that keeping, now, to such a definite costume, which is not generally obtainable in stores, would require so much extra time and thought that it would not represent true simplicity.

In the days of early Quakers, the custom of men taking off their hats to those whom they wished to honor was a new one, just come across the Channel to England from frivolous France. Since no one ever bothered to do honor to a poor man, this custom, in Quaker eyes, was entirely hypocritical. They refused to take their hats off to any man, even the King. This stand got them into trouble repeatedly, especially with judges and magistrates. Present-day Quakers take their hats off the same as anybody else, agreeing that the gesture has become an impersonal courtesy.

In applying simplicity to their speech, the early Quakers did away with rhetorical flourishes, excess words, and affectation. As a result,

Now who's at fault—
I'm all upset
Just why is Kleenex
Hard to get?

This is war, says Uncle Sam,
And paper, too, must serve—
So every paper maker has
A quota to observe.

The Kleenex folks could make more if
It were their policy
To cut down Kleenex size—and skimp
On strength and quality.

KLEENEX OFFICE

Not us! Whatever others do,
We have made up our minds
To keep that tissue quality
Which tops all other kinds!

Every Minute Counts!

Authorities say ½ of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold! To reduce absenteeism use Kleenex at the first sign of a sniffle and help keep your cold from spreading to others. Kleenex as a handkerchief is kind to your nose, your neighbor, your nation! You use each tissue just once, then destroy—germs and all!

KLEENEX TISSUES

KLEENEX* TISSUES
*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

P.S. Do try your dealer soon again—
He ought to have more Kleenex then.

directness and frequent bluntness became characteristic of their conversation. On the other hand, the desire to stick closely to the truth might lead a Quaker into all kinds of circumlocutions, such as—when a friend inquired about his wife's health—"Thank thee. I think I may safely say that she is much as she sometimes is."

Instead of using names taken from pagan mythology or history, they numbered the days of the week and the months. Sunday is still referred to as First Day, and a Yearly Meeting may be scheduled for "the first Third Day after the third First Day in the Fifth Month."

In their zeal for sincerity they adopted the use of *thee* and *thou.* The use of *you,* they said, was pure flattery, since grammatically *thou* refers to one person, while *you* means more than one. Obviously, then, to speak to one person as though he were several is to depart from the truth and to flatter him. They also omitted the titles *Mr.* and *Mrs.* and *Dr.* before names, using *Friend* instead. This so-called "plain-language" is now optional, most Quakers reserving it for use among their own people.

They believe it is misleading for people who have a devout regard for truth to be made to swear on special occasions that they are speaking the truth and nothing but the truth. Accordingly, to this day they will not swear upon a Bible. They will affirm or give their solemn word, but will not take an oath.

This led to all sorts of difficulties in the early days. People could not testify in court without swearing, and a man could not hold public office without taking an oath. The story goes that one Quaker in England, elected to Parliament, gave up his seat there rather than take the oath. When William Penn wrote his famous Frame of Government of Pennsylvania, he specified that a man's affirmation would be acceptable. Later other states where Quakers were strong did the same. So, when the Constitution of the United States was written, provision was made for affirmation instead of oaths.

DECLINING to see any vital distinction between things religious and things secular, Quakers emphasize the point of economic morality. Quaker merchants in the seventeenth century introduced the one-price system of selling goods. Instead of going through the tricky drama of bargaining, all customers knew the price at the outset, and paid alike. This turned out to be good business as well as good ethics, and is general practice, of course, now.

Quaker merchants these days are constantly cautioned against assuming obligations beyond their capacity or involving risks to others. Quaker artisans take pride in the honesty of their work. Business men have been known to give up a large important business and engage in a smaller one because they felt they couldn't be sure of the ethical functioning of all phases of the bigger enterprise.

These honest business practices have paid off in prosperity, conspicuously so in some cases, considerably in many others. You seldom hear of a poor Quaker, almost never of one out of work or on relief. The wealthier Quakers never reach the dizzy upper income bracket, but that is because they either retire from business once a pleasantly comfortable status is attained or turn over extra profits to social service work.

Early Quakers were disowned from meeting for marrying outside the faith, for owning a harpsichord, wearing a plaid dress, or going to war. Such rigidness led to differences, and finally to schisms which split Quakerism three ways shortly after the middle of last century. The three groups are known now as the Orthodox Independents, representing some 15 per cent of the Quakers, the Hicksites, representing 20 per cent, and the Five Yearly Meeting group, which makes up the remaining 65 per cent. Doctrinary differences still remain, but those on discipline have practically vanished.

All three groups have removed restrictions on card playing, dancing, theaters, drinking, and music. They leave it to the individual conscience not to overindulge. Also, even though Quaker principles abhor war, during this present war it is regarded as a matter of individual prompting whether a young Quaker will join a combat unit or go into one where he doesn't have to carry a weapon. Choice of a combat unit no longer means he will be read out of meeting.

Education has been a cardinal point of Quaker community service. Earlham, Haverford, Swarthmore, and Whittier Colleges are Quaker-run: Bryn Mawr, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins were started by Quakers. Certain of their lower and secondary schools rank with the best private schools in this country. In all, they maintain some ninety schools in the United States, England, and Ireland. Two of their most successful schools, with an enrollment of 600 boys and 350 girls, are in Madagascar, which, in fact, is a Quaker stronghold now, with some 5,525 members and another 20,000 people who attend meetings. Kenya Colony, for long a sore spot in Africa, is adopting Quakerism at a fairly rapid pace.

QUAKERS are proud of the fact that wherever they go abroad, they are known as the people who won't fight but who are pretty good at cleaning up other people's messes. They like to tell the story of one of their Service Committee secretaries who was in Bordeaux when it fell in 1940. This secretary and the canteen superintendent went to German headquarters and asked permission to go on serving food to the French refugees. The German commandant gave it readily, adding: "After the war you Quakers kept me and my family alive with the food in your canteen. I remember your people with love."

THE END

dave Gerard

"Another nice feature is, it will retain its shapelessness when washed."

THE WILD FLIGHT OF NORWAY'S GOLD

Continued from Page 19

Nordahl Grieg. He had proved himself invaluable by his daring and ingenuity.

In the morning the five boats from which the gold had been removed started out aimlessly from the island in various directions to confuse watchers. The two boats with the treasure aboard lay hidden in a narrow channel. At night Haslund started north. A fisherman had reported that a Norwegian destroyer that had been captured by the Germans was coasting close inshore, flying the Norwegian flag. So Haslund's two boats kept inside the maze of islands. They lay low by day, stole on by night, creeping on and on.

One night, on a quay, they found a beautiful young girl alone, crying bitterly. She said she was from the north of Norway and had been left there. Haslund said: "Jump aboard. You can be our cook." Three days later the girl fell ill. Haslund put in at a port and found a doctor.

"She has scarlet fever," the doctor said. Then the doctor gazed at Haslund. "You have a queer look, my man. Let me take your temperature." Haslund had scarlet fever, too. "Both of you come to the hospital," the doctor ordered.

Haslund drew a gun. "Try to get me into a hospital! I haven't time to be sick."

The girl was put ashore. Haslund sailed on. From fishermen he learned that the king and government had gone to Tromsö in the far north. He made for Tromsö.

Nearing Tromsö, Haslund hid his boats at an island outside the harbor. He and Grieg went ashore. The next day was the Norwegian national holiday. The Tromsö radio station, hearing that Norway's famous poet Grieg had popped up from nowhere, asked him to write something to broadcast to the world.

GRIEG shut himself in a room ashore. In a few hours he called Haslund and read what he had written. All the journey from Lillehammer northward by train, truck, and boat, Haslund and his men said to the people who helped them on their way: "We'll be back again." And Grieg's poem, We Shall Come Back Again, which he recited next day over the radio, has become Norway's national poem of deliverance.

Our dead we shall remember,
  Their lives for our peace they gave;
The soldiers who bled in the snowdrift,
  The sailors who sank in the wave.
We are so few in the Northland,
  But the dead will be with us then—
Our fallen brothers and neighbors—
  The day we come back again.

Here was Norway's treasure, a thousand miles from Oslo. But was it safe? In these three weeks, while Haslund was creeping north among the islands, the Germans with overwhelming air power and trickery had penetrated even here.

In Tromsö harbor lay the British cruiser Enterprise, with steam up for England. "Get the gold aboard and go with it to England," was the order to Haslund. The Enterprise made for Scapa Flow, then Plymouth, with the gold and Haslund and Grieg. They took the boxes up to London by train, deposited them in the Bank of England. There the gold brought by the other two cruisers already lay.

But was the Norwegian treasure safe in the vaults of the Bank of England? By now Dunkirk had come and gone. The Germans were poised for a dash across the Channel. The gold must be sent to America. For safety, the gold was divided up among several small Norwegian freighters. The first to sail with twenty million in the hold was the little ship Bomma, Haslund and Colbjornsen in charge. After a nerve-racking voyage the Bomma reached Baltimore.

* * *

Airplane engines are tested on blocks. The energy developed is dissipated by water or electric brakes, propellers, and other devices. "Why must this fuel and power be wasted?" G. E. Cassidy, W. A. Mosteller, and W. L. Wright, three General Electric engineers, asked themselves. So they hitched their engines to a special generator and produced electric current for the factory. Not only is half the gasoline ordinarily wasted thus saved, but it turns out that tests can be made in less time. Airplane engines are getting bigger and bigger, so that the new method of testing will become more and more important.

* * *

"It was comical," said Haslund. "We crossed the Atlantic with our gold unarmed and unescorted, but as soon as we reported to the customs what we had aboard, we had police boats circling around us day and night and the deck crowded with motorcycle cops to prevent the gold from being stolen."

Newspapers sent reporters down to find out what was up. And now we get track of that touching legend about the children and their sleds. It seems that in the first week of the invasion of Norway this ship Bomma had been commissioned to rush a cargo of food from southern to northern Norway. On the way north, the Bomma's captain learned that the coast ahead of him was in Nazi hands. By wireless he was ordered to put the food ashore at the nearest port, then flee with his ship to England. He put in at an obscure fjord. Children with sleds helped unload boxes of margarine and dragged them up into the hills to safety.

Perhaps some member of the Bomma's crew told this story to a reporter, and either he or the reporter changed the margarine into gold and the dragging of sleds uphill into gay tobogganing downhill. Anyhow, the tale was spread across the world as fact.

Even after the gold reached America the Nazis were not done with the affair. Their hands stretched out to get revenge on the man who had snatched the treasure from them.

FROM the moment Haslund said good-by to his wife Irene the morning he fled from Oslo, she had no word of him. Repeatedly she was summoned to Gestapo headquarters for questioning. Agents kept watch on her apartment. Several times they broke in and searched it. Then one morning the Gestapo chief said: "I want you to write a letter to your husband asking him to come back to Norway. He is a capable man and we have a good job for him here."

"How can I write if I don't know where he is?" said Irene.

"Care of the Norwegian Embassy in Washington. That will reach him," said the Gestapo chief.

A prayer of thanksgiving went up in Irene's heart. And then, to her amazement, the Gestapo chief told her circumstantially every move her husband had made since he left Oslo —how he had been put in charge of the gold, how he had transported it by train, truck, and fishing boat, had got it on ships to England and America.

"Will you write the letter?"

"No, of course not," she said.

That night Irene got a warning from a friend that the following morning she was to be arrested. Snatching a few possessions, she got aboard a train with her year-old daughter. They quit the train at a town near the Swedish border, hid in the house of a newspaperman till dusk, then were driven up into the forest. With a guide, they set off for the frontier, Irene carrying her child in a rucksack. They walked all night. At dawn they crossed into Sweden.

Irene reached Stockholm, cabled her husband in America. He cabled money. She got across Russia to Japan and thence to America. Recently Haslund learned that the newspaperman who had hidden Irene and the friend who had guided her through the forest had both been arrested. One of them died in a German concentration camp, the other went insane.

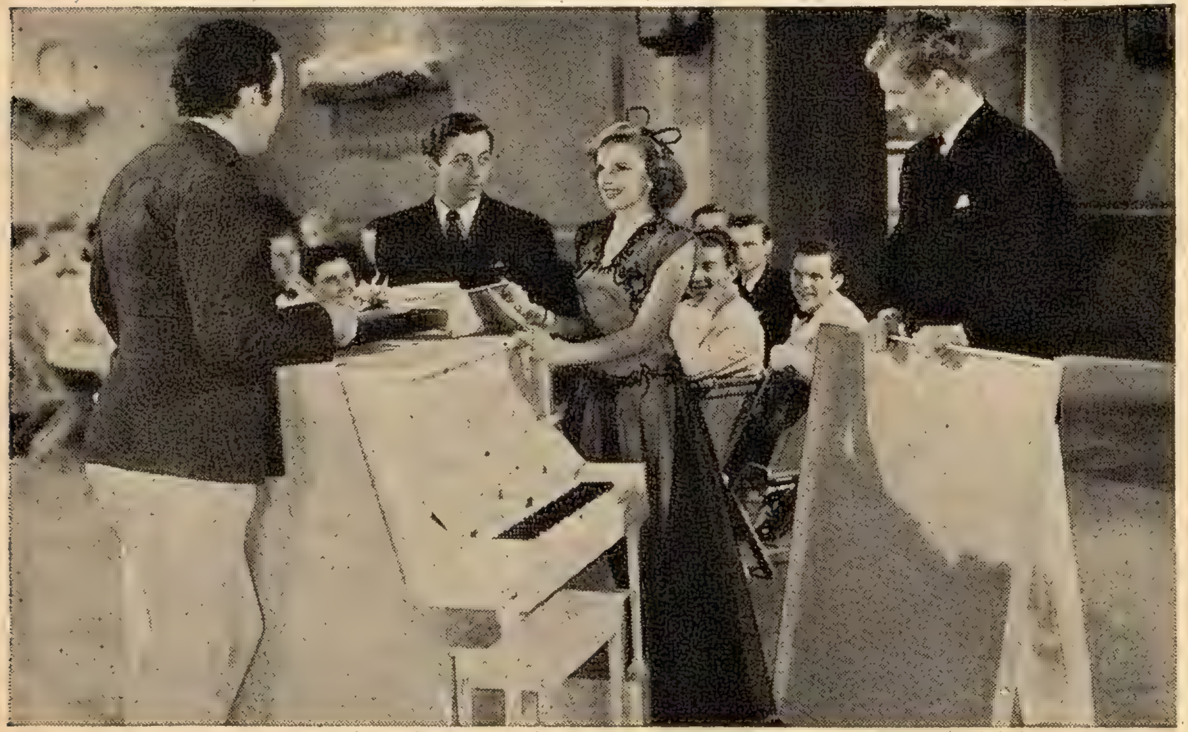
Today the gold is here and in Canada, being held for the benefit of liberated Norway. Grieg is a captain in the Norwegian Army, stationed in England. Colbjornsen is financial counselor of the Norwegian Embassy in Washington. Haslund is in charge of welfare work for Norwegian seamen in America.

"Don't make me out a hero for what I did," said Haslund. "We Norwegians don't like heroes. Every day Norwegian seamen and people at home are performing deeds of real heroism. I only carried out orders."

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Mickey gets a hazing his first morning at Cody College. The boys do everything but brand him.



Judy, the Cody College girl friend, gets a piano and sings Embraceable You at her birthday party.

When the college charter is threatened, Mickey and Judy save the situation by running a musical rodeo.

BY HARRIET GOULD

GIRL CRAZY

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland

IN 1930 a musical-comedy opened in New York, got rave notices, and launched two bright-eyed females on long and extremely successful theatrical careers. The show was Girl Crazy, with music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin, and the females were Ethel Merman (who had just escaped from a Brooklyn typewriter) and Ginger Rogers.

In 1932 RKO made a careless stab at a movie version of Girl Crazy with Wheeler and Woolsey and Mitzi Green at her brattiest. It was enough to send the whole production into limbo until last year, when Metro revived the book and score to serve as Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland's eighth co-starring vehicle. And it's a lulu. Make no mistake, there are no bald spots or time-dulled edges on this twelve-year-old musical.

Though the locale has been changed from a dude ranch to a men's college, the story still centers about a playboy smart guy (Mickey Rooney) who gets his come-uppance from a beautiful but independent daughter of the not so wild and woolly West (Judy Garland). His Eastern smugness starts Mickey off on the wrong foot in his attempt to impress the pretty Miss Garland, and it takes several misunderstandings, four or five beautiful Gershwin tunes, and two production numbers to make every one (especially the audience) happy.

As usual, the irrepressible Rooney is completely comfortable in his role. He sings and dances, plays the accordion and does a piano solo of Fascinatin' Rhythm with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. You'll also like his musical proposal to Judy, Could You Use Me?—sung as he gallops alongside her slow-moving car.

A thinner—and if possible, even more charming—Judy Garland adds one more sterling performance to her practically perfect score. Her slow-motion singing of Bidin' My Time, with a chorus of cowboys, is a joy to hear.

Nancy Walker, the gravel-voiced, rough-house comedienne from Best Foot Forward, is in for a short bit—but funny!

Even with outstanding performances and a top-notch production, it's the time-mellowed Gershwin tunes that carry off top honors. I Got Rhythm, Embraceable You, and But Not for Me sound lovelier than ever, and if you don't come out of the theater humming, chalk yourself off as a very dull character.

THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Robert Donat, Valerie Hobson

THE Adventures of Tartu is one of those films the trade calls a "sleeper"—a picture that turns out so well it amazes even its own producer. Made in England, Tartu is another "underground" story, but it's a well acted, suspense-packed thriller. Robert Donat plays an English chemical engineer who is sent to Czechoslovakia to destroy a poison-gas plant. Posing as a Rumanian Nazi Iron Guardist, he goes from one plant to another until he is assigned to the gas laboratory. His portrayal of a Nazi is so perfect that when he attempts to contact the Czech underground for help—they almost kill him. Donat's English Army spy is an exciting, finished performance. Valerie Hobson and Glynis Johns, as two Czech girls, give him excellent support.

MAN FROM DOWN UNDER

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Charles Laughton, Binnie Barnes

HERE'S a good-natured Cinderella story, set in Australia, about a rowdy with a heart of gold (Charles Laughton), who takes two Belgian orphans home with him after the last war and raises them on the proceeds of his "pub." Confusion about their parentage provides a neat twist to the love story, and the current war complicates it further.

Though the picture is a little long and spotty, it has its moments of broad comedy. Binnie Barnes, as the jilted music-hall singer who turns up twenty years later with her tucker bag full of shillings to rescue Jocko from bachelorhood—and bankruptcy—brings a high-spirited humor to her role. Richard Carlson and Donna Reed, the orphans, are more than competent, and Laughton is—well, Laughton.

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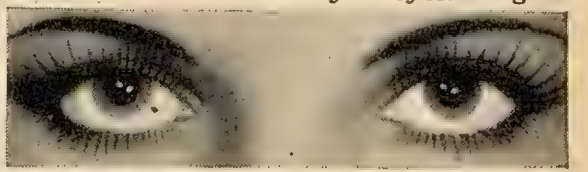

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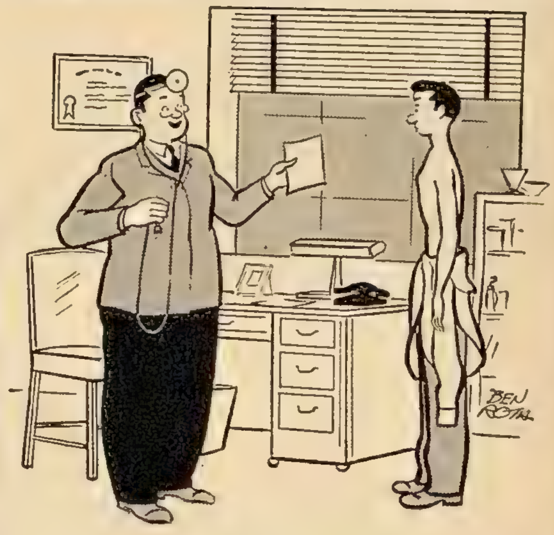

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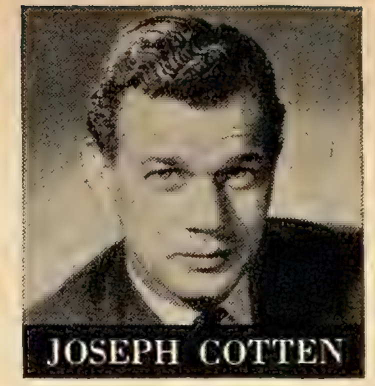
BETTE DAVIS

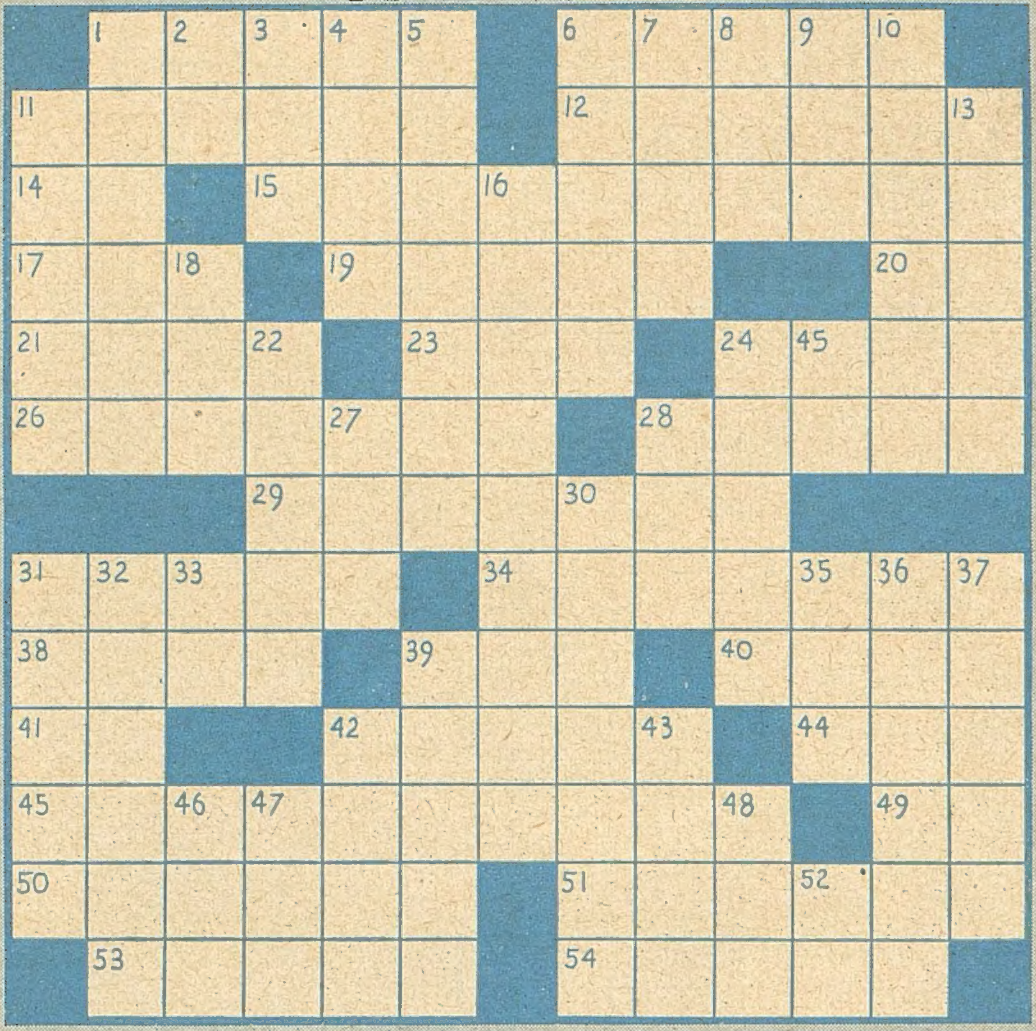

JOSEPH COTTEN

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) Lucille Ball, William Gaxton	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) Dorothy McGuire Robert Young Ina Claire	*Comedy-drama* (a pair of newlyweds discover that being adult doesn't mean you're grown up).	A good picture . . . sentimental, humorous, and real as apple pie . . . a solid treat . . . McGuire rates huzzas. (9-25-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou	*Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain).	One of the *must* pictures of this or any other year . . . long, perhaps, but superb in action and direction. Breath-taking Technicolor. (8-28-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M) Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty	*Drama* (the poignant story of the love and devotion of a dog for her master. Taken from the late Eric Knight's novel classic).	A natural for children and an unsophisticated extra treat for adults . . . superb acting . . . beautiful Technicolor. (10-16-43)
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard	*Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).	Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)
THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS (Warner Bros.) All-star cast	*Musical* (the Warner Brothers' parade of stars—set to music with just a hint of plot).	Bette Davis, Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart, etc., lampoon themselves . . . good music . . . super (mis)cast. (10-9-43)
THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER—STALINGRAD (Paramount)	*Documentary* (a dramatic record of the 162-day Battle of Stalingrad).	Double-checked *must* on your list . . . you'll cheer . . . your first chance to see Russia's secret rocket weapon. (10-16-43)
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (Universal) Nelson Eddy, Claude Rains, Susanna Foster	*Musical* (a remake of the old Lon Chaney classic—but with much more music and much less horror).	A pleasant musical melodrama with only minor gruesome counterpoint. (10-2-43)
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner Bros.) U. S. Army	*Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army).	As good as the original—and better in spots . . . heart-warming film packed solid with entertainment. (9-11-43)
THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M) All-star cast	*Musical* (Metro's parade of stars plus José Iturbi and a nice love story).	A horn of plenty in Technicolor . . . long, but a whopper of a show . . . almost every Metro star takes a turn. (10-23-43)
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.) Paul Lukas, Bette Davis	*Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).	Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43)

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



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Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 In Army lingo, what're "mechanized jack rabbits"?
6 Translate: Undulate methodically to ululant cacophony
11 Give the 5th President of the U. S. A.
12 What's "a drip caught in a draft"?
14 Preposition
15 What's the new miracle life-saving drug?
17 What do you get by adding tea to above preposition?
19 Darnel and cocklebur are probably whats?
20 French there, as in C'est——!
21 What fish is also the first stomach of a bird?
23 High hill
24 Hellgrammites are used as what?
26 If a sexangle's not a writer's term, what is it?
28 What's a mountain in Italian?
29 Owing to the war, college freshmen may play on what teams?
31 Dehydrates
34 Entomology's the study of what? (Not Nazis)
38 55 yards equal 10 whats?
39 What form of advertisement's longer than an ad?
40 Haymarket was famed for its what?
41 On leaving, a Cockney would reach for 'is wot?
42 India's chief hope is to be what?
44 What's known as Office of Puttering Around?
45 What planes are said to provide fighter escort for their own fighter escorts?
49 What Greek letter sounds good to eat?
50 What 3-legged stand's become a symbol for steady firmness?
51 What projectile "writes" its course as it travels?
53 Farmers make their biggest turnover with what handy thing?
54 What seams clean, but makes a dirty getaway?

VERTICAL

1 What General was known as Papa in World War I?
2 What size is a short dash?
3 What's to grumble constantly in Scotch?
4 General Patton is also a good what?
5 A member of a legislative body
6 Englishmen call a stiff hat a what?
7 From whose spilled blood did a Sicilian river rise?
8 What's this: ?
9 Two fifty
10 What sounds illegal, means bring to light?
11 In slang, what means to bum handouts?
13 What's fancy for "related on the mother's side"?
16 What's "her" in "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down"?
18 The Congress alone has the federal power to what?
22 English Wrens are called what in the U. S.?
24 Who played Louis in The Constant Nymph?
25 Small article
27 What's cracked and found wanting these days?
28 The Atlases and the Carpathians are whats? (abb.)
30 The wise patriot does what in war bonds?
31 What riots raged during the Civil War?
32 What windblown motors can drive ships?
33 Your personality's determined by your what, psychologically speaking?
35 What "radical" labor group was urged to vote Republican last Presidential election?
36 Name a book by Thorne Smith
37 Several steps
39 Wife of Alcinous: *Odyssey*
42 Of what uncle did Wodehouse write in the Springtime?
43 Mable, of World War I fame, was what?
46 What kind of tide is terribly dangerous for swimmers?
47 What power project he once opposed, does Willkie now favor?
48 "After three days, guests and fish smell" is a what?
52 The Archbishop of Canterbury belongs to what church? (abb.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

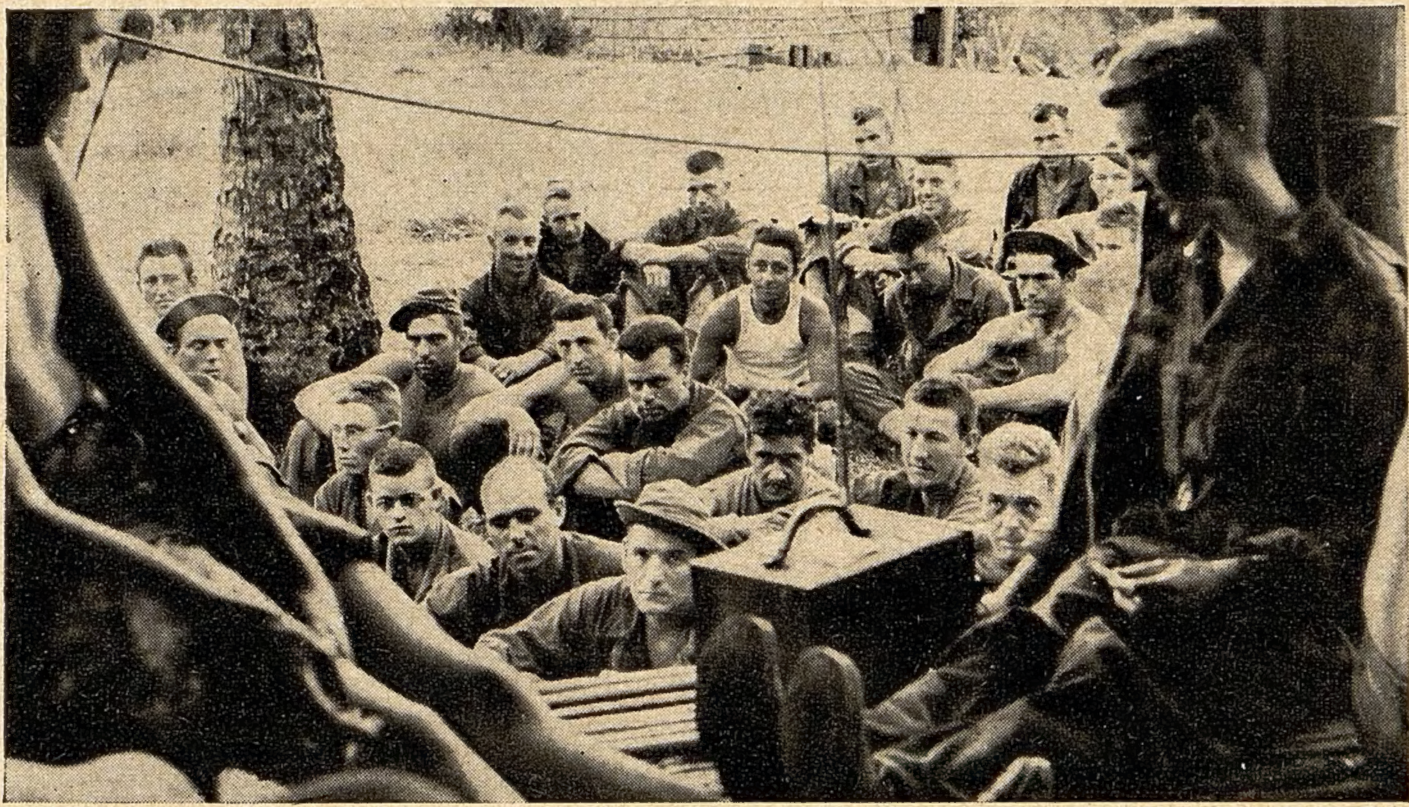
BEFORE HE WROTE stories and screen dramas (you may remember The Shores of Tripoli and Berlin Correspondent), Steve Fisher had been on a sub in the U. S. Navy, and for that reason Destination Tokyo, his serial which opens in this issue, will take on added interest for you. Also, this thriller is going to be made into a movie by Warner Brothers, with Cary Grant and John Garfield as its stars.

OUR DISTINGUISHED contributor, Governor Langlie of Washington, whose Go West Again, Young Man! will be found elsewhere in these pages, is of Norwegian extraction, and was born in Lanesboro, Minnesota. Later, his parents moved to Bremerton, Washington, where they ran a small grocery store, and where he went to school. In college he studied law and won fame as a baseball player. His political progress has been steady and unspectacular. The second time he ran for Mayor of Seattle, he made no campaign but got 78 per cent of the votes. He was elected governor in 1940. One of his pet expressions as an executive is, "Get all the facts before you make a decision; then make your decision in the best interests of the people."

WHEN BOTH President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill came out for Basic English—the British Prime Minister recommending it in a speech at Harvard in September—we were proud to point to our article on the subject in June 19 Liberty. We felt in good company indeed, and just a wee bit ahead of the procession!

THE EDITORS.

BALLOTS AS WELL AS BULLETS FOR FIGHTING MEN



American soldiers in New Guinea sit around a native hut and listen to news from home on the radio.

A YEAR from now we are going to elect a new President. It may seem premature to talk seriously now about an event a year away, but time rolls by rapidly and there is one aspect of this coming election upon which we have to take action now—otherwise it will soon be too late.

The last time we voted for a President, about fifty million ballots were cast. Next election day approximately ten million men, or presumably one fifth of the electorate, will be in the armed forces. According to General Marshall, five million of these will be overseas. These fighting men certainly ought to have their say in an election which will determine the sort of world for which they are risking their necks.

Undoubtedly the problem of registering qualified voters among our servicemen and handling their ballots is a terrific one. But even if it verges on the impossible, we must solve it. The Army Service Forces, which already have licked insuperable problems in supplying fighting forces on a global scale, can work out methods of dealing with this one. It is important enough to make special effort.

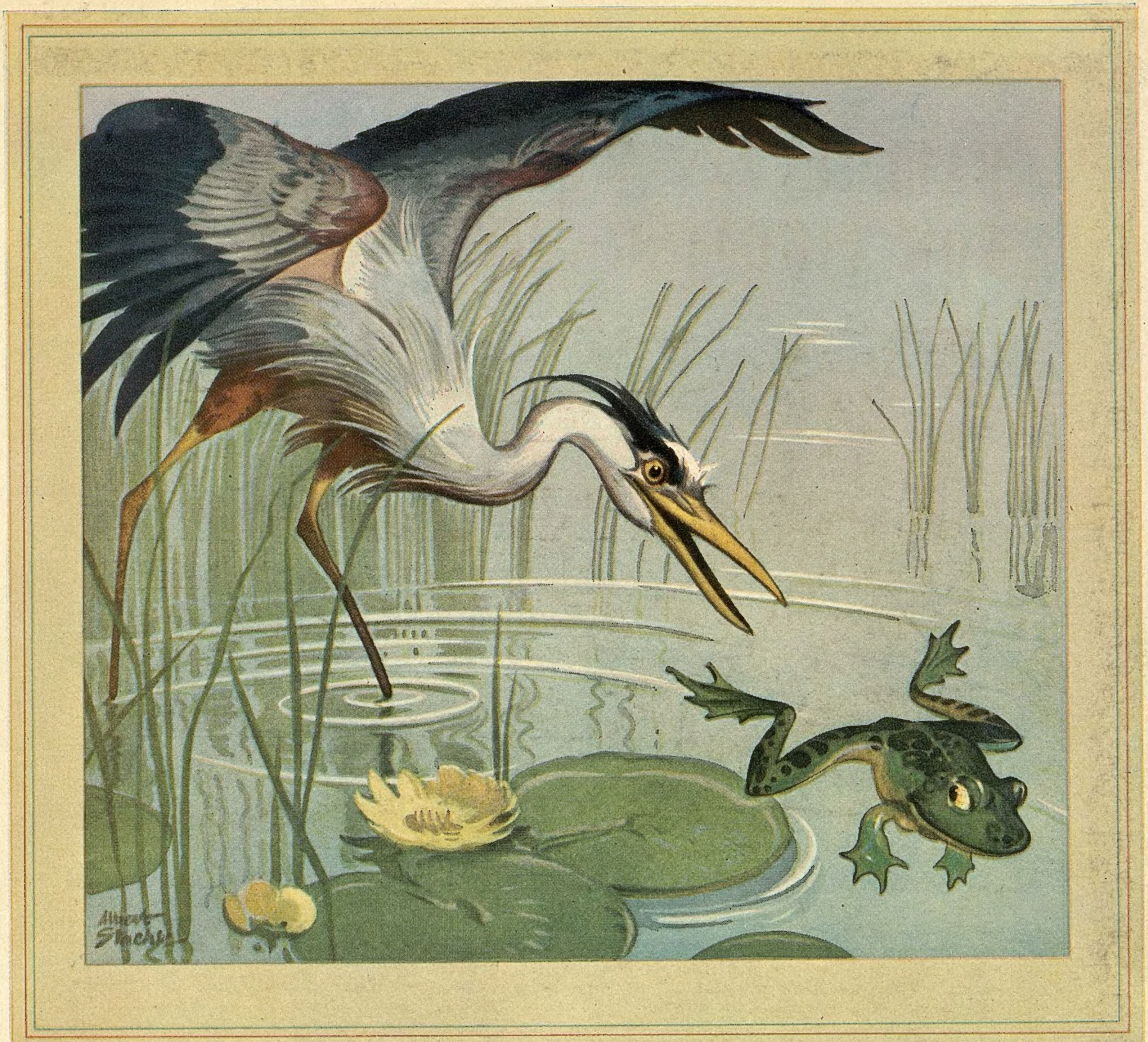
It has been said the boys in service, particularly those overseas, will hardly be in a position to know who is running for what and on what platform. The fear has been expressed that the boys won't have enough information about candidates and issues, particularly in regard to local affairs, on which to base their decisions. We can dismiss this because it is a fact our boys in the service get the same news we do and practically at the same time. They listen to our news broadcasters. They get spot news practically as soon as we see it in our home-town papers, through the medium of the Army Service News, which daily cables it to almost every point in the world where our armed forces are stationed. There it is printed and distributed. They read newspapers and magazines, and these are not so very old when they get them, either. As far as local hometown information goes, you can be sure the boys are pretty well aware of what is going on.

They get letters from the folks back home and will be in quite as good a position as those on the spot to decide whom they want for mayor or dogcatcher.

The military authorities are now trying to work out some method of handling the votes of servicemen. But the peculiarities of many state and local election laws place obstacles in their path. These obstacles must be removed—and the boys in the service depend upon us to remove them. State election officials and legislatures should start *now* to cooperate with the military authorities in whatever steps are necessary to give voters in uniform their say in the 1944 election. If such plans are not already in the works in your community, see what you yourself can do to get them started.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL


Albert Staehle

This little freedom

One of the little freedoms we must for a while forego is the freedom to feast.

For in times like these, the heaping of one plate might leave nothing for another — that's why needed things must be so distributed that all may share equally and alike. And the rules of rationing take care of that.

Things less essential are less restricted and the hunter may bag all he can find. But the rules of good citizenship say "don't."

That sense of fairness prompts your dealer when he limits your purchase of IMPERIAL. He may say "only one bottle to a customer"— but he does so only because no more whiskey is being made today: every distillery in America is producing war alcohol. Stocks on hand must be made to last for a longer time than originally intended.

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